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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SYDNEY



## Heirs to Royalty

HER MAJESTY, QUEEN MARY, with her three youngest grandchildren, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose and the baby Prince Edward. This beautiful study is a colored reproduction of a photo taken by London "Times," and reproduced by The Australian Women's Weekly by special arrangement. The baby prince, now six months old, is the first child to be born to the title of "Windsor," and is sixth in line for the Throne.



# £1000 PARTY ... FOR His Wife's BIRTHDAY

It Dazzled Sydney Society—  
It will Dazzle You!

## CLASSY DINNER AT £10 A HEAD

One hundred guests sat down last week to Sydney's most classical private birthday party. In fact, it was all CLASS! It cost almost £10 a head—£1000 in all—according to expert estimates.

The menu was a feast for the gods. Exotic savories and an amazing variety of cocktails preceded a marvellous ten-course dinner. Exquisite wines, brilliant dances, two orchestras, and a delicious supper rounded out an evening of lavish entertainment.

It was all a husband's birthday gift to his wife. What a husband!

TO the great army of wives whose husbands rarely remember their birthdays, the story of this wonderful birthday party will seem like a dazzling dream.

The party, which was in honor of the twenty-fifth birthday of Mrs. Woolcott-Forbes, was held in the Hotel Australia, Sydney.

The Woolcott-Forbes' are making a reputation throughout Australia as lavish entertainers. Mr. Woolcott-Forbes, who was born in South Australia, is a company director and business magnate, and is known in commercial and business circles throughout Australia and New Zealand.

To caterers and florists Mr. Woolcott-Forbes is already becoming known as one of the few men "spending money in a big way" on entertainment.

The ordinary brief social notices did not do justice to the sumptuous celebration last week.

Mr. Woolcott-Forbes, the host, turned the clock back to the grand old days, and entertained in the most lavish fashion that society has seen at a private party in this decade.

Guests numbering a hundred were invited for 7.30, when they were received in the ballroom for a cocktail party.

Silver standards of pink roses with trailing greenery surrounded the walls, and a symphony orchestra played softly from the orchestral dais.

### The £1000 Party Menu

*Savories*  
Caviare  
Turtle Soup  
Stuffed Whiting with Oysters in cases.  
Saddle of Spring Lamb with Stuffed Tomatoes and Braised Lettuce  
Champagne Water Ice  
Chicken stuffed with Noodles and Pois Grat, served with Green Peas and Stuffed Cucumbers  
Asparagus and Cream Sauce  
Chestnut Ices garnished with Vanilla Ice Biscuits set on illuminated blocks of ice  
Sugar baskets with fresh Fruit glazed with sugar.  
Coffee

The pretty hostess wore simple but perfectly-cut white chiffon draperies, which made an excellent foil for her auburn hair, and the lovely diamond and emerald necklace, ring, and earrings—her husband's birthday presents.

Mr. Woolcott-Forbes and his wife proved themselves the most excellent host and hostess, and each guest soon felt thoroughly "at home."

After being piled with savories and a variety of cocktails, the guests were ushered into the dining-room, which was a perfect bower of pink carnations and roses.

The table was arranged round three sides of this beautifully proportioned room, with the central island made into a forest of hot-house plants and palms.

Another large orchestra was ensconced behind the greenery at the end of the room to supply dinner music.

### 2½ Hours Dinner

THE dinner was the best meal that has ever been put on at the hotel, in the opinion of the *saïnt d'hôtel*.

Guests were seated at £30, and it was not until eleven o'clock that their ten-course dinner came to an end.

With the meal the most exquisite wines were served, including sherry, Chablis (1924), Chateau d'Yquem, Moët champagne, old port, and liqueurs of all descriptions—some of 1855 vintage.

Very ingenious was the three-tiered

### To Queen Mary ... "Many Happy Returns"

THIS Tuesday, May 26, is the 69th birthday of Queen Mary, whose photograph, with three of her grandchildren, is reproduced in color on our cover.

Australian women join in the world-wide wishes for the future health and well-being of the Queen Mother of our Empire.

birthday cake delicately colored in pink and green, with each tier representing a different outdoor sport, namely, racing, yachting, and tennis.

Guests at the party included well-known social lights who are themselves experienced in the art of lavish entertainment, but the splendor of this celebration made them all gasp.

Among the guests were Sir Harry Budge, Lady Budge, and their daughter, Sadie, who have experience of Vice-Royal entertainments over a long period of years; General Bertie Lloyd, who knows the splendor of military celebrations in this country, England, and India; Mrs. Lloyd and June; Mr. Frank Chaffey, Governmental Chief Secretary, with the memory of many grand parties for Royalty in recent years; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tait, of theatrical fame, who have taken part in many outstanding weddings and parties of footlights interest; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Crick, who have seen film parties both here and in Hollywood; Dr. and Mrs. Bouverie Anderson Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Godhard, and Mrs. Jim Eakin.

To all, the perfection of the Woolcott-Forbes party came as a new standard in individual celebrations.

After dinner the guests once more returned to the ballroom, where they had previously partaken of cocktails, to find that the carpet had been removed and all was in readiness for a dance which in itself made history at the Hotel by continuing on until 2 a.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Woolcott-Forbes are now planning an extended tour abroad, to include England during the Coronation celebrations next year.



## "The Fabulous Valley"

A LOST land where diamonds can be picked up off the ground! Nine people who had been given a hint of where it might be found went in search of it.

They gambled everything, even their lives, on the chance of great riches. They had to explore miles of burning sands; a wood where leopards prowled at night; an underground river which flowed no one knew where.

The story of their adventures begins next week in The Australian Women's Weekly in one of the most exciting serials we have ever run. It will be complete in four issues.

Dennis Wheatley, the author, has written many successful books. His best seller, "The Forbidden Territory," was laid amid the bleak snow and ice of Russia; in "The Fabulous Valley" (a thrilling scene from which is depicted above) he has set a group of people under the blinding glare of the Kalahari Desert, as they battle with one another and the elements in their search for great and secret wealth—diamonds by the handful.

Diamonds are in the news to-day. Those who used to hoard gold now hoard these valuable gems. Be sure to get next week's issue and read another behind-the-headlines story of love and adventure in far-off Africa. "THE FABULOUS VALLEY," by Dennis Wheatley.

## Grand Birthday Number

"THE FABULOUS VALLEY" will be only one of the features of next week's big Birthday issue, with which The Australian Women's Weekly will commence a new year.

It will be a year of surprises—pleasant surprises—for every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly.

In next week's issue alone we will give you short stories by authors like Booth Tarkington and "Sapper," and a Free Novel by Peter B. Kyne.

We will give you a wonderful new "Quins" Competition, with 100 more "Shirley Temple Dolls" as the prizes.

We will give you another of our wonderful Book Offers. We will give you—but what's the use? We cannot fill this week's paper telling you about the grand things in next week's bumper issue of 80 pages. Get it and be thrilled!

And watch later issues for announcements of other big surprises to come.

The world's foremost authors will write for you, the world's leading fashion experts will keep you abreast of Paris and London, and our special correspondents in the leading centres of the world will see you miss nothing of value either to woman or the home.



MR. AND MRS. WOOLCOTT-FORBES, host and hostess at the big birthday party.

MARILYN.

**SWEET DECEIVER...**

creates the loveliest illusion about her complexion. It's not really so divinely satiny and youthful at all, but her precious Revelry face powder makes it look that way... adorable!

**Revelry**

that artful, flattering Face Powder

2/6 Box — at all Chemists and Stores

Also Revelry Face Creams, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfume... echoing the same exciting fragrance.

16.5.37 J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD.





## Let's Talk Of Interesting People

These will write for YOU  
in our special colored Birth-  
day Number next week.

The whole world has been  
combed for big names and great  
stories. Each one is a master-  
piece in its own way, and each  
fiction feature is divertingly  
different.



### Great Heroine

CAN a girl  
beat the  
rugged West-  
erners at their  
own game of  
land deals and  
gun-play?  
Peter B.  
Kyne thinks an  
intelligent and  
beautiful girl

like Janet Corlies can—and she does in  
his splendid full-length novel, "Lord of  
Lonely Valley."

Peter B. Kyne is one of the world's  
highest paid writers, and needs no in-  
troduction to readers. His glorious  
stories are tremendously popular, and  
The Australian Women's Weekly is  
proud to present his action-packed  
romance, "Lord of Lonely Valley," as a  
big free novel supplement to the Birth-  
day Issue.

### Real Thriller

NO English-  
man to-day  
is writing  
better thrillers  
than "Sapper."  
The man who  
gave us "Bulldog  
Drummond" has  
created an even  
greater charac-  
ter in Ronald Standish, gentleman-detective.  
He is at his best in "The Creeping  
Door," another feature of the Birth-  
day Issue.

In short, "Sapper" writes the sort of  
thrillers women love to read.



### Diamond Lure

WHAT would  
you do if  
an erratic old  
uncle left you  
a clue to the  
discovery of a  
diamond field  
in Africa? You  
would go there,  
of course,  
whatever the  
hazard.

This is precisely what happens in our  
Birth-day serial, "Fabulous Valley," by  
Dennis Wheatley. It's not just the usual  
romance-adventure story. It's the  
dramatisation of everybody's dreams.  
Fabulous wealth in a fabulous valley.

This is the story which made Dennis  
Wheatley a best seller and found for  
him his fabulous valley in the literary  
adventure. It's a splendid yarn, lavishly  
illustrated by "Wep," and will be avail-  
able in generous instalments.

### Cornet Solo

THERE have  
been stories  
of beautiful  
children, and  
mother's dar-  
lings from the  
time of Dic-  
kens' "Little  
Nell" down to  
the present  
day; but for  
"regular fellows" there have been nothing  
to excel Booth Tarkington's stories of  
everyday youngsters of everyday  
families.

There's a chuckle in every line of  
"Goodness Badness," which will be  
featured as a long, complete story in the  
Birth-day Issue. You must read what  
happened in the neighborhood when  
Frankie Maples discovered the old  
cornet in the attic of his home. And  
it's told as only that master, Booth  
Tarkington, could tell it.

It is a story of children as we know  
them. Exasperating and infuriating  
sometimes, but always human and  
eminently lovable.

# A MAN'S Most Fascinating AGE!

Is it at five,  
twenty-five, or  
forty-five?

Read and Choose

By DOREEN AIKEN

At what age is a MAN  
most attractive? Now, girls,  
don't ALL speak at once!

Next month, the world's  
leading bachelor—the King—  
will be 42 years of age. He is  
the world's best example of  
the attractiveness of the man  
over forty.

But what of the ordinary man  
in the street? Does his real  
charm begin after forty, or is he  
more popular between the ages  
of eighteen and thirty?

MANY consider that the man  
just over forty is the most  
attractive to the opposite sex, and  
the most companionable to his  
own.

But the boyish type of younger man,  
with his captivating smile, his "pep," his  
enthusiastic personality, and his some-  
what obvious attempt to preserve his  
popularity, is favorite with others.

Consider some of the world's best-  
known men. They shatter the tradition  
that charm is youth.

Only those who know him can realise  
that Noel Coward is not, as many people  
suppose, a talented and versatile prodigy  
whose mordant wit is only equalled by  
his spectacular good fortune.

He is a very earnest, very cultured,  
and charming man who genuinely dis-  
likes publicity.

Charlie Chaplin is the only immortal  
among the shooting stars of Filmdom  
whose fame has not been transient.

Although very near to fifty years old,  
his charm makes him an evergreen, and  
his appeal is universal.

Franklin Roosevelt, America's perpetu-  
ally-smiling President, whose delightful  
informality has made him the friend of



MR. THIRTY, well groomed, smartly attired, confident, sometimes superior, is a dashing figure to fair eyes at  
the winter sports resort. In other spheres, it is the same. He is beginning to shed raw youth and acquire charm.

Bright and amusing, Mr. Twenties is  
nevertheless apt to be very casual.

But what of the thirties? At thirty  
a man generally has very definite ideas,  
and is prepared to state them, but often  
irrespective of the effect he is likely to  
produce on his audience.

Thirty has overcome the uncertainty  
of the early twenties. No longer awkward  
in mixed company, he has learned to  
control his jealousies, always acceptable  
to the one woman, but not popular with  
the many. He has assumed a sophisticated  
manner, and is beyond the emotional  
perplexities of the early twenties.

But in the thirties the overcoming of  
tactlessness has still to be achieved.  
Life's hammer blows have not yet tem-  
pered him to full wisdom and under-  
standing kindness, but he is beginning  
to shed raw youth and acquire charm.

Reaching thirty and still unmarried,  
a man often protects himself by assuming  
the armor of a very superior and austere  
manner which has a destroying effect  
on his natural charm for women.

When a man arrives at thirty-five and  
is still unmarried, womenfolk realise  
that he is likely to become a confirmed  
bachelor, but he is, notwithstanding,  
usually most popular with them, and for  
their interest is certainly a serious rival  
of his juniors.

Making numerous "conquests" among  
ladies of a debutante age, he revels in the  
indulgence of the matrons who condone  
his flirtations.

## Bachelor Forties

YET it is Mr. Forty, with his slightly  
greying hair and distinguished  
manners, who is still more attractive.  
Blithely he goes around proving by his  
popularity that maturity is the only real  
charm. In competition with him, junior  
males are left with nothing but the  
consolation of hope for the future.

He is generally mistrusted by male  
rivals, who do not consider his charm  
fatal, but sufficiently dangerous.

For the opposite sex there is strong  
appeal in his air of assurance, his  
definite theories of life and affairs, his  
sounder judgment and higher standards  
of taste. Mr. Bachelor Forty is often  
unusually selfish, but he has sufficient  
wisdom to disguise it from the uncritical  
admirers.

But the palm for attractiveness must  
go to the Mr. Forty-five. Usually earn-  
ing more money than young men, he is  
able to offer womenfolk more material  
entertainment in addition to finished  
manners and extensive general know-  
ledge, making a combination fascinating  
to the sex that demands to be amused.

At forty-five a man has matured as  
a good after-dinner storyteller, and has

developed sufficient showmanship to  
shine in public.

It may be added that having cultivated  
the friendship of head waiters, become a  
connoisseur of food and wines, acquired  
poise and worldliness, the man of forty-  
five is the perfect dinner companion—  
no man factor where Milady is con-  
cerned.

He attracts the attention of all ages,  
and sustains it. All surrender to his  
warm friendliness. None can resist the  
persuasive charm of the man who has  
armed himself with personality to com-

pensate for his thinning locks. He is  
accepted by his own sex as a good fellow,  
who is not harmful in the matrimonial  
stakes, but only making the pace for  
the other competitors.

Mr. Married Forty-five, to no lesser  
degree, is equally attractive. Any family  
he may have has probably passed the  
anxious baby stage, allowing him to relax  
the tension of the responsible parent,  
leaving him free to enjoy an "Indian  
Summer," and to prove to the world that  
charm lies in the grace which age has  
brought.

## HEIGHT Increase

Amazing NEW SYSTEM Adds  
Inches—NO RESULTS—NO COST!



YOU can now add  
several inches to  
your height! With  
this remarkable  
method it is now  
possible to increase  
your height, at the same time im-  
prove your health and appearance.  
Without the use of drugs or unnatural  
methods this system will add inches  
to you. You CAN be taller!

HEY THERE  
SHORTY!



### HOW IS YOUR APPEARANCE?

As the social and business advantages  
of a commanding figure can be yours.  
You can stand above your fellows and  
command the attention and respect which  
only tall people receive. Nothing aids  
you more to social and business success  
than a tall, commanding appearance.  
Nothing will add more to your person-  
ality—and yet all this is within your  
grasp! You can NOW get this extra height.

### TEST THIS METHOD—AT NO COST

By deciding at once—NOW—you can make a test in your  
own home of this amazing method at absolutely no cost  
to yourself if you are not satisfied! Tall people to-day are  
the winners—the short person is pushed aside. Why remain  
short when you can be your normal height? You can stand  
above your fellows and command the attention and respect  
which only tall people receive—nothing adds more to your  
personality than height, and yet all this is within your  
reach. You can NOW get this extra height—you can be  
the person you have always wanted to be!

### STARTLING SECRETS OF HEIGHT—FREE!

This remarkable literature will amaze you. It will show  
you the short cut to a tall, commanding personality.  
Through reading this wonderful treatise hundreds have  
already increased their height. Hundreds are doing so at  
this moment. For a short while you can get one of these  
treatises Free—if you SEND AT ONCE! Get this coupon in  
the next NOW!

### Tear and Post NOW!

I Sydney Physical Institute,  
Dept. W4, Lombard Chambers,  
Fitz Street, Sydney, N.S.W.  
Please send me "How to  
Increase My Height." I enclose 20  
stamp for postage.  
NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
..... 30/5/36

### GAINED 3 INCHES IN 2 WEEKS!

"I have added 3 inches to my height in  
2 weeks."  
H. MOSCHETTI, L. W.A.  
GAINS 2 1/2 INCHES!  
"I thank you for adding 2 1/2 inches to  
me."  
GAYLORD, N. N.Z.

This Offer is Limited  
POST COUPON NOW



# YOUNG WOMAN'S Hurricane Skip Round WORLD

Explorer of Trails of Land, Sea, and Air, Whose Powder Puff is a Pistol

Now speeding over the Continent, from west to east, is a young woman who does things—with a vengeance.

This young woman, Aloha Baker, has visited more than three score countries and her present world expedition will include all lands that have been omitted on previous expeditions, thus realising her ambition to visit every country on the face of the earth.

HER powder-puff is a pistol . . . her social life a series of excursions into primitive wildernesses. The commonplace security of normal life is, to this adventurous young woman, as useless as reptiles to the women of normal existence.

Miss Baker has explored the little-known trails of land, sea, and air. This booted young lady is capable of speaking some fourteen languages.

With the world for a playground, she has flown the upper regions of the Amazon, where she made a search for the lost Colonel Fawcett.

On this trip her plane made a forced landing, and it became necessary for her mechanic to return to the coast, a six-week trek over jungle and swamp, to replace the necessary parts for the plane.

During this time Aloha lived with a semi-savage, stone-age people that lived in mortal fear of her "iron bird," as they called her plane. Her experiences during those seemingly never-ending

## Women's Open Golf Championship

Special Cable to The Australian Women's Weekly

MISS ENID WILSON, famous British golfer, who will visit Australia next year, has sent a special cable to The Australian Women's Weekly giving interesting details of the British Women's Open Golf Championship.

It is a story that will appeal to both men and women golfers alike. Read it on page 38!

weeks would fire the imagination of any fiction writer.

## From Cape to Cairo

SOVIET Commissars made her an honorary colonel in the Red Army. She was the first white woman to drive a car from Capetown to Cairo. The trail-blazing, over scorched



THE WORLD-TRAVELLER, Aloha Baker, and her brother Walter.

wastes and poison-infested jungles, required more than two years, during the greater part of which time it was necessary to live exclusively on native food and drink the warm blood of native animals.

With her brother, Walter, and Eric Walter Owen, Aloha left Perth in her car a couple of days ago for the Eastern States. Engaged in broadcasting and lecturing in the United States, they are now collecting material for radio travel lectures in the U.S.A.

Aloha Baker is tall and distinguished-looking. She always wears khaki riding-breeches, shirt, and tunic. Her parents are English, and she was educated in a French convent, which she left to travel, eventually linking up with American broadcasting interests.

For these she has already travelled extensively in Africa, South America, and other lands.

Leaving Hollywood last September, Aloha, with her companions, has

travelled Japan, China, the Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Singapore, and Java.

They came down the coast of North-west Australia, and are now travelling overland to Sydney, visiting Adelaide and Melbourne en route. After Brisbane, they go to New Zealand, then return to Abyssinia.

In that land Aloha Baker intends to "get the low-down" on the alterations since the Italian occupation and annexation.

After that, back to Cincinnati, U.S.A., to tell the world through the "micro" what the rest of the world looks like and is doing.

Her car was specially built for this world tour. It is fitted with sleeping accommodation, heater, and radio. It has a left-hand drive, and on a panel on the front, sides and back are the badges of automobile clubs—including the Chinese—of every city through which they have passed so far.

## "PERFECT SECRETARY" to Marry HER "BOSS"

Famous Romances Recalled by Lord's Latest Engagement

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Mrs. Maud Lytton Bright, who has been private secretary to Lord Alvingham, of Woodford, will be the next Lady Alvingham.

The romance recalls that many famous employers have married their secretaries, proving that Claudette Colbert's popular film drama, "She Married Her Boss," has foundation in real life.

LORD ALVINGHAM had a distinguished war career as Major Robert Daniel Thwaites, and was M.P. for Dorset from 1922 to 1927. His former wife, Dorothea Gertrude Yerburgh, died in 1937. The Baron is only in his 47th year.

The engagement has just been announced. Lord Alvingham is a widower, while his prospective bride, who has been described as the "perfect private secretary," is a widow.

Sir Harry Mallaby Dooley, lord of three manors and patron of five livings, is a notable example of well-known employer-secretary romances. Born in 1863 he married Joan Pearson Smith, who died in 1933, and following her death he promoted his secretary to the vacancy in the baronial castle.

Sir Joseph Robinson, the South African millionaire and politician, whose first wife died some years ago, married his secretary, Miss Alice J. Cullen, in 1935. Sir Joseph was then 46 years of age, and his bride many years younger.

His Lordship, Bishop Pollock of Norwich, one of the leading lights of the Church of England, and former chaplain to King Edward VII, married his secretary, Miss Joan Florence Helena Foster, in 1920, at an age when romance would not have been expected to return in his life. Bishop Pollock was born in 1863.

An even more notable figure who married his private secretary was the late Chief Justice of England, Lord Reading. Born in 1860, he married Alice Edith Cohen in 1887, and after her death

## Court Etiquette and Princess Elizabeth

By Beam Wireless From Our London Office

THE dignity of her position as second in line of succession to the British Throne is now beginning to be felt by Princess Elizabeth, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York.

Up to the present the Princess has always attended the garden parties at Buckingham Palace, but as these are now regarded as alternative Courts, Court etiquette demands that the Princess shall not attend State functions until she makes her formal debut as a Princess.

wed Miss Stella Charnaud, who had been in his employ for some years. The second wife of the great English jurist survived him.

The late Edgar Wallace, most famous of all detective-story writers, after the death of his first wife, Ivy Maud Caldecott, married his secretary, Miss Ethel Violet King in 1921, and found her business training and ability a great asset to him in his later years.

Still another famous man who found his wife in his office was Hon. Jas. Maxton, M.P. for Glasgow, and Chairman of the Independent Labor Party since 1926. Mr. Maxton married Miss Madeline (Gibber), his secretary, in 1935.



Here is a pleasant surprise for your guests.

Just wait till after they've tasted it before you tell them that this is Bushells vacuum packed Coffee.

Then, if you like, you can explain that it's packed the day it's roasted; packed in vacuum sealed tins that retain all the aroma and richness of flavor that have made Bushells Pure Coffee so popular.

Scientifically blended, and as fresh when you open it as the day it was packed, Bushells Coffee is always satisfying, stimulating and enjoyable.

Also packed in 1-lb. and ½-lb. glass jars.



**Bushells**  
Pure Coffee  
VACUUM PACKED

Packed Fresh . . . . Stays Fresh



# DEAD or ALIVE?

*It's an unusual household Meg finds at Ledstow. All the old servants have been dismissed, and her uncle is hiding himself and leading a peculiar existence in a house on an island.*



**M**EG O'HARA, beautiful young widow, is faced with a baffling mystery. Is her husband dead or alive? The Foreign Office, where Robin was employed, is convinced that he was murdered, but subtly, secretly, come messages to Meg hinting that her husband is alive. There is a mysterious package at the bank which Meg must not open until sure of Robin's death. Bill Coverdale, who loves Meg, is helping her to solve the mystery when another visit is made to Meg's flat and a card of Robin's is left on the table.

Meg decides to visit her uncle and guardian, a professor, who has retired to the country to write a book. He meets her on arrival, but she is surprised to notice he has grown a beard and appears to be under the domination of his secretary, dowdy Miss Cannock. There is further mystery here. The story continues.

**T**HE door opened and Miss Cannock came in, bearded shoes, blue dress, batik scarf, horn-rimmed spectacles, and fuzzy fringe all unchanged since Meg had last seen them, thirteen months ago. She shook hands in an agitated manner.

"Oh, Mrs. O'Hara—I'm afraid you've been waiting! Mr. Postlethwaite is so forgetful—I really did not know that you had come. If I had not met Miller I should not have known now—and you must have been thinking it so strange."

Miss Cannock continued to fuss. "Oh, yes, Miller was taking your things up—that's how I knew you had come. Oh, yes, of course."

"Where are the Evanses?" said Meg suddenly.

Miss Cannock repeated the name.

"Uncle Henry's old butler and cook," said Meg.

"Oh, they've gone," was the reply.

Miss Cannock threw open the door of a room which was a replica of Meg's bedroom at Way's End. It might have been the very room. Yet a feeling of strangeness took hold of Meg as she looked about her and saw the bed in which she had slept until her marriage, the looking-glass which had reflected her as a bride, the curtains and the carpet which she had chosen for herself—all her own things in a place to which neither they nor she belonged.

Her luggage was here, unstrapped by the efficient Miller, she noted vaguely.

With a start she found Miss Cannock was explaining about the meals—"So he has a tray in his study and doesn't join us." He must be Uncle Henry. But how terribly bad for him.

"But, Miss Cannock," she said, "that's dreadfully bad for him! You mustn't let him do that!"

Miss Cannock fidgeted with the ends of her batik scarf.

"Do you mean to say that he has all his meals in his study?"

"Well, yes, Mrs. O'Hara. I do hope you don't think I've been wrong, but it was so difficult to get him to come to meals, and he wasn't really eating enough. But I found that a nice little tray carried in and put down beside him would often tempt him when it was quite useless for me to beg him to come over from the island."

By...  
**PATRICIA  
WENTWORTH**

"He has his meals on the island?" said Meg. Her voice was louder than she had meant it to be.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. O'Hara. His study is on the island."

**W**HEN Meg had been left alone to unpack she wondered how long she would have to stay, and what on earth she was going to do with herself. So she decided on a little exploration.

After entering several dark rooms she found a bathroom. She went back thankfully for her towel, and washed her face and hands. The water was tepid.

She left the bathroom light on and continued to explore the passage. The next door showed an uncarpeted wooden stair going steeply down. She left the door ajar and went softly down to the turn of the stair and a step or two beyond it, and there stopped because she could hear voices. Perhaps it wouldn't be tactful to descend on Mrs. Miller by way of the back stairs.

"Better go back," she thought. But before she could obey her own order a chink of light showed below her in the darkness, as if a door at the foot of the stairs had moved in a sudden draught.

She could hear a man's voice saying, not aloud, but angrily, "There's no sense in taking risks! You ought to have put her in one of the front rooms!"

Meg tingled from head to foot as if she had received an electric shock. It was the voice of Miller. What an extraordinary thing to say!

A woman answered. If it was Mrs. Miller—and it must be Mrs. Miller—she spoke like an educated woman. It was not exactly a pleasant voice, but it had a certain charm, a certain attraction. It said with light sarcasm, "Not at all. I wanted her to feel at

home—with her own furniture. Old memories—childhood's days, and so forth."

Meg tingled again, this time with rage. The woman had a stupendous nerve.

The man said, "You could have moved the furniture into one of the front rooms couldn't you? It's asking for trouble to let her look out on the lake!"

Bewilderment succeeded anger—a cold bewilderment touched with fear. And then the woman laughed, a light rippling laugh, which was not in the least in keeping with the back stairs, and the voice said lightly, "What a fuss about nothing!"

Next day Meg wrote to Bill.

Bill darling:

"This is the most mouldy show. I don't think I am going to be able to stick it for very long. You've seen the house, but you've no idea what it's like to live in. Uncle Henry met me, and I haven't seen him since.



Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

Meg took her lips from the receiver to say, in a voice of cold fury, "I'm perfectly all right, Miss Cannock."

His study is over on the island. He has his meals there and everything. I think it's terribly bad for him, and the Cannock obviously hasn't the slightest control.

I'm writing this so as to have something to do. If you write me a nice long letter I shall read it gratefully for the same reason.

Meg.

PS: The water is cold.

PPS: There is mould on my mattress, which is wringing wet.

PPPS: Some time in the next twenty-four hours there'll be mould on me.

Bill got this letter at breakfast—not the day after it was written, but the day after that. He looked at the heading and the postmark, and frowned.

As he turned the envelope over the flap arrested his attention. His frown deepened. Meg might have opened the

Evans' face assumed an expression of settled melancholy. "Ah, sir, and well you might say that. If anyone had told me or Mrs. Evans that we should be looking for a job, and Mr. Postlethwaite still above ground, well, we wouldn't have believed it, sir."

"What, Evans! You are looking for a job? Walk along with me!" said Bill abruptly. Visions of Mrs. Evans making pancakes for him and Meg—making omelettes—making those game pies which were like a beautiful dream—floated roily into his mind. "Now tell me all about it. Why did you leave the professor?"

Bill discerned a trace of hauteur, a trace of feelings too badly hurt to be revealed. He patted Evans on the shoulder and said encouragingly, "You'd much better tell me."

"Mr. Postlethwaite, sir, who was always the soul of kindness, suggested that we should take a holiday. It was put to me and Mrs. Evans that it would be best if the move to Ledstow Place was put through with a temporary staff while Mrs. Evans and me recuperated. The indisposition was very severe, and there was no denying that we should have been more of a hindrance than a help, so we came away to my married brother in London and when the fortnight was up and I had wrote—written—to say that we had recovered, there came back a letter to say that Mr. Postlethwaite was keeping the temporary staff on permanent, and enclosing a month's wages in lieu of notice."

"A letter? From whom?"

**E**VANS turned a mutely understanding eye upon him. "From Mr. Postlethwaite. At least it was in his hand, Mr. Bill, but Mrs. Evans, sir—"

"Yes, Evans. Go on."

"Perhaps I'd better not, Mr. Bill."

"No, I think you'd better."

"Well, sir, what Mrs. Evans says is that Mr. Postlethwaite never wrote the letter or if he did he was drove to it. But that's a bit far-fetched to my mind, though I won't deny that there's those that might have worked on him for their own ends."

"Why didn't you go to Mrs. O'Hara?" asked Bill.

"Well, sir, there's no denying we were hurt—with the whole family, as you might say—and by all accounts Miss Meg had troubles of her own. So we've been with my brother looking around."

Bill heaved a sigh of relief. He plunged into an offer of his flat and himself with something of a proposal of matrimony. In some odd way the Evanses and Meg were associated in his mind. Meg might refuse him, but would she—could she refuse them?

Evans received the offer with a dignity which only thinly disguised a very real gratification.

Please turn to Page 42

## The Room On the Island

envelope and then stuck it down again, or she might not. Somebody had.

He put the letter away in his pocket-book, went out and looked at the flat he was taking over from the Hewitts for two months. Before the two months were up he hoped that Meg would have been brought to believe she was a widow, and that there was no reason why she should remain one. They could then buy furniture together, and he wouldn't risk putting his foot in it by getting things she wasn't going to like. He wanted to move in as soon as possible, but he would have to fish round for a reliable couple, Mrs. Hewitt gave him the address of three registry offices.

He was leaving the third when a man who had stood aside to let him pass looked up suddenly and exclaimed, "Mr. Bill!"

Bill received a shock of pleasant surprise. "Why—it's you—Evans! And what are you and Mrs. Evans doing? I'd no idea you had left Professor Postlethwaite."

"Mr. Bill, sir," said Evans. "I couldn't have believed it—no, nor Mrs. Evans neither. Twenty-five years we have been with Mr. Postlethwaite, and give every satisfaction."

"He didn't give you notice?"

Evans coughed. "I won't deny that we were took—taken—ill. And a very remarkable indisposition, if I may say so, sir. Mushrooms it were attributed to, but I can't believe as Mrs. Evans, with her experience, could be deceived in a mushroom; she has expressed herself very forcible on the subject, Mr. Bill. 'Snakes in the grass that wants you out of the way in one thing,' she says, 'and toadstools is another,' she says."

Bill turned and looked at him. "You mean you think someone wanted you out of the way?"

"That undoubtedly was Mrs. Evans' meaning, sir."

Bill looked at him sharply for a moment. Then he said, "Well, you were both ill. What happened after that?"



# THREE That Are COMPANY

Perfect mother or possessive mother-in-law, that was Virginia's problem.



"W HERE are you, Mum?" Arthur's voice, clear, loud, slightly imperative, floated up to Nita's morning-room, and she leaned out of the window and called down to the tall figure standing below on the crazy-paving.

"Coming, darling."

It was her invari-

able answer.

There were thousands of young Englishmen as good-looking as Arthur, she admitted that, but where could you find one with his unique nature?

He had been extraordinarily good from a boy, good without a trace of priggishness, quite unaware of his own excellence as a son. Taking it for granted that it was the natural thing for a boy to wish to spend all his spare time with his mother; to join her in every plan; to share his friends and his thoughts with her, and to go on doing so as he grew up.

That was simply marvellous to Nita, and still more marvellous to her friends. Especially to her friends, for they sometimes agreed that Nita's expansive love, its depth, and the energy of its demonstration might be just a little bit trying to a reserved young Englishman.

Arthur was reserved by nature, didn't wear his heart on his sleeve, or seem able to put his thoughts into glowing words as Nita could, but he never checked her, never seemed to squirm away from her praise, but accepted it with his modest disarming smile.

HE looked up now at his mother's charming head framed by the wistaria that tumbled round the window.

"Isn't it splendid, Sydney's given me the day off," he said.

"Why?"

Nita's voice was edged with anxiety. Sydney Pember never gave days off, even to that privileged person, Arthur.

## This Much I Say

The room is swept and gar-  
nished and made sweet,  
But it is empty, and has ever  
been  
Until you press the threshold  
with your feet;  
Until yourself shall deign to  
enter in.  
Think of me more, though I  
should merit less—  
Until you enter, I am empti-  
ness.

—E. K. Stone.

privileged because Sydney Pember was Nita's oldest friend.

"Have you been having your head-  
aches again?"

"Rather not," his voice rang out happily. "It's a bit of news, Mum. Come down and hear it."

The dark head disappeared. Arthur could hear her light feet tripping downstairs.

Nita was forty, but she didn't look a day over thirty, and her mind had the youthful sharpness and agility of a woman of thirty. She was wonderfully pretty too, in a slim, bird-like fashion. Altogether a mother to be proud of.

"A whole afternoon," she said. "What a lovely present Sydney's given me. I must do something for him in return."

Her eyes searched Arthur's face. He looked different, somehow, she could see that at once. A certain amiable blankness in his expression had gone. There was a new meaning in his eyes, a self-consciousness in his smile. He seemed aware of himself and of her in quite a new way. Nita knew now that what he had to tell her was important.

But she wouldn't hurry him.



## Illustrated ... by FISCHER

"Let's go and sit in the rock-garden, Arthur. It is quiet there."

The beauty of the rock-garden was over, but there was a big weathered-oak seat, and you could see Nita's pigeons wheeling and strutting against the blue sky and the dense darkness of the yew-hedge.

That faint enigmatic smile was still on Arthur's lips.

"The most wonderful thing has happened to me, Mum, and I'm most frightfully happy."

"Yes, darling, yes."

Nita's whole self was listening.

He was drawing circles on the ground with his stick.

"I've been having a wonderful time lately. The Dobells have been most awfully kind, asking me round in the evenings, and they've got a girl staying with them—Virginia Ashill—I don't think you've ever met her, Mum?"

"No, not yet."

Virginia Ashill. That was a name of fame, spoken as Arthur had spoken it. That name was going to mean something.

"Well, she's the nicest girl I've ever met, and—"

"You're in love with her, Arthur."

The words gave her a tremendous thrill as she said them. A thrill of delight and terror.

"Yes, that's it. We want to be engaged. We really are engaged, that is if her mother approves, and, of course, if you do, Mum, but I know you'll help us."

"My darling child," Nita began.

Then she stopped. She had got herself well in hand now, and was ready to meet this great moment in Arthur's life—knew just what she would do and how she would do it. There were some

questions she would ask, but first she must reassure him.

"I'm with you heart and soul, darling boy. I'll help you in every way. That is, if she is worthy of you."

Arthur almost laughed.

"Worthy of me! That's a good one, Mum. She's miles too good for me."

Nita smiled. So Arthur was really in love. Her Brian had felt like that about her; had thought her far too good for him, when she was nothing of the kind.

All Arthur's finest qualities came from his sailor father. In moments of candor Nita admitted to herself that she wasn't altogether the wonderful person her friends thought her. There was a latent savagery in her nature, hidden far, far below her surface sweetness. She could be petty and unjust and hard, only never with Arthur. To Arthur she had been perfect always.

It hadn't been easy bringing him up

"The most wonderful thing has happened to me, Mum, and I'm most frightfully happy," said Arthur.

Tell me more about her, her people and her home and what she's like."

He slipped a hand in the pocket of his grey flannel coat. He placed a small snapshot on his mother's knee.

"That's Virginia. It doesn't do her justice, of course, but it's like her, very."

Nita's black eyes devoured it.

SHE saw a big girl, sitting on the stump of a tree, wide mouth parted in a frank and charming smile, nice eyes, and a lot of rather untidy, fairish hair brushed loosely across a broad forehead. A shady hat was on the ground beside her, and a spaniel puppy snuggled in her arms.

She handed back the photograph.

"She looks a perfect darling, Arthur."

Already, Nita was tugging at a half-hoop of sparkling diamonds.

"These are very good. Grandpapa gave them to me on my wedding-day, and Brian and I always settled they were for your wife. There will be time to have them reset before next week."

Arthur looked down smilingly at the tiny gold circle supporting the big stones.

"It'll have to be altered, Mum. Her hands are not like yours."

"Of course not," said Nita, happily. "Mine are little claws. Go to Martier's, darling. Get him to clean them and set them in platinum, and send the bill to me. And tell him to hurry. I want to see them on her hand when you bring her here."

Arthur took her hand and gave it a squeeze.

"You are wonderful, Mum."

## By Lady Troubridge

without his father to help, and without much money, either. But Nita had given her whole life to it. She often thought that was the secret of her brilliant success.

IT had been a definite policy, adhered to rigidly, year after year. She had made no plans, unless they fitted in with the scheme of Arthur's life, and it had been the same thing with her friends.

She leaned towards Arthur. Eager-ness throbbed in her voice.

"Oh, this is just too, too wonderful!

she said. Then she questioned him tactfully.

"Arthur, I must see her. Shall I come up to London, or will you bring her here?"

Arthur would prefer to bring Virginia to Mardons next week, when Mrs. Ashill had given her consent, and it would be in the paper.

Nita's thoughts had taken a sudden jump.

"The ring, Arthur!" Her voice was eager, incisive. "You must give her a ring."

"I know," Arthur laughed awkwardly. "It ought to be something good, but—"

NITA'S ears were strained for the sound of Arthur's car, the car which was bringing the two most wonderful people in the world back from their honeymoon to spend Christmas with her.

They could come when they liked, now. Everything was ready, down to the last pin in the fat blue satin cushion on Virginia's dressing-table, and the late roses, palely pink in a fine glass bowl on Virginia's writing-table.

Log fires glowed and splattered in every room in the house, and the smell of burning wood united pleasantly with the scent of pot-pourri. The elart was warmed, the old brandy waiting to be poured round the Christmas pudding.

Please turn to Page 14



# NOTHING to WEAR

*Mary made herself  
look dowdy on purpose—but it had a  
happier effect than she anticipated!*



It takes a lot of sweetening to make you relish your thirtieth birthday! Mary Anderson couldn't work up the slightest enthusiasm for her. She tried bucking herself up with a third cup of tea and a piece of toast simply loaded with butter . . . but it didn't help at all.

Then, suddenly, her glance fell on the lumpy green raffia serviette-ring beside her plate, and her eyes softened. Nancy, her five-year-old daughter, had presented her with it this morning, with a rapturous hug, and an ecstatic: "Mummy, darling, I made it for you all by myself!"

There, too, propped against the milk-jug, was the card Peter had drawn for her in nursery-school yesterday . . . a very large card with an alarmingly yellow cow and a row of knock-kneed kites. Mary smiled. At four, Peter was simply adorable . . . wide-eyed and sturdy, and almost as solemn as his daddy.

Poor Daddy! Mary put down the card gently, thinking of her husband. John was a dear, the best husband in the world. But he took life so hard. He worried perpetually . . . about his job, and the future, and security for Mary, Nancy and Peter. John's own early life had made him like that. Mary thought pityingly. His father had died early, leaving a practically penniless wife and four small children. As the eldest, John had responsibility thrust on him hard and early. He knew what hardship meant . . . and he was determined that his wife and children should never know want.

It made him over-zealous, perhaps. Oh, no doubt he was right! But it did seem that John ought to relax a little and get some fun out of life while he and Mary were still young.

Take this thirtieth birthday of

## Two Reasons

*Small boy of mine, when you attain*

*A man's estate, I'd rather,  
Should you resemble either one,  
You grow up like your father.*

*My spirit is a roving one,  
A wilful sagabond;  
Too quickly swayed by foolish things,*

*Tall hills, and roads beyond.*

*He never knows, my little one,  
His wife is ever sad,  
That's why I pray with all my heart,*

*You'll grow up like your dad!*  
—Yvonne Webb.

heral Mary grimaced. If only John had been just a little reckless about it! If only he had bought her a sheaf of red roses . . . or bought tickets for a musical comedy for the pair of them . . . or made her take a nice little cheque to spend on herself!

But he hadn't. He'd forgotten her birthday altogether, and rushed off with furrowed brow to catch his morning train to the city. Mary sighed. John really thought he had cause to worry this week. The Nubright Pictures Company, where he had been employed as accountant for ten years, had been recently absorbed by Excelsior Products, Limited; John was all on edge, fearing reorganisation, and the possible loss of his job.

LOSS of his job! Mary got up briskly to clear the table. Somehow she had no fears about that. John had always been a loyal, reliable

worker; even in uncertain times like these, faithfulness must surely count!

He worried far too much, that husband of hers. He needed a change . . . a complete change. Mary twinkled. Somehow or other, she'd see that he got it. It would do them both good to have a little fling. As for her, he owed her something in the way of a present to sweeten her thirtieth birthday!

They might run down for a weekend to some pleasant seaside spot. One of the gayest hotels. They would eat, drink and be merry . . . and, for once, leave the kiddies at home with Granny!

On an irresistible impulse, Mary ran upstairs and flung open the door of her wardrobe. If she was going away, she'd need clothes. Lots of clothes!

Tentatively, her slim fingers slid the coathangers along the narrow brass rod, as she examined their contents. She made a face. The result was appalling . . . far worse than she'd expected. Why, she had simply nothing to wear!

ALL these hangers, and just look at the contents. Smocks and overalls and cotton frocks for "mornings in the house." A couple of unexciting printed silk frocks for rare afternoon bridge parties. A solitary black dress, completely uninspired in cut and trimming. Just a black dress . . . the sort you can wear for years on end, because nobody finds it startling enough to remember!

For a minute she paused, frowning and fingering. Then a reckless gleam flashed into Mary's eyes. She stripped off her house-frock, and standing before the mirror, shrugged into a green tweed suit. Tweed wears for ever, admittedly. But this tweed was a "mark-down" when she had bought it, three years ago. Now it had a faintly rusty look about it. Anyone but a nice little suburban housewife would have made a bonfire of it long ago!

From the shelf she produced a felt hat. A soup-plate felt, rather an off-color tan. And shoes . . . flat, scuffed, laced shoes that she used, on wet days, for tramping to the children's school!

Surveying her dreadful ensemble, Mary grinned contentedly.

She had a plan. And her mind was positively made up. She would call for John at his office in London; and insist on being taken out to lunch. She would make him hotly and dreadfully aware of her awful clothes. Realisation would dawn on him, keenly, as it had done on her, that she needed new clothes . . . and lots of them. He would bring out his cheque-book, shame-faced and rueful. Later, too, she would bring up the question of a little jaunt for the pair of them. . . .

SHE'D been an idiot, scrimping and saving till it became second nature! Of course, there had been the children to consider, and the darlings were worth it! But the children, after all, weren't thirty. She and John needed some consideration, too . . . and didn't allow themselves half enough! Things should be different from now on.

At one o'clock in the entrance hall of the Whitehouse Building, Mary strode up and down, a dowdy little figure with a mischievous smile lurking round her firm mouth. She had meant, at first, to greet John right in his office, walking straight in upon him. Then her heart had softened; she couldn't bring herself to make him look ridiculous in the eyes of his fellow-workers! So she would stay down here in the hall and catch him on the way out. That would be quite fright enough . . . she looked unbelievably shabby.

"Mary! It is Mary?"

An amazed voice greeted her as she veered round. A tall figure, impeccably dressed, loomed over her. A pair of keen grey eyes travelled quickly from her flat shoes to her faded felt hat. "Rodney!" Mary's breath caught in a little gasp of delight. "You! After all these years!"



By  
Norah  
Smaridge

*She flung open  
the wardrobe.  
The result was  
appalling—far  
worse than  
she'd expected.  
Why, she had  
simply nothing  
to wear!*

Illustrated by  
FISCHER

"Twelve, roughly!" The grey eyes shone. "You were eighteen when you turned me down, if I remember, Mary!" "Did I, really?" Mary's low laugh bubbled out.

MEMORY sped back down the years. They had been good friends, she and Rodney Bankes, despite the difference in their ages, and the indisputable fact that Rodney Bankes belonged to the wealthiest family in Dunscombe, while Mary Powers was only the fourth daughter of the village doctor!

"Not much of an opportunist, was I?" Mary chuckled. "You always were abominably rich, Rodney! And you certainly look cooing with prosperity now! Tell me about yourself . . . are you living in London?"

"No, Edinburgh. But I'm sailing for the Riviera for a holiday, in a few days." He took her arm. "Come and lunch with me, then we can talk properly."

She considered. It would be fun to lunch with Rodney and yarn about old times. A birthday treat, too. She could lunch with John any day!

"I . . ." She stopped. He was looking as unobtrusively as possible, at her green tweed suit. Perhaps she ought to explain her curious attire! But no; that would involve telling him too much about John and their private affairs. Mary flung up her little chin, proudly. Rodney could just take her as she was.

"I'd love to! I was meeting John—but he won't mind. He doesn't expect me, anyway. It was going to be a surprise meeting."

In the discreet little restaurant Rodney leaned eagerly over the table.

"You did marry that young John Anderson, didn't you, Mary? And you're happy?"

"Terribly!"

"Any kiddies?"

"Two!" She told him about Nancy and Peter, her eyes shining. "And you, Rodney, what about you?"

"No family, worse luck." He sighed. "But I've got the sweetest wife in the world. Helen's at Cannes now . . . you'll have to meet her when we come back. You and John must dine with us!" His glance strayed to the rusty tweed suit. "Is John—is your husband still with the Nubright people?"

Please turn to Page 28



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,  
sketches by Petrov

## It's the Blouse that Makes the Suit!

### And Here are a Round Dozen of Super-Smart Creations

THIS is decidedly a season for tailor-made suits. To give your suit individuality, the blouse you wear with it will be of the utmost importance.

To make a woollen suit look correct for both sporting and formal occasions, a change of accessories and blouse is all that is necessary.

YOU will be able to wear one good suit for many seasons without growing tired of it if you can change your accessory color—have several sets of hat, bag, blouse, shoes and gloves—or even just hats and blouses.

The styles for blouses are innumerable, and these days they are made of every known kind of fabric.

For sports wear, with tweed or flannel suits wear tailored blouses of crepe-de-chine, dull crepe, wool jersey, velveteen, sheer wool materials. These blouses should be high-necked, long or short-sleeved, made to tuck-in or come over the skirt.

Trimmings should be simple—pockets, box or knife pleats across the bosom, welted seams, plain buttons. Collars can be tailored like a man's soft shirt and worn with a diamond brooch centre-front, or three strings of pearls under the collar.

#### High Necks

A NEW style is the high turned-up collar shown in sketches one and five on this page. The collar is pushed up and can have a scarf or tie around the neck to keep it in position. If you are slim, wear a waisted blouse over the skirt and a belt. The belt will match the skirt in color.

Seldom do these blouses match the suit in color.

With a mixed tweed you can pick out one of the colors in the fabric—with a plain suit almost any contrasting shade. With a grey flannel suit wear a wool or silk blouse in navy-blue, tan, black, bottle-green, with shoes and hat to match. Wear a coral, bright yellow, emerald-green, dirty-pink, powder-blue, raspberry or white blouse.

The correct hat with these colored blouses would be either grey or the same color. Shoes, either navy or brown. With a brown tweed suit, blouses in yellow, leaf-green, turquoise-blue, burnt-orange or red.

With a blue suit—not navy-blue—blouses of white, dirty-pink, a darker blue, raspberry, mulberry, mustard, bright green. Hat matching the suit or blouse, navy shoes.

A good blouse to wear with a tweed suit is the waistcoat style. There is one sketched on this page, No. 11. The front comes down in two points like a man's waistcoat. You can have a waistcoat exactly like a man's and wear beneath it a tailored shirt; in this case the waistcoat would be made of yellow chambray, flannel or some finer woollen fabric.

#### Lighter Tones

If you have a strictly tailored suit in navy, brown or black, you will wear pale blouses. Satin, in white, pale pink, cream or pale blue, shirred, tucked or draped. A high or low neck, finishing in a bow or shirring. Wear a jewelled brooch or clips at the neckline. Crepe

or chiffon in pastel colors, and net trimmed with narrow lace frills, also make blouses for these man-tailored suits. A lingerie blouse in white handkerchief linen, muslin or pique will look very smart with these dark suits. They should be trimmed with hand sewn tucks or tiny pleats, net or lace edging. An attractive example may be seen in sketch No. 6.

The suit that is most popular this season I have left until last. It is of black or colored woollen—perhaps tailored with a fitted jacket, and perhaps you have a loose short jacket—in any case it is the type of suit that you are probably wearing with a jersey blouse in the morning, and with a chiffon one to the pictures at night.

#### Sleeves Vary

THE selection of blouses for this suit is unending. You have been told about the sports type of blouse—the following ones are for wearing in town, to lunches, parties, and for evening: Satin, crepe, taffeta, chiffon, georgette, velveteen, and lame are the materials. Sleeves can be three-quarter, short, or long; some are very full, others draped, chiffon ones entirely pleated.

Bodices are shirred, draped, split and pleated. Necks are usually high. Pearls, brooches, and clips are worn with a green suit—blouse of brick red, bright yellow, henna, raspberry violet. With a black suit—gold or silver lame, pastel crepe or satin with inset design, orange crepe, royal-blue crepe, emerald chiffon, pastel chiffon, turquoise-blue satin.

With a burgundy suit—dirty-pink chiffon or satin, powder-blue crepe, lime-green, emerald-green, with a navy suit—a striped taffeta blouse in navy, white, and red, a pastel chiffon blouse, a yellow, cerise, emerald, or red blouse.



1



2



3



4

1. **BLOUSE** in natural jersey or crepe-de-chine. The collar is held up by a spotted tie.
2. **AFTERNOON** or evening blouse of pink satin. Shirred at centre-front and at elbows.
3. **ROYAL-BLUE** crepe afternoon blouse, with three slits Raglan sleeves. Clip at neck.
4. **BLOUSE** of mauve chiffon, with a cowl neck, shirred bodice, and big sleeves.
5. **SPORTS** blouse in yellow crepe. The high collar and pockets are welted.
6. **LINGERIE** blouse in white sheer linen. Tucked front, pleated linen frills trim collar, yoke and cuffs.



7. **STRIPED** taffeta blouse, black, red, and white. It buttons up centre-front and ties at the neck.
8. **BLUE** satin, embroidered with a silver design for this blouse. Crossover bodice.
9. **RASPBERRY** chiffon blouse, with very full pleated sleeves.
10. **GREEN** sports shirt, with covered buttons and brown belt. Could be made of crepe, jersey, or velveteen.
11. **WAISTCOAT** blouse of tan velveteen—worn with a green tweed suit.
12. **LAME** blouse, with intricate draped sleeves, and a draped neck held by a clip.



9



10



11



12

PETROV



# INSPIRATIONS from PARIS



• THIS BLACK VELVET hat is a perfect foil for the demure blonde beauty. Alice Joles must have had in mind A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" when creating this model. The sloping crown deepens at the back, and the placement of the posy is definitely distracting.



• LUCIEN LELONG covers a black woollen cocktail gown with a luxuriously lovely blue fox hip-length cape. This piece of extravagance is offset with true Scottish restraint — a tartan taffeta bow. The coquettish chapel is by Suzy.



• THE EVENING GOWN on the left is fashioned by Bloche Simons from black crepe marocain. The elbow-length sleeves and V-shaped décolletage are reminiscent of pre-war fashions. Three magnificent roses adorn the draped bodice.

• BLOCHE SIMONS also created the pale rose crepe-satin gown, at the right, with the long classical skirt. The sheath-like tunic bodice has a cowl neck treatment. A large posy, in a contrasting shade, worn at the waistline gives coquet to the gown.



• ROBERT PIGUET is responsible for this black silk crepe dinner gown. The very full bell-shaped sleeves, shirred at the shoulder-line, are a most important feature of the gown. A Pagan motif is carried out in the wrought gold belt and bracelets.



**KILL THAT COLD  
BEFORE IT TAKES HOLD**

"I have suffered from Catarrh for fifty years, but have never used anything as good as GLO-RUB, which has cleared up the mucus."  
E.E.T.  
(South Aust.)

At a time when it is inconvenient to take medicine at regular intervals, GLO-RUB comes to the rescue with an "ALL-NIGHT" treatment.

INSERT A LITTLE IN EACH NOSTRIL. Glo-Rub will not burn or sting sensitive membranes. It adheres to and remains in contact with mucous surfaces long enough to do its work. Glo-Rub gives off a vapour which soothes any irritation, relieves congestion and

opens the nasal passages. It relieves pain or soreness and softens accumulated secretions.

RUB IT LIBERALLY ON THE CHEST at bedtime and breathe in its soothing vapour all night long. Used in this way Glo-Rub is effective with any Cough Mixture; but when used in conjunction with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure its effect is positively amazing in the treatment of Coughs. Let GLO-RUB work whilst you sleep.

**GLO-RUB** For CATARRH, HEAD COLDS.  
A SPLENDID VAPOR RUB FOR 2/-

PHOTOGRAPHS shown on this page were selected in London, and sent by Air Mail.



# An Editorial

MAY 30, 1936.

## EDUCATION AND THE AUSTRALIAN CHILD



FROM time to time in the various Australian States parents give voice to their dissatisfaction with the present system of education, and the strain which it imposes upon the growing child.

Recently, excessive homework has again been the subject of controversy. Parents have naturally demanded why the knowledge thus assimilated should not be imparted by the teachers themselves during the ordinary school hours.

When the situation is analysed, however, the increasing burden of homework is seen to depend on factors beyond the school course altogether. To-day in Australia a business or professional career demands an ever-increasing scope of specialised knowledge, for which the later school years are expected to provide the groundwork.

As a consequence the standard of school examinations is constantly rising, and more and more hasty memorising and arduous fact-cramming "spills over" into the hours which should be for the child's recreation or rest.

Owing to this speeding-up, the true meaning and function of education is lost sight of altogether.

The ideal object of an "education" is to impart the rudiments of culture, a broad knowledge of life, a civilised habit of thought, and to awaken interest in the arts and literature, while at the same time the framework of specialised knowledge is gradually acquired, "from the ground up," so to speak.

Unfortunately, the child under the present system acquires merely the framework—and that as an unpleasant task, piled up into his or her hours of "freedom" from school discipline.

The fault lies not with our teachers, but with the whole system of education; in a lesser degree it depends upon our social system itself.

Thoughtful educationalists have been pleading for some time past for an extension of the school period, and for a more attractive system of education, appealing to the interest of the growing child; one that makes acquisition of knowledge a pleasure—the pastime of Discovery.

An idealistic aim, perhaps, but a possible one; meanwhile it is high time that some limit be imposed upon the present craze for examination-passing (and its concomitant home-cramming drudgery), or education, in the truer sense, will vanish altogether from our children's lives. —THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

## Dictator's Dream

A DICTATOR has his troubles the same as lesser mortals. Hitler's dream of 100 million Germans within the border of the Fatherland is not proving easy of accomplishment. Information which seeps through, despite the Nazi censorship, indicates that racial stimulants in the form of bonuses and financial help to parents are not having the desired result in the marriage market.

According to official documents, 55 of Germany's largest cities celebrated 217,252 marriages in 1935, a drop of 14 per cent. on the previous year. More provoking still was the revelation that the decline has been progressive; the drop in December last year was 22 per cent. compared with December, 1934.

Although devoted to the Fuehrer, the young German is not marrying owing to unemployment and unsettled world conditions and the fear of war. These are the potent factors in the attitude of the marriage-shy males which all the propaganda in the world will not remove.

In its way it is a plea for peace, since the girls prefer something a little more prosaic and permanent for husbands than soldiers.

## Old Faithful

THE old aphorism that there is no sentiment in business is an outmoded one these days. A man takes his sentiment with him wherever he goes. Because homes had served him "faithfully and well," a Sydney business man who died recently ordered a horse-drawn hearse for his funeral.

There was some difficulty in obtaining a horse-drawn hearse, but this was overcome and the man's wishes gratified by his being carried to his last resting place by the animals which had served him so well in life.

It was a graceful touch in a world where minds are tending to become as mechanised as industry, and an indication that the loyalty of the old guard remains unchanged in a changing world.

## "A Better 'Ole"

NOW that tourists are shy of Europe, since even the most inquisitive tourist likes to look down something more interesting than a gun barrel, or observe something less boring than a parade of blackshirts or greyshirts, or any other form of semi-military exuberance, they might well turn their attention to Australia.

It is a peaceful land, with our defence a curiosity rather than a threat, which would be balm to war-weary Europeans. Our flora is innocuous and our wildest animal is probably the bull ant. Such tranquil surroundings should surely appeal, and even encourage settlement if tourists are not told of our taxation bird, which scares more people than the koala attracts.

## Lyric of Life

### The Broken Things

The little hopes from childhood's innocence  
Lie broken on forgotten nursery floors;  
Time's cobwebs shroud the closed and silent doors  
Against the folly of to-day's pretence.  
The road goes on, the road of No Return,  
And as we pass the dreams of every day  
Are broken by the stones along the way,  
And the blistering truths we live to learn.

Yet as a mother's heart is warm with tears  
In helplessness for her one crippled child,  
So do we cling to every thought that smiled,  
And every sweetness broken down with years.  
And be we men or women, serfs or kings,  
In every life are little broken things.  
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## Forgotten Women

THE aftermath of suffering from the Great War is not borne solely by the men, according to recent English comment on the women war workers.

Numbered among Britain's surplus women are girls who in 1914 worked in munition factories, as land girls, or drove buses and trams and generally took the place of men on the home front so that they could join up for service in France. To-day many of these women are unwanted—too old at 40. They tackled the men's task in 1914, and to-day they show the strain of those terrible years. They are too young for pensions, and too old for industry.

It is a pathetic sidelight on a forgotten service. Yet women are blamed for being pacifists.



MRS. HAZEL DRAPER, a millionaire's wife, who boarded the British liner *Georgic* in New York just before sailing time, posing as a fruiterer's assistant, and, stowing away, lived undiscovered for nine days in the ship's tank-room on the boat-deck. Mrs. Draper, shown leaving the boat with a nurse, is the wife of a wealthy textile manufacturer, a Senator of the United States, and one-time Governor of Massachusetts.

## Dress and Games

THERE has been quite a controversy lately about the reporting of women's sport as if it were a mannequin parade. "Miss Betty Nuthall, in pleated shorts with white silk jumper and jaunty tangerine beret" may sound all right for the fashion notes, says one group, but, after all, the game's the thing.

Another equally strong section replies that sport is all the better if you dress the part, and the reporters shouldn't be blamed for getting a little color into the sporting reports. Perhaps a compromise could be reached and everybody made happy by something like the following: "All the players were the latest sporting creations, and the results were: Miss Jones (beret and shorts) d. Miss Smith (slacks and Fair Isle sweater); Miss Robinson (trousers and tunic) swept the court with Miss Brown (old-fashioned blouse and skirt)."

Who wants to read about silly old scores anyway?

# Where Women of West Meet in the East

From MUIEL LEWIS, Hongkong.

To Australian and English women working in or travelling through Hongkong, one of the most interesting features is the European business women's residential club, the *Helena May*, which forms a social meeting ground that adds to the pleasant aspects of life in the East.

It is one of the places where women of the West meet in the East.

THE *Helena May* is a wonderful haven for women who travel or whose work lies here for a time. Its scope should be more widely known. It is definitely a women's residential club, but its influence reaches to every corner of the European population.

The club stands just above the Peak Tram Station, on Garden Rd., Hongkong. Its founding was itself a tribute to the inspiring work of a woman, Lady May, wife of Sir Henry May, a former Governor of Hongkong.

The building, imposing in its square, solid, tropic architecture, has the usual pillared balconies which ensure relief within from summer heat. It faces the shrubberies of Government House, which stands a little above, while on a still higher level to the left are the trees and open spaces of the Botanical Gardens.

The whole aspect of its surroundings carries to the traveller, an immediate and exhilarating conviction of the Orient.

The coolies in their short tunics and trousers; the dainty little Chinese lass in her multi-colored silken gown; the Indian policeman at the corner, splendid in his brilliant turban—every detail is of the East, and not the West. This is indeed the British colony in the Far East—Hongkong, City of Fragrance.

In the big, cool lounge business women from other lands meet over morning or afternoon tea; they make use of its library and reading-room, its tennis court, and, in the summer, of the bathing-shed on South Beach.

## Its Origin

HONGKONG, before the War, was going through that stage which has been met and overcome by all big cities in the last thirty or forty years—suitable living accommodation was needed for women workers.

In those days there was not the great number of stenographers and secretaries, or what are called business women, that there is to-day, but numerous European teachers found it impossible to get board and lodging in the colony in any way fitting to their requirements.

There were none of the good private hotels and boarding-houses, none of the small flats which have lately come into being, and the situation caused grave anxiety to those who were interested in women's welfare.

There were many missionaries, too, going and coming between the port and up-country stations, who were faced with the same problem whenever they passed through Hongkong.

One woman in particular, Lady May, had made it her special mission to stir the crying need for some form of hostel that would meet the deficiency, and in the end it was she who inspired the present Institute.

Munificent gifts from public benefactors helped to finance the scheme, and the building was formally opened by Lady May in 1916.

The Institute consisted then of a lounge, a library, a reading-room, matron's quarters, several classrooms, eight bedrooms, and a residents' sitting-room. Its success demanded the provision of extra accommodation and additions to the building itself in the next few years.

The library is a particularly valuable part of the Institute, the committee keeping up a constant supply of new books, which are available to residents, and for which outside members pay a small subscription.

All the appointments of the Institute are well thought out and arranged, the entire management being in the hands of sixteen honorary members of council, under whose guidance the work is carried on by a residential matron, a secretary, and a librarian.

The *Helena May* is, in fact, the centre of much of the life of Hongkong, both as regards welfare work and educational and social activities.

The big lounge, with round, glass-topped tables and comfortable wicker chairs, is a favorite meeting place. In summer great fans sweep a grateful breeze from the ceiling, and through the open glass doors along one entire wall the scent of flowers is wafted from the garden below.

There are always flowers in the *Helena May* garden, where shrubs and creepers grow with the lavish generosity of the tropics; and in an old tree at one side of the building birds sing all day.





# HAIL HAILE!—And His £6,000,000

## Abyssinia's Dethroned King Welcomed By Unemployed Monarchs' Club

BY L. W. LOWER  
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED  
BY WEP

I have an idea for feeding lambs on razor blades in order to breed ready-made lamb cutlets. You don't tell me! Yes.

And I've also thought out a scheme for watering potato plants with boiling water and then jumping up and down on them, thus producing mashed potatoes straight from the farm and no trouble to the housewife.

Dear me, you do think of things, don't you? Do you know any more? Too right. I think that the establishment of a home for retired Nazis should be immediately carried out in Palestine.

A PART from these there should be a machine for uncooking cooked meat so that destitute Abyssinians can be fed, and I'd like to see a Gravy Board formed with the object of supplying the people with cheaper and more hysterical gravy.

It would be quite easy to feed cows on meat and onions and flour and things, and then milk them for gravy.

Furthermore (you mightn't believe this) I have tried drinking a glass of water backwards, eaten a tablespoonful of sugar, rubbed ice on the back of my neck and held my breath till I went black in the face and I've STILL got the hiccups.

The flashlight drawing taken

by Wep, which you see on this page, can be quite simply worked out by logarithms. You will find these on the knitting page. I will, however, give you a few clues.

### Valuable Collections

GENEROUS to a fault, that's me! As a matter of fact, if there's any fault I'm not generous to, the only thing I can say is that it hasn't reached this country yet.

The scene depicted is the occasion of a reunion and welcome home to Haile Selassie, given by the Unemployed Monarchs' Club. You will see Wilhelm there and Alfonso, and a few other Kings who have been thrown off their thrones. I am not sure which is

which; hence the logarithms.

It was a very happy gathering and the ex-Kaiser knocked off felling trees specially to attend. The news had got around that young Haile had got out of Abyssinia with six million quid in a bag. Needless to say, there was a big attendance.

The only faux pas made during the evening was when Archduke Otto asked Selassie for a penny for the gas.

Rather tactless, I thought.

King George, of Greece, an ex-member, arrived late and was greeted with a salute of twenty-one duns.

I did my best to entertain graciously, and showed the company my collection of summonses, which was greatly admired.

I have one very valuable summons, a 1923 Blue. The watermark is imperfect. Alfonso offered to exchange twenty-five final notices for it, but naturally I refused.

There was just the faintest sign of bickering when King Manoel accused me of stirring the salad with his sceptre. Absurd, of course.

Then there was another tense moment when Wilhelm so far forgot his duties to the guest of the evening as to tell him that if he must eat his meat raw he'd better take it out on the mat.

### Saved the Situation

HAILE replied with becoming dignity that raw meat contained velocipedes A and D and that it was also full of calories.

The real nub of the meeting (nice word, nub. Wonderful what you learn from these crossword puzzles), the high spot, so to speak, came when we asked what he was going to do with the six millions.

We offered to elect him President of the club if he would kick in with a few thousands, but he refused. He wouldn't play poker, either.

Altogether, he was most difficult, and I am afraid that a situation nearly arose which might have had international repercussions, and if you've ever had international repercussions you can understand how serious things were, with not a drop of brandy in the house.

However, I saved the situation as usual, by taking him out and selling him the local Town Hall, the School of Arts, Parliament House, and the Municipal Baths, which came to £5,600,190, plus sales tax, leaving a tidy sum to play around with.



HAILE SELASSIE, explaining the valuable properties of raw bull, the while his fellow ex-monarchs endeavor to beguile him with American "bull." Incidentally LOWER says the members of the party are drinking Sam Sul, a Chinese beverage, in order to avoid international complications.

Wilhelm said he was going back to Doorn with his share, and I said, "What are you Doorn that for?" He didn't seem to like this remark, and packed up his axe and left the club. I don't know what the others did with their share, but I still have about £37,000 of mine left. I think I will give it to charity. Money makes me sick. It is significant that, up till now, I have always been in perfect health.

## How did she get that Slim Line

IT'S hard to believe that a short while ago she was putting on weight—quite rapidly, too, until she was advised to take Bile Beans.

Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was, and she takes good care to keep it so by taking Bile Beans every night. Bile Beans are purely vegetable and safely and surely they melt away that unwanted surplus fat.

So, if you want to regain that slim line and keep a lovely fashionable figure, just take Bile Beans nightly.

# BILE BEANS

SLIM WHILE YOU SLEEP.



"I was putting on so much weight that my stage work was affected. Bile Beans have removed all excess fat, and I am now over a stone lighter. With the help of Bile Beans I am able to maintain a slim and attractive figure, and my skin is nice and clear."—Miss P. B.

"I like nice girls and trucks, and was afraid I would soon have to be asking for outside. But as a result of my nightly Bile Beans I have lost ten pounds in weight and feel much better for it. My bust and hips are reduced by four inches."—Mrs. F. W.



STOP HEADACHE AND ALL NERVE AND MUSCULAR PAINS!

Wherever you may be—in the street—at the theatre—on the racetrack or beach, always carry one of the new "Pocket-Size" Vincent's A.P.C. Tablets in your handbag or pocket. At the first sign of pain take two of the new size (small) tablets—you will be pleasantly surprised at the speedy relief they give you. For over 16 years thousands of Australians have proved Vincent's A.P.C. to be the quickest and most effective preparation to banish Headache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism and Influenza.

The new "Pocket-Size" tablets are prepared on the same scientific formula as the usual size Vincent's A.P.C. Powders and Tablets. Doctors, Dentists, Chemists and Nurses all prescribe and adopt Vincent's A.P.C. as a safe, speedy and thoroughly reliable preparation to take. It is recognised as the standard formula to relieve all nerve and muscular pains.

The price of the new "Pocket-Size" is 2s. for 1/6d. (Price for the usual size tablets and powders are the same as before.)

All chemists and stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 75-78 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

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**VINCENT'S**  
APC  
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE  
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## MADE Her Home in Tower OF LONDON Australian Singer in Anne Boleyn's Room

Dorothy Helmrich, the Australian soprano, who is returning after a brilliant success abroad, when in England lived in the Tower of London. She is the only woman in the world to do so, outside the wives of officials.

SHE is a close personal friend of the Governor of the Tower, Colonel Fawcett, and his wife, and when they invited her to make her London home with them she readily accepted, for she is a keen lover of English history and tradition.

Residence in the Tower of London is limited to Tower officials and their families. Dorothy Helmrich is the only person to break into the exclusive circle. The Governor of the Tower lives in the King's House, a portion of the Tower which has sheltered many famous historical characters.

Dorothy Helmrich occupied the room in which Anne Boleyn, whose writing is still to be seen on the walls, awaited her execution.

It is said that Anne Boleyn's ghost still haunts the Tower, but Dorothy Helmrich confesses that she was not favored with a visit from the spirit.

To gain admittance to the Tower it is necessary to pass eight sentries, giving to each of them the password which is changed daily. Generally the password is the name of an English town.

Once Dorothy Helmrich forgot it. After passing seven of the guards successfully the password completely slipped



DOROTHY HELMRICH

from her memory as she confronted the eighth and last.

The guards all knew her perfectly well, of course, but that did not help. She had to go right back to the first sentry to get the password before she could go to her bed in Anne Boleyn's room.

Dorothy Helmrich has been engaged by the Australian Broadcasting Commission to give radio and public recitals, the first of which will be at Brisbane. She will commence her Sydney season on July 8, and on July 22 will be the soloist at the Celebrity Symphony Concert at the Town Hall.

## NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

### Humanity Her Subject, in Naomi Jacob's Latest Novel

#### Rachel — Magnificent Character

It is only incidental that the Englishwoman, Naomi Jacob, writes so brilliantly of Jews. One feels it is of paramount importance with her always to portray human figures. She does this again and wonderfully well in her latest novel, "Barren Metal."

IN a writing game lamentably deficient in craftsmen, she emerges as a conscientious worker in words, but she does not leave it at that. Into the solid background she has so created she breathes a spirit of fine humanity and a careful observation which is difficult to match. Her characters leap with life because they are human; they interest because they are real. In giving us Meyer Pardo she gives us first his background so that we may the better understand him. There are the days of the migrant from the ghetto of Central Europe, then the early struggles in the tailoring trade of Whitechapel.

#### Wife and Riches

SLOWLY he is borne along on the current of affluence; the little Yiddish tailor with his broken accent and dreams of greatness. Not a very big figure this; his counterpart exists in thousands. Then comes Rachel walking quietly into his life, the very opposite to Pardo in every way. Soft-voiced, gentle, beautiful, she nevertheless is the stuff of which heroines are made. Then Pardo, his vision obscured by love of money falls into the clutches of the law.

If Pardo served seven years for Rachel, she pays him back a thousandfold in the extent of her sacrifices for him while he is in prison. She is the complete wife, sacrificing even the love for another man which has come into her life for Meyer's sake — her little Jew.

There are magnificent passages in the book, not to be caught in a short review of this nature, and every little facet of characterization glitters with the gleam of authenticity. There is a particularly human solution to the triangle in this story which makes it all the more powerful. It is hard to remember a novelist who can produce such glittering colors from the dull background of London's East End, which she chooses as the locale of her novel. Humor here and there



NAOMI JACOB gives us another brilliant study of Jewish life in her latest novel, "Barren Metal," reviewed on this page.

peeps out, vividly welcome against the sombre background.

Minor characters fit in and out of the story, but there is not one super-nominary who has not an effective part to play.

It is a novel thoroughly recommended. In fact, it is a story not to be missed. (Hutchinson and Co. 7/6.) Our copy from the publishers.

## Nerves at Breaking Point



WHEN your nerves are constantly "on edge" and you feel "run down" and depressed, it is a sure indication that your daily dietary is not providing sufficient nerve-restoring nourishment.

What you need is delicious "Ovaltine". Made from malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" is supremely rich in the nourishment which builds up the nervous system.

New-laid eggs are liberally used in "Ovaltine" because of their valuable nerve-building properties. That is one of many reasons why "Ovaltine" definitely stands in a class by itself. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage.

#### PRICES:

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CHEMISTS  
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## 'OVALTINE'

Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body

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## SHORT REVIEWS

#### "MYSTERY AT MILFORD HAVEN."

"Taffrail" has not sustained the vigor of his writing in this latest story of his, which concerns murder at a disused fort, abandoned by the War Office.

The principal characters are Victor Day and his beautiful secretary, Melody Postlethwaite.

Corpses crop up with monotonous regularity. There are smugglers and kidnappers who spirit the beautiful Melody away; but the smugglers prove to be nothing but lottery swindlers and makers of counterfeit notes, and a lot of the glamor is lost as a consequence.

There are several afterthoughts in the book which break into its continuity for no very good reason. But there is a happy ending which should please everybody. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6.)

#### "FIFTY-FIFTY AND OTHER STORIES."

Pamela Frankau. This modern young writer, daughter of a famous father, owes nothing to family environment for the success of her stories, but everything to her own ability.



PAMELA FRANKAU, daughter of Gilbert Frankau, writes entertainingly in her latest book, "Fifty-Fifty and Other Stories."

Her collection of short stories is entertaining, interesting and provocative, which is all that short stories should be. There is drama here and comedy and clever little plots with a twist in the tail. "Flight" is a fine dramatic story, and "The Optimist" a great study in family sentimentality.

All the stories are rich in detail. There is ironic humor at its best to supplement keen observation and the terse incisive writing. Lovers of the short story will welcome this book. (Nicholson & Watson. 7/6.)

#### "COMMITTEE."

Diana Darling. The author of this novel tells the story of the administration behind a London orphanage. She does the job well, making a good yarn out of something which at first sight looks like rather uninteresting material. The action takes place within four weeks, and humor and insight are used in giving the story of the characters' lives over that period. The people are rather everyday, but they are real and not merely puppets. The main difficulty is to find a connecting link with the loosely-arranged short stories which really comprise this novel. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6.)

century, and is strutting in ultra-modern slacks.

The characters speak like a 20th century edition of "Pride and Prejudice"—but without reservations.

They have no objective reality, but live subjectively in the imagination of one who has inherited the grand tradition, the itch for scribbling, and the modern art of saying clever nothing.

As a book—not a full meal, but a harmless and pleasant piece of literary meringue. Delicate, tasty, sugary, and just as unsatisfying. As food for thought negligible, but as a confection, well worth trying. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.)

## An Australian Discovers the Tyrol in June

Everyone remembers H. G. Wells' satire on the bustling "do-it-or-die" travellers who visited Canterbury Cathedral. "Now, Mamie, what great big elemental things have we to learn about Canterbury? Let's find out and get the 5.15 train back to London."

NINA MURDOCH does not belong to this class of traveller. She is the friendly visitor dropping in on the simple folks in romantic, half-forgotten places, learning a little of their lives and their history and then passing on.

But that is not the end of the adventure for her, since her impressions bloom forth again in a travel book.

So it is that readers are glad to welcome "Tyrolean June" as a worthy successor to "She Travelled Alone in Spain."

#### Sense of Beauty

HERE is no guide book record of a tripper's tour of the Tyrol, but the saga of a beauty lover who has seen the crocus on the hillside and the peasant child praying at a wayside shrine. Touches of fine writing enliven this travel book, and one goes sight-seeing through its pages with a sympathetic companion.

There is no seeking after the spectacular, but many a peep is made inside old houses and lums, and there are walks across the historic hills with the author, who mixes nothing of importance, and writes of it with a nice regard for local fact and color.



NINA MURDOCH has followed up her travels in Spain with a fine study of the Tyrol and its people.

It is full of extraordinary human interest, and under Miss Murdoch's pen the Tyrol ceases merely to be a spot on the map, but the very heartstone of legend and romance. It is a leisurely, well-written travel book most people will thoroughly enjoy.

"Tyrolean June." (Harrap. 9/6.)



# The Pistol Shone Like STEEL



"O, John," said Linda. "I can't come this evening—too busy—"

"But it's only half an hour's run in the car, and the estate keeps open later in summer," protested John Fraser. "I'm also busy, darling, but I made a special effort to get away early to-day so that we could go and have a look at the house."

"John, it's impossible to-night," she replied, her pencil tapping on her short-hand note-book.

"Lanton again, I suppose," he exclaimed. "I, too, work for Lanton, dear, but I don't allow my loyalty to him to intrude on all my personal affairs."

"I can't help it," said Linda pleadingly. "The first act of 'The Secret Man' is going on the air to-morrow night, as you know, and Mr. Lanton has been asked to give a broadcast talk before it starts."

"And it is six o'clock, and he hasn't come back from an important lunch appointment, and the talk isn't written, and he will be dictating it to you till eight o'clock!"

Linda blinked rapidly, a spot of anger on either cheek after he had gone. She was short-sighted, and had a horror of wearing glasses, though John Fraser in his bluntly affectionate manner told her that he would not love her any the less if she did.

She tried to fathom why she had ever become engaged to John.

He was on Alec Lanton's managerial staff, and then she, too, had been fortunate and had secured the post of secretary to the most amazing theatrical producer of the day. Up till then, Lanton had only been a voice to her, a reverberating, poignant voice that thrilled her whenever she looked at the wireless programme and tuned-in to whatever talk Lanton was giving.

As John Fraser tramped away from their offices over the Emperor Theatre, he swore forcibly when he recalled how he had got Linda the job. "Wonderful," he had thought at first. "We shall be able to meet for lunch and see each other more often."

In the office Linda sat waiting for her chief's return. She sorted out letters. Put some he ought to see on his blotter, and relegated others for after to-morrow's broadcast performance. She tidied his huge walnut desk, and did the hundred unobtrusive jobs done by all good secretaries.

Pondering over it, Linda wondered with alarm and a certain little tingle of excitement whether her secret worship of Alec Lanton had been observed by the staff. Impossible, she thought. He was so impersonal and reserved, so utterly non-committal. Illogically, she felt glad she never wore John's engagement ring at business. But Lanton, no doubt, knew of their engagement. Perhaps that was why he was so impersonal. Linda caught herself blushing as she powdered before the office mirror. What a fantastic miracle if Lanton thought of her sometimes!

LANTON had a wife in his own background. She knew it, but somehow no one except Lanton himself entered into her calculations. She shrank from the thought of John Fraser, his neat two-water, stolid affection for her, and a future home on a new estate with a labor-saving sink, and sunray windows on the stairs. She could not be content with John—not now.

"So sorry, Miss Carruthers. Anything much doing?"

Lanton's deep voice made her start. He did not notice her blush.

"Nothing much, Mr. Lanton."

"Good! Then let's get a move on. 'Hello, Everybody! It's lovely to talk to you again!'" He laughed. He was in high spirits. "I'm so sorry this will keep you late, my dear. I'd have taken you out to dinner afterwards but I've got to rush off as soon as we've finished as I must see Nordell."

Linda's heart pounded as she murmured a conventional phrase. As her pencil flew over the paper in silent, hieroglyphic echoes of Lanton's words, she felt a curious sensation that something would happen soon and precipitate her into further anguished excitement or heavenly joy.

She attended the theatre at the broadcast performance of Lanton's play, "The Secret Man," the next evening. He expected her to be standing

by in the stalls on special occasions in case her services might be required. So completely absorbed was she in thoughts of Alec Lanton that she gave John a very far-away smile of greeting when she saw that he occupied the seat next to her own and was waiting for her, a large box of chocolates on his knees. He thought how lovely she looked. She was terribly keyed up. Lanton had touched the world, the stage, the Amazon, and aviation in his broadcast talk. He could get away with anything and had been marvellous.

"YOU'RE late," John said.

"I listened in first," she replied. There was a little stir in the second row of stalls, as Lanton, striking and immaculately debonair, took his place in a fashionable row of friends.

"You see, sitting next to Lanton—"

began John.

"Sh—sh—afterwards, dear," Linda said sweetly. John wanted to shake her. Instead, he glowered, and did not try to speak again, even during the intervals.

"It's an odd feeling I've got," mused Linda to herself, "I must be getting

## A Short Story by — Odette Tchernine

psychic," she laughed a bit against herself. It was all this ache for a fairy tale to come true that made her feel so excited. Of course, she and John were utterly unsuited, and she would finally have to tell him so, kindly, but firmly.

The murmur of chatter died down with the subdued brilliance of the concealed lights fading to give way to the footlights' glow. A cough or two, and the curtain rose on the last act. Lanton was back in his place from the foyer or behind the box office. He always sat like one of the audience, almost in front. Now one of the exquisitely dressed women of his party, a dazzling blonde, smiled up at him as he sat beside her.

They might smile, thought Linda, but none knew him in all his moods as she did.

THE curtain had gone down and the actors taken one call after the other. Spectators rose as the National Anthem swelled out. It ceased. The rustle of departure filled the auditorium. From where she and John stood in the gangway, Linda saw a young man, little more than a boy, push his way towards Lanton, a desperate look on his white, strained face. He clutched something that gleamed. Her heart gave a leap. It was, like many popular men, had a few romances, and in a flash of horror and yet curious exaltation, she saw what was about to happen. The fanatical lad—an actor, with a grievance, probably, and a little pistol shining like steel. Here was the answer to her ardent desire. She would die that Lanton might live.

She tore herself away from John and rushed forward, flinging herself between Lanton and the youth. Lanton and his wife, the dazzling blonde, looked vaguely surprised.

"Mr. Lanton, the broadcaster—?" Oh, please, sir, your autograph!" he cried excitedly, the tiny pistol turning into a fountain pen before Linda's petrified short sight.

Linda wears glasses now when necessary, is very fond, of her husband, John, and they often laugh when they turn on the wireless and hear Alec Lanton's fascinating "Hello, Everybody—It's lovely to talk to you again."

(Copyright)

"SO IT'S YOUR  
TEETH!  
I'LL SPEAK TO  
YOUR MOTHER—"



TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN

# WRIGLEY'S

A.Q.17



## What day is Today?



Beautiful bottle of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne in attractive box, 12/6. Others 1/5 to 30/-.

To-day—or tomorrow or one day soon—is the birthday of someone you love—your Mother, your Father, one of your friends or your family. Or it may be an anniversary, a shower-tea, or some other occasion that calls for a present-giving. Whatever the event, there is one gift that is always right—Potter and Moore's Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne. This refreshing cologne is the choice of men and women of discriminating taste the world over. It is the one personal gift that is always joyfully received.

Blue Ribbon Cologne comes in handsome bottles of different sizes, and the same cool, stimulating perfume is obtainable in soaps, powders, creams and other toilet accessories. Together with Mitcham Lavender Water, a delicate perfume of lasting fragrance, also from Potter and Moore, it is sold at reasonable prices by chemists and stores everywhere. Cofret containing Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne and Complexion Soap, Price, 2/6.

Toilet preparations by  
**POTTER  
& MOORE**

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY, LONDON







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Superior in softness, strength and finish, Sunbeam stands alone for VALUE. Available in a wealth of wonderful shades. Keeps its shape and freshness of colour.

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LISTEN-IN to 2GB Women's Morning Session, and approximately 6.57 p.m. Monday to Saturday, also to 2UL, 2UW, 2CH, 2DR, 2KZ Women's Session each morning, Monday to Friday, for particulars of SUNBEAM KNITTING WOOL SLOGAN CONTEST. Closing date of competition, May 31st. Hurry, with your Entries. Thirty-one splendid cash prizes.

## Grand NEW SERIES of 'BRAN TUBS'

The QUICK-WIN WEEKLY PUZZLE

# MUST BE WON

FILL IN A FEW LETTERS AND WIN BIG MONEY

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It simply consists of nine ordinary words, only each has some letters missing for YOU to find.

This is how to enter: For the purposes of the puzzle we number the alphabet 1 to 26 to make the code below, and, in addition, we give you nine word-clues which you also see underneath. NOW, THE PUZZLE IS TO MAKE THE LARGEST SCORE OF LETTER NUMBERS YOU CAN IN WORDS ANSWERING THOSE CLUES AND EXACTLY FILLING THE FRAME.

For example, Clue No. 1 is "A Number." You are given the first letter "T," and could complete the word by adding the letters "EN," making the word "TEN," the letter values of which, reading from the code below, are 20, 5, 14—a total of 39.

Now carry on with Clue No. 2, in which you are given the last letter. THE SECRET IS TO FIND NINE SUITABLE WORDS WITH THE LARGEST LETTER VALUES. Only recognised words suitable to the clues and contained in Chambers' Dictionary will be permitted.

REMEMBER, YOUR WORDS MUST ALL FIT IN THE SPACES OF THE FRAME STRAIGHT DOWNWARDS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. Thus the letters given you for each word are sometimes at the head and sometimes at the tail of the word.

When you have completed the nine words, work out the letter value for each word as in the above example, write out a list of the words IN INK on a sheet of paper, place opposite each word its total letter value, add up the nine totals, and this will give the final total value of your solution. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:

HEADS OR TAILS No. 11V, Box 413X, G.P.O. SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY: All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, June 5th. The First Prize of £35 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution with the largest total letter value, and the other two prizes in order of merit. In case of a tie, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. £10 prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry 1/2 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on June 30th.

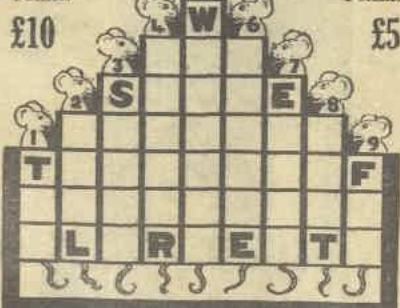
NOTE: The Management's decision as to the suitability to the Clues of the words submitted will be final.

This competition is in no way connected with The Australian Women's Weekly.

FIRST PRIZE - £35

SECOND PRIZE £10

THIRD PRIZE £5



THE CODE:

A B C D E F G H I

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

J K L M N O P Q R

10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

S T U V W X Y Z

19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

THE CLUES:

1. A number

2. High

3. A small piece

4. Olives advice

5. A bird

6. To get

7. It flies

8. Four legged

9. Moved to and fro

### RESULT OF HEADS OR TAILS No. 8

The following persons tied for First Prize, with a total of 632 points, and the total prize money (£35) will be divided equally between them.

Miss M. Bode, 7th Floor, Howey Court, Collins St., Melbourne.

Miss Osborne, 4 Winter Street, Malvern, Victoria.

Mr. D. J. McLaughlin, Springvale, Queensland.

SOLUTION: Win. Pump House, Torrid, Twaddle, Poorly, Bumpy, Rook, Pap.

PRIZE MONEY WILL BE PAID ON FRIDAY, 12th JUNE.

## Study in Black and White

THIS black-and-white tailor is designed by Lucien Lelong. The skirt is all white, the coat being finished with a narrow black shiny binding similar to a blazer. The blouse is of black satin-backed oatmeal crepe.

—Air Mail photo.



## THREE That Are COMPANY

Continued from Page 6

VIOLET, the parlor-maid, and Alice, the cook, shared in the general excitement. The whole house was on tip-toe to welcome the bride and bridegroom.

Nita's spirits bubbled and effervesced like champagne. She didn't even mind that they were not to be alone. She knew it had been right to ask dear Sydney Pember to eat his Christmas dinner with them, and to stay the night.

There was time for Nita to savor the sharp delight of the moment. Virginia was such a glorious success. Naturally, and unobtrusively, she had joined herself to their lives. Arthur's and her own, completing the little circle of love where Nita was high priestess.

She was prettier, sweeter-natured than even Nita had hoped. There was a kind of moonlit calmness about her that contrasted with her own impetuosity.

Virginia would never interfere, never make trouble. The saga of Arthur's life could flow on satisfactorily. She was a dear, wholesome, delightful girl. A girl Nita was able to love—did love.

Virginia's voice was soft and rounded and full, with a coo in it like one of Nita's own pigeons.

"Arthur's just coming, Mum. He's getting the luggage out of the car." A vertical furrow showed itself in Nita's forehead.

"The gardener will do that, darling. Arthur must come in out of the cold."

Nita darted out to enforce her wishes, receiving Arthur's kiss in the frosty darkness.

"Happy Christmas, Mum." "Happy! I should think so with you two darling children here."

She swept them into the drawing-room, looking into each face intently, and pouring out a flood of questions. Then checked herself. The darlings must be fatigued. They must eat. She chose their seats, Arthur opposite her, where she could look at him. Virginia by her side, where she could heap her plate with good things.

At last she let them talk, and heard of the sunshine and bathing at Madeira.

"Virginia's a salamander," laughed Arthur. "She cooked herself dark brown."

AND, indeed, Virginia's milky skin was deeply tanned. "Arthur didn't like the water," said Virginia.

"Bathing never suited him," answered Nita quickly. "I meant to have told you that it always made him cold and shivering."

"You couldn't shiver there if you tried, Mum," put in Arthur.

Then Sydney arrived. A distinguished-looking man, Sydney Pember, tall and spare, well-dressed, well-groomed, with graying hair and moustache. He might have been a soldier, a diplomat, even an ambassador, and was, actually, a successful business man. His manner was quiet, retiring, but he had hidden force, and decided opinions which he kept to himself.

He kept many things to himself, though with Nita and Nita's young people his manner was completely unreserved.

"Well, Arthur, how goes it?"

His greeting of Nita over, he looked at Arthur with a fatherly air. He would like to have been Arthur's step-father, to have helped Nita in the task she had set herself. But Nita didn't want any help at all. She had done it alone, and done it well.

"Fine," said Arthur. "Couldn't be better. Don't we look it?"

"Don't they look marvellous, Sydney?" Nita chimed in.

And so it went on. A little home scene in tune with the season, and the exultation in Nita's heart.

DINNER was excellent, but Nita could hardly swallow a morsel. She was so engrossed with her two; Virginia, a blonde goddess in white chiffon; Arthur, Nita's Arthur, brown and handsome in his well-cut evening suit, his eyes calmly happy when they rested on Virginia. It was all very simple, but Nita couldn't help being a little dramatic about it, and rather personal.

Please turn to Page 16

## How to have lovely skin

EVERY night give your face its "good night" massage with Charmsan Cold Cream. Rub this cream well into your face all over. It's a good idea, too, to give your neck, throat and the exposed portion of your chest a good massaging with the cream to chase away dust and other beauty-destroying things that lodge in the pores and on the skin.

After giving your face, neck, throat and chest a good massage with Charmsan Cold Cream, rub it off thoroughly with your face towel or tissue. You will find that the cream cleanses beautifully, for it goes right into the pores and out again and removes "make-up," dirt, etc. from the pores and skin in a way that soap and water can never do. Notice how supple and smooth your skin is. This nightly massaging will also keep away wrinkles, crow's feet, and other lines.

In the morning wash your face, neck, throat and chest with nice warm water and a good soap, dry well, and then apply your Charmsan Cold Cream. Do not confuse Charmsan with Charmsan Cold Cream. They are quite separate and distinct. Rub your Charmsan Cold Cream well in wherever it is required, for its mission is to protect your skin from the ravages of the sun, dust and wind, and to help your power all day. Charmsan Cold Cream removes many faults and many signs of age from the skin and makes it look years and years younger and prettier.

After applying your Charmsan Cold Cream use your Charmsan face powder—the most amazing powder money can buy. It stays on hour after hour with sweet witchery and gives instant charm to your skin. It is perfumed with the most precious fragrance in the world. It is pure, cool, soft, and nothing like it. You get it in all shades and tints. The power of skin youth and charm.

Charmsan Cold Cream jars, 3/6. Tubes 1/6. Charmsan face powder, 2/6 per box. Charmsan Cold Cream jars, 2/6. Tubes 1/6. Sold everywhere.\*\*\*



# THE NEW GENERATION

Intimate Glimpses of  
Some of Australia's  
Little People



MARY PATRICIA, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ewan Mackinnon, of Langiwilli, Linton, Victoria, invites you to share the joke.

—Dickinson-Moncreath



THE DIMINUTIVE little lady casting you a shy smile is Diane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood, and her home is in Kalgoorlie, West Australia.

—Dickinson-Moncreath



BRIAN AND ANN DICKINSON, children of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dickinson, of Kew, Victoria.

—Dickinson-Moncreath



READY for a romp is Master Richard Onslow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Onslow, of Millmuri, Canowindra, N.S.W.

—Dwyer



PAMELA, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Duigan, of Clayfield, Brisbane, is a god-daughter of Miss Marjorie Wilson, the daughter of Sir Leslie Wilson, the Governor of Queensland.

—Norton Trevino



RICHARD AND DAVID, sons of Dr. and Mrs. Richmond Jeremy, of Rushcutters Bay, Sydney.

—Dwyer



JACINTHA, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mac Knox, of Perth, and grand-daughter of Lady Moulden.

—Dickinson-Moncreath



BRIONY AND VIRGINIA, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Moore, of Buxton Street, North Adelaide.

—Hambrant Studio



ELIZABETH MARY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil McEwin, of Medindie, S.A., and granddaughter of the South Australian Premier, Mr. Butler.

—Hambrant Studio



JENNIFER AND JANE, fair-haired daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chirnside, of Morallah, Skipton, Victoria.

—Dickinson-Moncreath



ANNETTE, DINAH AND MOANA, the three little children of Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones, who are at present holidaying in America with their mother, formerly Miss Margaret Osborne, of Sydney.

—Doreen Welking, photo.





## Beware of Kidney Trouble

**YOU CANNOT BE WELL IF  
YOUR KIDNEYS ARE AILING!**

If you have Kidney Trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your whole life an utter misery. You will be unable to do your work, and sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked through faulty dieting, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the system. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not getting rid of the uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned—a condition which gets worse instead of better if no steps are taken to remedy it.

**Suspect Kidney Trouble  
if you have**

**BACKACHE RHEUMATISM  
CYSTITIS SCIATICA  
JOINT PAINS LUMBAIGO  
DISTURBED NIGHTS  
or any Urinary Irregularities**

**YOU MUST GET TO THE CAUSE  
OF THE TROUBLE**

Before you can hope to find relief from your crippling pain your kidneys must be made to work perfectly, and they must be cleared of all waste matter that impedes their work of filtration.

**Here is the Remedy  
you need—**

The safest, surest and speediest way of doing this is to start taking De Witt's Pills, which act directly on the kidneys. Within twenty-four hours they begin their healing work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witt's Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The relief brought by De Witt's Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Two or three pills will bring immediate relief, and a short course will permanently banish your trouble.

So if you suffer the torture of the kidney sufferer, get a box of De Witt's Pills to-day. Take two pills to-night, and to-morrow you will see, feel and know they are doing you good. Sold by all chemists and storekeepers, price 3/6 and 6/6. Be sure you get the genuine

# DE WITT'S

## KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

## THREE That Are COMPANY

Continued from Page 14

**P**RIVATELY, Sydney wondered how the shy girl liked it, for in spite of her outspoken manner Virginia was shy, he could see that, and sometimes she seemed to curl up like a bud whose leaves had been forced apart by prying hands, though her good-natured smile never varied.

Sydney lingered a little when Virginia and Arthur had gone to their rooms, and Nita had come back to give him a last whisky and soda, and to pour out her full heart. Her face glowed with an inner radiance, and she looked almost a girl in her filmy black dress. "Aren't they pets?" she bubbled. "Oh, Sydney, I'm so happy about it all! I do so thank God for them both."

Sydney patted her on the hand and patted hers. Nita was overdoing it a little, but he didn't blame her, because he had seen those long years of self-denial; only, would the girl understand this long Te Deum of exaltation?

"She's just the wife for him, Sydney. Sometimes I think there's something angelic about her, something like a saint in a stained-glass window."

Sydney smiled at this. "Don't exaggerate, my dear. She seems a charming girl, but—"

Nita ran on unheeding. "And she loves me, Sydney. Not like Arthur, of course, yet, but she will. You see, her mother's no use at all, being such an invalid."

"Hm-m." Sydney drew on his cigar. His own mother had been an invalid, but she had certainly not been useless. Wisdom and tenderness had flowed to him from her couch.

**I**T seemed to him that Nita wanted to gather up all the love in the world to spread out before Arthur and Virginia, even if she had to take it from those who had also a right. That had always been the trouble.

He sighed, and for a moment he hardly heard Nita's voice as she talked eagerly about their new home, that dear little house in a quiet street off Knightsbridge. She was furnishing it for them from attic to cellar. All her plans were cut and dried. There was a great bundle of samples of carpets upstairs—one could tell so much better in

a room—and another big bundle of patterns of chintz.

"Darling Virginia will leave it all to me. She's a sweet, impractical thing. I tease her about it, but she says it doesn't matter, because I shall do it for her."

Sydney opened his mouth to speak; then shut it again.

Why disturb her golden hour?

And upstairs Virginia and Arthur were dawdling by the fire, and she was in his arms in the big chair that held two so comfortably.

"It's been lovely, Arthur, and your mother is a darling, but oh, it's so nice to be alone, just us two together!"

And Arthur, stroking the waves of her shining hair, agreed. His wife's tenderness flowed round him like a calm sea. His spirit was drowned in it.

This was what he had always needed. A love that went hand-in-hand with peace.

**T**HE roses were blooming again in Nita's garden, and the green window-boxes were gay with daisies and geraniums in the little house in Louth Street.

The relations between Nita and her children were still perfect, but there had been just a little friction now and then.

Nita had discovered that darling Virginia could sulk. At least, it wasn't sulking really, but a kind of dumbness which seized upon her occasionally, just when Nita was working her hardest to please. Virginia would retire to her shell, and it would be difficult to guess at her thoughts.

Nita made allowances, for Virginia's baby was due in two months, and that accounted for her mood.

She resolved to be very patient and long-suffering. Love must be that if it was worth anything, and she still loved Virginia so much that she had insisted on taking her mother's place when the time came.

Quite unnecessary, Nita had decided, for Mrs. Ashill to attempt the journey.

Virginia, she remembered, had been a little uncertain about this plan. Her gratitude had seemed forced, and her big eyes had looked wistful. But Virginia would see how efficient Nita could be when she reached that helpless hour.

She, herself, was moving into their house in a few weeks' time. Nothing like being on the spot; one never knew with a first baby, and the little garments grew in number, sewed by the clever fingers of the village needlewoman under Nita's directions.

And, of course, there was Arthur's own christening robe, and she would get a new bonnet and ribbons to match when Fate had declared whether a grandson or granddaughter was to wear it.

And in London, Virginia's clumsy white fingers were crocheting a shapeless woolly coat that wouldn't come right. Arthur used to laugh and say it didn't matter, Mum was doing it all, and then Virginia would stare at him dumbly and feel as if Nita was stifling her in a blanket of kindness, leaving nothing for her to do for her baby.

But she didn't say anything. She was in a kind of dream these long summer days, and nothing seemed to matter much.

Except one thing, and on that she was resolved.

**A**RTHUR'S baby should be born here, not in the nice, airy nursing-home Nita had suggested. Nita thought this terribly foolish, and she made Arthur think so, too. But he said they must give in. Virginia must not be upset.

Virginia's son was born one breathless August morning when the dust lay thick on the leaves in the park, and the grass was scorched and brown. There was scope for Nita's efficiency, for Virginia had a hard struggle to bring her son into the world, and through those protracted hours Nita's courage blazed out like a torch.

She never left Virginia, and even Nurse said she didn't know what they would have done without Mrs. Edwards.

Arthur was ordered to go for a long walk, and Sydney was telephoned to and told to take charge of him for some hours.

Nothing but the habit of obedience would have got Arthur out of the house. His soul was distracted, but he supposed his mother knew best. And Nita, for once in her life, was thankful to have him out of the way. When he came back it would be all over.

But Nita hadn't reckoned on Virginia.

Please turn to Page 18



Banish it  
instantly

## "Smoker's Breath

**ENJOY** your Cigar—but don't let it haunt you afterwards! Safeguard yourself from the unpleasantness of Smoker's Breath—sweeten and purify your mouth after smoking—with May-Breath! May-Breath is the name of little tablets that instantly remove all odours from the breath. After smoking, eating, or drinking, they banish tell-tale odours promptly.

Carry May-Breath always and guard against giving offence in your daily contacts. In a handy little tin that will slip into your pocket or purse.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

## May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash  
in Tablet Form

**NEW!**

Who would have thought a lipstick would go on so easily, so smoothly, yet without hint of greasiness? Who would have thought that lipstick color could give such glamorous effects, yet be devoid of the distasteful suggestion of "make-up"? Kathleen Court's new and amazing MIDGET LIPSTICK, a triumph to its class of Chinese Red, Jet Black and Gold, comes in a neat, elegant, Dark and the Improved Orange-Red that changes in seconds after applying to your lips to the very thing of red that suits you best! A genuine imported Lipstick of the highest known quality—yet only 1/6 at all good chemists and stores.

**Kathleen Court's  
MIDGET LIPSTICK**

## FILM STAR COMPETITION

### FINAL RESULTS No. 30

Of the names submitted, 40 were accepted as correct names of film stars. Four entries contained in their lists thirty-four correct names. This was the greatest number of correct names received, and they share the prize money, each receiving £15/10/-.

Mrs. Wessie, 6 Queen Victoria St., Drummoyne; Miss J. Lloyd, 8 Harnett Avenue, Marrickville; G. Parkinson, 43 Kellie St., Sydney; Miss O. Perrett, 31 Baltimore St., Campbell.

Names found—John Marlow, Warner Oland, Ben Lyon, Lewis Stone, Edna Best, Irene Rich, George O'Brien, Jean Harlow, Betty Davis, Berni Kariol, Ann Dvorak, Tom Walls, Jean Muir, Paul Hunsli, Noel Coward, Zita Lucret, Mar West, Grete Garbo, Knash Berry, Anne Grey, Ann Meriel, Joan Hayward, Mary Lange, Miss Mander, Grete Meyer, Irene Ware, Rose Ray, Ted Ray, Renee Jordan, Irene Burdick, Gary Leon, Olive Borden, Clara Bow, Anna Lee, Lay On, Blanche Omar, Earl Darr, Nan Grey, Yolanda.

### FINAL RESULTS No. 31

Thirty-six names of those submitted were accepted as correct. Two entries contained thirty-five correct names, and they share the prize each receiving £30 cash.

Mrs. Gay, 38 Underwood Rd., Homebush; G. Parkinson, 43 Kellie St., Sydney.

Names found—Clark Gable, John Boles, Merna Kennedy, Ralph Lynn, Jack Holt, Warner Oland, Anna Sten, George Brent, Janet Gaynor, Edna Best, Irene Dunne, James Dunn, Jane Benny, Joan Denny, John Boyd, Kay Francis, Leon Janney, Leon Erroy, Ann Todd, Anne Serpico, Anna Lee, Alan Hale, Constance Veidt, Niral Flynn, Florence Desmond, Gene Raymond, Una O'Neil, H. B. Warner, Loni Tree, Lela Lane, Nora Lane, Lloyd Noel, Max Clarke, Mary Boland, Ronald Colman.

Prize money will be posted 2nd June. 1936.

# £25 CASH £25 Must Be Won MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 4

Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars each with some letters missing. No dictionary is required to solve this puzzle. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 20 to 1. All you have to do is fill in the missing spaces representing one letter. When you have your motor-car names complete, substitute the letters for their corresponding values.

For example, No. 1, with the addition of the letters "A" and "H" will make the motor-car name "GRAHAM," the letter-values of which are 20, 9, 26, 19, 25, and 14—a total of 114. When you have completed the ten motor-car names, work out the total score obtainable from each, as in the example. Write out your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than FRIDAY, 5th JUNE, 1936, to:

MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3544T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 20th June, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. This competition is sponsored by the proprietors of Motor-Car Competition, G.P.O. Box 3544T, Sydney.

### RESULT OF MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 1

Twenty competitors submitted entries containing a total of 242 points. This was the greatest correct total received and they share the prize money, each receiving £15/10/-.

George Peck, Moorooka, Brisbane; W. Spring, Newstead, Brisbane; A. Hyman, Belmont, Brisbane; M. R. Jones, Hamilton, N.S.W.; A. L. Ainsworth, Lidcombe, N.S.W.; A. Luxton, Mt. Cuthbert, N.S.W.; Miss Des. Hartley, Cootamundra, N.S.W.; E. Perry, Waverley, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. Woolley, Haberfield, N.S.W.; Miss M. Giles, Rossmore, N.S.W.; Eric Hewitt, Lindfield, N.S.W.; E. J. Fox, Homebush, N.S.W.; Miss M. Rowe, Haberfield, N.S.W.; G. L. Edwards, Roseville, N.S.W.; H. M. Hargre, Birch St., Sydney; Edward Mann, Darlinghurst, Sydney; Miss S. Ashby, Caringbah, Vic.; E. R. Cuth, Box Hill, Vic.; R. G. Pollard, Heidelberg, Vic.; A. W. Farrer, Moorabieville, S.A.

Prize money will be posted 2nd June, 1936.

### Winning List

BUICK	PONTIAC
DUPONT	FANHARD
CHEVROLET	STUDEBAKER
FULLMAN	JOWETT
MORS	TRIUMPH



# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.  
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



**CUSTOMER:** Are many people away holidaying?  
**MILKMAN:** Five gallons of my customers were away last week-end.



**WIFE:** Why the two bottles of rum for your cold?  
**HUSBAND:** I mightn't be well enough to go for another bottle to-morrow.

**DAVE:** The city girl wants to know if we'd mind if she didn't dress for dinner.  
**DAD:** By cripes, we'll have no nudists here!



**DAVE:** Some girls expect to be asked for a kiss.  
**CITY GIRL:** I grant you that.



**HUSBAND:** Just look at this dress collar!  
**WIFE:** But, darling, the doctor said you weren't to have anything starched.

## BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**SALESMAN:** That car cost £2500. It will do absolutely anything.  
**Prospective Buyer:** Er—haven't you something a little more—er—reliant?

**MAGISTRATE:** What have you to say for yourself?  
**Road Hog:** I wish I were in a place where there were no speed cops!  
**Magistrate:** Wish granted—seven days!

**HE** is a self-made man, isn't he?  
"Yes, except for the alterations made by his wife and mother."

**WOMAN PATIENT:** Why does a small cavity feel so large to the tongue?  
**Dentist:** The natural tendency of your tongue to exaggerate, I suppose.

**FIRST MECHANIC:** Which do you prefer, leather or fabric upholstery?  
**Second Mechanic:** I like fabrics. Leather is too hard to wipe your hands on.

**SHE** (nagging): If there's anything you can do that I can't do quite as well, I'd like to have you name it.  
**He:** Well, I'd like to see you hang all your clothes on one small nail in the cupboard.

**LITTLE Willie** came home from Sunday school with the news that he had lost the penny given him for the collection. "But this is the third Sunday that you've lost a penny," his mother complained.

"Well, I must win sooner or later," Willie replied. "Fred's luck can't last for ever."

Now! Ease Sore Throat Instantly!



Remember: Only Medicine Helps Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as two or three minutes!

It requires medicine—like BAYER ASPIRIN—to do these things! That is why throat specialists everywhere are prescribing this BAYER gargle in place of old-time ways.

Be careful, however, that you

get real BAYER Aspirin for this purpose. For they dissolve completely enough to gargle without leaving irritating particles. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 and 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.



SWOLLEN ANKLES & FOOT TROUBLES

For Sure Relief Use

## Zam-Buk

ARE you one of those unfortunate people whose ankles and feet soon become swollen, especially these warm, tiring days? Why put up with it when a few minutes' nightly massage with Zam-Buk will bring immediate relief, allay the swelling and strengthen the ankles. Your feet too! You can keep them in fine condition during Summer by bathing them every night in warm water, and after drying thoroughly, rubbing Zam-Buk gently into the soles, insteps, and toes. As the refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are absorbed into the skin

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Hard shin, corns, and bunions are softened; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy and you can again walk and wear shoes in comfort. Start now on this sure way to foot health. It only takes a few minutes each night, but the result is wonderful.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & Stores

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



# It's a Fact ...

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS  
IS SPECIALLY GOOD FOR WOMEN



It's the purest of all  
gin spirits and the most  
health-giving of drinks

Thousands of people, especially women, can testify to the wonderful benefits gained by having — frequently on doctors' advice — 'one Wolfe's Schnapps a day for the health's sake.'

Wolfe's Schnapps is the purest of all gin spirits. It is genuinely distilled in Holland with the finest Juniper berries, and is famous for its remarkable medicinal properties. If you want to avoid the ordinary ills of life, there is nothing will help you so much as the daily glass of Wolfe's Schnapps. Have a bottle always in the home. Wolfe's Schnapps is obtainable in large, half size, and quarter size bottles at all hotels.

Try WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS  
this refreshing way  
Add Lemon Squash, Bitters,  
Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale, or  
Mineral Waters, whichever  
you prefer, with water.

## WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

For your health's sake

KNOWN TO THE AUSTRALIAN PUBLIC FOR 83 YEARS



### Savage Loveliness for your lips

... a new, more exotic lipstick!

Warm, enthralling, exciting SAVAGE colour ... tempered to the subtlety of sophistication for fascinating lips. SAVAGE ... actually indelible ... the clear, transparent colour clings, pastlessly smooth and tempting. As smart as the lipstick itself is the clever Savage case with its whirling, dancing figures. Know the thrill of savageloveliness on your lips! One of the five striking shades of SAVAGE Lipstick is your shade. See them all at your favorite store. TANGERINE ... FLAME ... NATURAL ... BLUSH ... JUNGLE.



The highly indelible  
**SAVAGE LIPSTICK**  
Savagely clings to lovely lips

## THREE That Are COMPANY

Continued from Page 16

HER first conscious cry was for Arthur, and even when it was all over, and the doctor had gone, she continued to repeat his name until Nita would have scoured the park for him if she had known where to look.

She saw that Nurse thought she had been wrong to order him out. "I like to have the husband in the house," she grumbled. "You never know when you may want him."

"Nonsense." Nita's voice was sharp with anxiety, and she spoke firmly to Virginia. "This won't do, darling. You'll only make yourself ill, and you ought to think of Arthur."

She was quite surprised to be waved away by the competent, starched figure.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Edwards. I can't have my patient upset." Then to Virginia, "He's on his way back. He'll be with you directly, and meanwhile I've got a young gentleman who wants to see you."

Virginia seemed to listen. "Much too soon to bring the baby," Nita urged.

"Never too soon for that." Nurse's smile was grimly pleasant. "Then give my grandson to me. I'll take him in myself."

It was years since Nita had handled a new-born baby, and he was yelling so lustily that her dramatic little speech couldn't be heard. Nor did Virginia seem to care who gave her the child.

She received her son in awkward, unaccustomed arms and his crying instantly stopped, while Nita ran downstairs in order not to miss the triumphant moment of telling Arthur that he had a son.

Yet somehow, that was spoilt, too. He just stared at her, and dashed upstairs, two steps at a time, so that Nita could hardly follow him quickly enough, for she must be there in that wonderful moment when Arthur first saw the boy.

And she was there; standing at the foot of the bed, saying something to them both which neither of them heard. Pointing to the baby in a vain effort to make Arthur look at it.

But Arthur's eyes were fixed on Virginia, and with a strange pang, Nita saw him kneel beside the bed and cover her lax hand with kisses.

And then Nita must have had a queer hallucination, born of those long hours of watching and fear, for it seemed to her as if Brian was there, too, drawing her away, impelling her to leave that quiet room and husband and wife together.

Slowly, she went, looking backward at those heads so close together.

And Arthur never seemed to notice she had gone.

Virginia was making a splendid recovery, the doctor said, but she looked rather pale still, like a primitive Madonna, Nita thought, sitting up in her pink bed-jacket, her heavy gold hair looped back with a pink bow.

SHE was quite her own sweet self again, and Nita had forgotten the brief querulousness after the child was born. She had approved of everything Nita had planned, left all the details of the christening to her, and quite agreed that the baby should be Brian Arthur.

Nita sat with her every afternoon, after four, as it was too soon for visitors, and she loved these quiet times in the flower-filled room, holding Brian in her lap, and talking to Virginia till Arthur came back.

Nita's mind was busily planning for Brian, as she had planned long ago for Arthur. Yet differently, for Arthur had been an only child, and Brian would assuredly be one of many; they wouldn't have to keep him at home.

He could follow in his grandfather's footsteps, and keep up the Naval tradition.

"He must go to sea, Virginia. They still remember Brian's name in the Navy, and he will carry it on. Won't it be splendid? They take them young, too. You needn't think of another career for him, it will all be decided before an ordinary boy could leave school."

A sudden color flew into Virginia's pale face.

A startled "Oh" fluttered from her parted lips. But Nita, absorbed in her project, didn't hear.

"Admiral Chertsey will give us a lot of good advice, and tell us all the ropes. I shall look him up this year. It's never too soon to begin pulling wires."

"Why, darling, what's the matter?" For sudden tears were raining down Virginia's face. She was holding out her arms with a violent, imperative gesture.

"Give me my baby." Her voice was strangled with passion. "He shall never go to sea and leave me. Never! Never! You shan't take him away and make plans and manage his life as you did Arthur's, and keep me out of it."

"Virginia!" Nita was thunderstruck. If one of her own gentle pigeons had flown at her face and pecked out her eyes, she could not have been more surprised.

She laid the baby by Virginia's side, and stood trembling with indignation before the strange, hostile look in those blue eyes.

"It's true," said this new Virginia. "I never meant to tell you. I know you've loved Arthur very, very dearly, but you left no room for his wife. And he loves you, but why can't you understand he loves me best?"

"BUT I love you, too, Virginia," Nita choked. "God knows I do."

"Not really," said Virginia. Her voice was calmer, more remote. "Not enough to make you fair. You've treated me as something to pet. You treated me as both like two children; you wouldn't understand how it was between us. We chose each other out of all the world. We wanted to spend our lives together — just the two of us — not three." A light flashed over her face. She touched the downy head. "This is the only third we wanted."

Her voice trailed into silence. She fell back.

"Nurse, Nurse," Nita called. She rang the little hand-bell furiously.

Then almost appealingly, as the starched figure came hurrying in: "I don't know what I said to upset her. We were talking quietly. I never meant —"

Nurse's glance swept over her and rested on Virginia's athen face. She moved to the bed, laid two fingers on Virginia's wrist seeking the feeble pulse, as Nita fled.

The scene had been incredible. It was one of those things that couldn't really have happened, because it shattered Nita's whole world, that secure, serene, tidy little world in which she moved so blithely. She began to pack wildly, for, of course, she must go, not in anger, but with the hurt animal's instinct to run away to her home; to see familiar things round her. To go to church and ask God why this dreadful thing had happened to her.

Her boxes were strapped before Arthur came to find her. His gentle air and manner dispersed the nightmare a little.

"Aren't you coming down to tea, Mum?" Nita's face worked.

"I feel as if I never want to touch anything again." This was not exactly what she had meant to say. She averted her head and went into her handkerchief, expecting every moment the comfort of Arthur's arm round her shoulder.

Please turn to Page 24

weeks of gleaming loveliness

### AMAMI Nail Varnish

Gleaming, well-cared for finger tips have a unique charm. Take care of your nails with Amami Nail Varnish. There are four fashionable shades — Colourless, Natural, Rose and Coral.

Other Amami Manicure products  
Amami Cuticle Remover  
Amami Varnish Remover  
Amami Nail Stone

### "VAREX" FOR BAD LEGS NO RESTING REQUIRED

There's no need to lie up with a bad leg. One man actually worked overtime while using "Varex" Treatment. Four to six dressings — one a week — usually suffice. "Varex" heals all ulcers, old or new. Very soothing and relieves pain quickly and permanently. Easy and inexpensive. Write for free booklet to-day to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Vares Ltd., 2nd Floor, Dymally's Building, 4245 George Street, Sydney, and 82N Collins Street, Melbourne. \*\*\*

### HOW UNWANTED HAIR CAN BE WIPED AWAY Easy As Washing Your Face

The latest discovery of science is a perfumed toilet cream that melts away superfluous hair in three minutes. It is entirely unlike old-fashioned depilatories which were evil-smelling and dangerous, and far better than using a razor, which makes hair grow faster and coarser. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without a trace of hair. There is no dark patch of stubble such as a razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the surface of the skin. New Veet is just like a sweet-scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

### AVOID FLU

Flu begins as a cold. Relieve that cold in 24 hours by using

### Q-RIT TABLETS

(Proven Cure It)

Relieve Colds Overnight

### Q-Rit TABLETS

## Get more motoring miles for your money

WITH

# Super Plume Ethyl

THE 5 POWER PETROL

AND

# CLEAROSOL Mobiloil

PRACTICALLY 100% PURE LUBRICANT



**CASH PRIZES AWARDED**  
Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.  
Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



**YOUR CHANCE TO WRITE!**  
This is your page—not only for you, but BY you. To it you may write your opinions, your advice, your philosophy, your grumble—or your answer to those of other people. Don't miss the opportunity!

**REGULAR SAVING**

**WHY** is it that young single people in permanent employment cannot, when called upon unexpectedly, for some absolutely necessary purpose, produce even a small sum of money? It is not an exaggeration to say that many of us have not £10, or even £5 saved up.

This state of affairs comes about by thoughtlessly spending all one's earnings each week, with never a thought for a rainy day.

If we would put the determination to save a little each pay day before all other requirements we would find ourselves amply repaid when annual holidays, etc., come round—besides having a warm feeling of security.

£1 for this letter to Miss A. Wild, 254 High Street, Kew, E4, Vic.

**GAMBLING CONDEMNED**

**GAMBLING** is a pastime which develops too quickly into an obsession, bringing in its wake misery and desolation.

Men who can scarcely scrape together enough to keep their wives and families will indulge regularly in some form of gambling. They hesitate to give a few shillings extra for some household necessity, yet think nothing of losing several pounds at poker in one night.

Too many homes have been wrecked through gambling, and this amusement should be left strictly alone by all except those who have an assured income for home expenses, and an outside allowance for selfish and improvident indulgences.

Lella Black, c/o Mrs. Nutting, Normanby, Harrierville, Qld.

**JUVENILE CRIME**

**AMONG** the many reasons put forward for the prevalence of juvenile crime, one has not been stressed enough. I refer to cheap literature of a violently sensational kind.

Recently I stood before a shop, in the window of which was displayed a selection of this overcast rubbish. I counted one hundred books. On the covers of ninety-seven of these were pictures showing men or women with passion-distorted faces, pointing a pistol or rifle. Of the remaining three, one represented a man attacking a woman, and the other two dramatic aeroplane accidents.

These books are to be bought or exchanged for a trifling sum, and the harm they do to the impressionable mind of youth is incalculable.

The Government should be urged to ban this horror literature.

Marjory Weston Dawson, Warrara Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

**FREEDOM FOR GIRLS!**

**AT** what age should parental control cease for girls? When a boy reaches twenty-one he is given the latch-key which is equivalent to the right to a private life of his own; but to many girls the time never comes when they are allowed liberty of action, the right to choose their own amusements, keep their own hours, make their own friends. If parents would only realise that girls capable of earning their own livings, are also capable of looking after themselves, and would give them credit for self-respect and common sense, there would be fewer reproaches about waywardness and docility, and more confidences freely given.

Miss J. Bucknell, 45 Market St., Sydney.

**BRAVE APOLOGY!**

**IT** is a big thing to take the first step in ending a quarrel—quite beyond the courage of a good many people who are fearless physically.

How often do we fly into needless tempers and say unkind things? How often do we, realising we have misjudged another, render an apology? We would rather do anything than say "I am sorry."

There are few things that contribute more to a person's charm than the grace to acknowledge when one is in the wrong.

Mrs. M. Ling, West Ridgley, Tas.

**Rising Generation Should Read Daily Paper!**

**I** AGREE with Miss Janet Longway, who urges that children should be encouraged to read the newspapers.

Children are our future politicians and electors, and by training and encouraging them to read notable events and current topics we are only assuring ourselves for the future, when it is their turn to decide the Government of the country.

Furthermore, unless they are trained from their earliest days they will grow up like many adults to-day—reading little but the murder reports in newspapers, and trashy adventure stories.

Miss Oulele Moreton, East Parade, Kensington, S.A.

**At Nine Not Too Young**

**I** AGREE with Janet Longway that we should encourage our youth to take interest in world affairs through the daily papers.

The boys and girls of to-day are to-morrow's men, who will have to cope with the results of the present international and economic problems; therefore the earlier they learn and read of matters of general interest, the better armed they will be to deal with affairs when their turn comes.

My son—just commencing his tenth year—has of his own initiative been reading the newspapers for the past six months, and has read everything about the Italian-Abyssinian situation and similar matters of world interest.

Naturally, I encourage him.  
B. Atherton, 68 Margaret St., Launceston, Tas.

**Daily Reading Wanted**

**I** AGREE with Miss Longway. Children are not encouraged enough to study the newspapers, and are allowed to cultivate, unchecked, a taste for horror stories and murder mysteries. Even many of the school "set" books encourage this taste. One finds among the chosen books Rider Haggard's "Eric Brighteyes" and Conan Doyle's "White Company". I grant the genius of the authors, but these are tales of much bloodshed and crammed with gruesome incident. In addition to the weekly study of current affairs, why not include in the school syllabus a daily reading of political and social questions reported in the newspapers?

Mrs. L. S. Cuffe, Advancetown, via Nerang, N.S.W.

**Scrap-books Kept**

**MISS JANET LONGWAY** (9/5/36) strikes the right note. In some schools to-day an endeavor is made to interest the young folk in topical occurrences, and to this end they are encouraged to keep scrap-books of newspaper reports on important international events and feats in the world of aviation, science, etc. Unfortunately, few continue with this after leaving school.

Mrs. J. Renard, Victor St., Holland Park, Brisbane.

**Much Being Done**

**MANY** secondary schools devote a session each week to current topics, and during that session notable happenings are discussed. The children are expected to take cuttings from newspapers to form the basis of the discussion.



MOST BOYS need little encouragement.

ussion. This is a very useful part of the scholars' training, and encourages them to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world.

Mrs. C. T. Symons, Streaky Bay, S.A.

**Schools Encourage Them**

**AS** an ex-teacher, I would like to point out that the study of the daily paper is not neglected in schools. Most schools have a special notice-board for newspaper cuttings of general interest, which the children are encouraged to collect and study, and which are afterwards discussed in class. Many teachers devote a few minutes every morning to newspaper discussion.

Mrs. M. Byrnes, Spring Ridge, Roma, Qld.

**Would Radio Bring Cheer**

**In Doctors' Rooms?**

**I** QUITE agree with Mrs. Buckingham (9/5/36) that doctors' waiting-rooms should be brighter. Usually the people in the waiting-rooms converse with one another about their various ailments, thus causing an atmosphere of gloom.

A radio in such a room would help the patients to keep up their spirits and create an atmosphere of cheerfulness.

Mrs. Groom, Tweedside, Bowen Terrace, New Farm, Brisbane.

**Useless Idea**

**A** RADIO in a doctor's waiting-room would be of no service.

On a visit to a doctor your thoughts are all on your illness and what the doctor will find, and so you are nervous with apprehension, and have no time for anything but your complaint. If a radio were switched on you would peevishly wish for it to be turned off. If I heard a melody played in a doctor's waiting-room I would forever associate that melody with a horrible moment in my life.

Richard E. Parker, 26 Edax St., Leichhardt, Sydney.

**Interesting Without Radio**

**I** HAVE always found a doctor's waiting-room rather an interesting place. People are coming and going all the time. One hears interesting scraps of conversation, and most doctors provide plenty of modern magazines, etc. While one or two might appreciate a radio, there are sure to be three or four who would prefer quiet.

If I am feeling a bit "edgy," nothing worries me more than wireless. After all, those who find waiting-rooms too quiet can always bring along their own "thrillers" and forget their surroundings.

Mrs. T. H. Wrightson, 11 Downey St., Bexley, N.S.W.

**SPEAKING OF HUSBANDS**

**WHY** do so many women, when speaking to an acquaintance, refer to their husbands as Mr. —?

It is not only sounds awkward, but is a bad breach of etiquette. If they do not know the person very well to whom they are speaking, it is a simple matter to say "My husband."

I have noticed this habit repeatedly in women who should have known better.

Veronica Loughman, 20 Beauty Pt. Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

**Consider All Tastes**

**I** DO not agree with the installation of the radio in doctors' waiting-rooms. There are many people on whom classical music has a definitely morbid effect, while a symphonized jazz number may be regarded with intense nausea by another patient.

I think in such a public place where there is bound to be great variety of taste it is better that the quietude of a waiting-room be maintained.

Mrs. Hotcham, c/o Mrs. Brabazon, Bromelton, Beaudesert, Qld.

**Spirit Brightener**

**I** AM quite in accord with Mrs. Buckingham's "cheery waiting-rooms." How often do we go to a dentist's waiting-room and see everyone waiting around not daring to speak and frightened to move their feet for fear of disturbing the other patients. By all means have the radio on. It would certainly be a "spirit-brightener."

R. H. Jones, Braemar, 51 Gould St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

**Ridiculous Suggestion**

**I** THINK that it is ridiculous to suggest that a doctor's waiting-room should be equipped with radio.

Most people prefer to be quiet when they are ill.

All doctors have a few journals and newspapers in their waiting-rooms, which are quite interesting, and I have always found the rooms bright, generally with flowers, and colorful pictures on the walls.

Mrs. U. M. Lowmes, 304 Smith Street, Collingwood, Vic.

**Are Girls Spoiling Chances by Dressing Too Well?**

**I** DISAGREE with Miss Urwin that girls who wear a number of new dresses are regarded as extravagant by eligible young men who, then, keep clear of them.

Few young men bother thinking about the cost of the clothes a girl wears.

Most of them seem hardly to notice. But if the girl started wearing the same dress continually, wouldn't the man think of her not as thrifty, but dowdy and unattractive?

Miss E. Wiseman, Barrambullock, N.S.W.



RICH CLOTHES discourage the marrying male!

the cost of the clothes a girl wears. Most of them seem hardly to notice. But if the girl started wearing the same dress continually, wouldn't the man think of her not as thrifty, but dowdy and unattractive?

Miss E. Wiseman, Barrambullock, N.S.W.

**Good Dressing No Sin**

**MANY** of the best-dressed girls score by making their own clothes, and really spend no more than their less enterprising sisters. Hence they deserve only praise. Furthermore, it is recognised that most girls when married gladly sacrifice for husband and children.

Surely the thought that a girl is a little extravagant in frocking will not silence a man really in love.

Mrs. F. Simmons, 36 Cowra St., Mile End, Adelaide.

**All To Her Credit**

**IF** a girl can have plenty of changes, even if costing only a small amount, and still look attractive, then so much to her credit for being able to show off the clothes and make them look good.

Also, I would like to add that the majority of girls to-day do not dress to please men, but to appear in their own estimation neat and attractive.

Miss R. Wall, 15 Elliott St., Homebush, N.S.W.

**Drive RHEUMATISM right out of your system**



Although external rubbing may bring temporary relief, the only safe, sure way to rid the system of this menace to your health is by removing the cause, and Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills will definitely do this for you in no uncertain manner.

You can place every reliance in

GET YOUR BOTTLE OF GIN PILLS TO-DAY.

**DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS**

**THOSE COY PERFORMERS!**

**WHY** is it that so many people who are known to have musical talent have always to be cajoled for some time before they will condescend to perform?

In rare cases nervousness is the cause; but, after seeing a few instances, I am forced to the conclusion that the performers like the pleading process or think they will be more highly appreciated if they appear reluctant at first.

Surely any talent with which we have been endowed should be generously used for the benefit of our fellow men.

Mrs. W. G. Waite, Witta, via Maleny, Qld.

**DESTROY OLD LETTERS**

**THE** sentimental practice of preserving old letters is to be deplored. When letters are written the writer usually means what he says, even though he may say more than is wise. Then views change, and the friendship may cease. But how many of us destroy the correspondence?

Many prefer to re-read and ridicule it, forgetting that it was written very sincerely.

Again, there are those who sigh over them, thinking of "the might-have-been." Why live in the past? There is so much to enjoy in the present if we look for it. Surely it would be kinder and more sensible to destroy the letter! Albee Brown, 10 Borradale Road, South Kensington, N.S.W.

**AS I READ, I LEARN**

**AT** a gathering the other day I heard a man remark, "I have no time for people who do not like reading."

Though not quite so harsh in my judgment, I find that persons who are fond of reading are generally more sympathetic, and, as they are conversant with the news of the day, of course they are interesting.

When speaking to an acquaintance recently, she admitted that she thought reading a waste of time. I was astounded that anyone should regard the pursuit of knowledge in this light.

I think that a good motto for everyone is "As I read I learn."

Mrs. G. Wholohan, Monona, Wallacia, N.S.W.

URIC ACID in excess is recognised as the prime cause of Rheumatism.

It accumulates in the system when the kidneys, either through some temporary disorder or some particular disease, are unable to perform their proper function.

It is therefore quite obvious that the only way to obtain permanent relief from Rheumatism is to assist the kidneys to dispel all excess Uric Acid from the system.

Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills act directly on your kidneys—will make them strong and healthy again—will banish excess Uric Acid from your system, and rid you of your pain and suffering.

**Gin Pills will do it!**

Gin Pills, as their constituents are such that they cannot help but do you good. They contain no harsh irritants or harmful ingredients, and are unequalled as a Kidney Remedy.

Cease worrying about yourself—give Gin Pills a chance to restore your health.

27 Pills, 1/9  
60 Pills, 2/9



## FLICKING, NOT Clicking, Our Dancing HEELS

Speed Limit in Ballrooms is Dance Society's Idea

A less hectic version of the Charleston, which caused so many ballroom accidents in its heyday, is to be taught in Australia by Mr. Leslie Cranbourne, a member of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing, who arrived last week under engagement to Miss Jennie Brennan.

Called the Charleston-foxtrot, it is danced to music a little faster than a quick foxtrot. There is not so much "lashing out" with the feet as in the old Charleston, and we shall flick rather than click our heels together.

THE waltz remains graceful and unchanged, but the rhumba has been tamed a little, and just before Mr. Cranbourne sailed the Imperial Society met to standardise its basic steps.

Mr. Cranbourne visited South America to study the tango, and hopes we are

going to dance it more here than we do now.

He said there is a tendency among bands in the West End to play faster dance music, which explains the popularity of the Charleston-foxtrot. But in the big dance palaces standard tempos are set by the Imperial Society.

A check is kept on all bands to en-

sure that they play only so many bars a minute, according to the type of dance.

Dancing has recovered from its temporary waning of popularity in England. Thousands of people enter for the various championships. There are the British professional championships and the amateur championships held every year at Blackpool, and now there are the Rising Generation Competitions to encourage young dancers.

As a dancer, Mr. Cranbourne studies gait wherever he goes, and he was amused at Aden and Colombo at the peculiar shuffle and lifting of the feet in the natives' walk.

In contrast, he has already noticed that Australian women have good deportment and walk with an easy swing from the hips, which suggests that we are naturally good dancers.

He has visited ballrooms in three capitals, and says our dance floors are excellent, our bands good and very generous with encores, and his expressed amazement at the popularity of old-time dancing.



MRS. E. C. KLINDWORTH, of Strathfield, who with Mr. Klindworth and their three children leaves Sydney by the Monterey this Wednesday for a trip to the United States. Mr. Klindworth will visit the Portland headquarters of the Jantzen organisation, and after a business tour of the States will return to Sydney. Mrs. Klindworth and the children will not return to Australia until after Christmas.

## How Domestic Science is Not Taught

Overcrowding in Schools Prevents Proper Tuition

The subject of overcrowding in State schools, which was dealt with in an article published in *The Australian Women's Weekly* on April 18, has attracted widespread attention among teachers and parents.

Now, an ex-domestic science teacher has written in drawing attention to the fact that the overcrowding is not confined to the general educational establishments, but is existent in the schools of domestic science as well.

By AN EX-TEACHER.

"THE overcrowding in the schools of domestic science, is disgraceful," she writes. "And yet in these institutions it is the duty of the teachers to give instruction in cookery, laundry work, home management, needlework, dietetics, and physiology—all subjects most useful and necessary for all girls, whatever may be their calling in life in the future."

"Large and expensively equipped buildings have been provided by the Education Department for this work, but the conditions under which the teachers are expected to work have resulted in a surprising number of resignations from the service by women who preferred to accept positions elsewhere with smaller salaries but more congenial conditions."

"The results of this shortage of domestic science teachers have been that pupils have been stacked into large, unworkable classes, in which they can receive very little individual attention and less actual practical work."

"Instances are on record of classes of 60 children commencing to learn needlework. Two hours each week is set



MISS NANCY THROSBY, who will assist with the dance being given in the school hall at Cranbrook, June 5, by the Old Boys' Union.

apart for this subject, with the result that, with only one teacher, each child can have a maximum of two minutes' individual attention per week. How much needlework a child can pick up in two minutes per week perhaps the Education Department can say.

"Some pupils of the domestic science schools receive no instruction at all in cookery, laundry work, needlework, or home management, although schools have been equipped for them at the public expense. The reason for this is that no teacher is available."

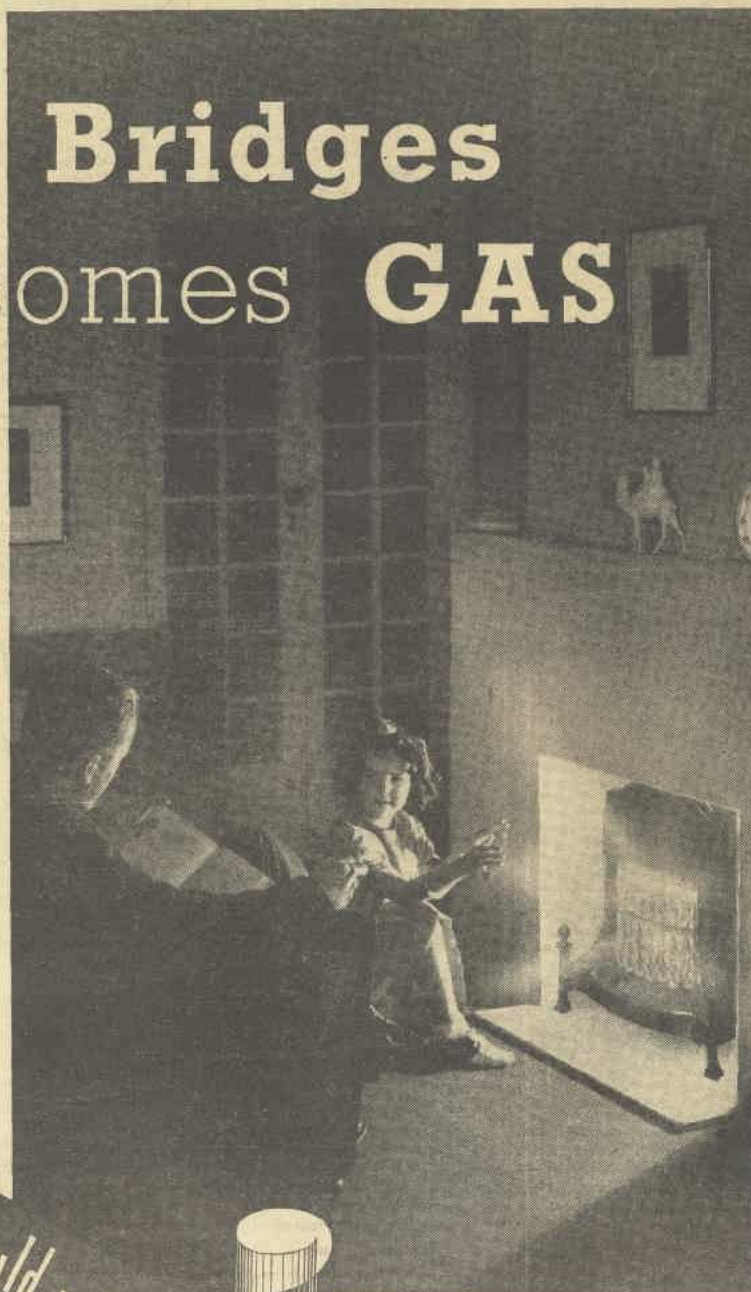
"This deplorable shortage of teachers entails overwork and excessive mental strain on the teachers, who are thus prevented from giving their best to the pupils, and can find no time for the preparation of lectures, or for correcting written work."

"A continuance of the present conditions can only lead to a lowering of the standard of the Domestic Science Schools, and to the pupils being turned out in the world with only a smattering of knowledge of the work in which the Education Department has undertaken to see that they are specially trained."

## For Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Season

MISS EVELYN HALL, a young Sydney singer, has just signed a contract with J. C. Williamson Limited for 12 months to play Gilbert and Sullivan roles. She is a pupil of the Franco Ital Grand Opera Academy, and has previously appeared with the Williamson Imperial Grand Opera Company, and given two successful grand opera broadcasts. She will return to Sydney from Melbourne this Friday.

# John Bridges welcomes GAS



Perfect fireside comfort... at a moment's notice... is what John Bridges welcomes in his modern gas fire. Mrs. Bridges welcomes its smart appeal, cleanliness, and labour-saving value. (Both Mr. and Mrs. Bridges are delighted with the economy of their gas fire, both to purchase and to use!)



# DID NOT Play . . .

## "God Save THE KING"

### German Dancer Tells Why It Was Omitted At Sydney Recital

Wide comment was aroused on the occasion of the first recital given at the State Conservatorium last week by Norda Mata, the visiting German creative dancer, because the English National Anthem was not played.

The audience that delighted in Norda Mata's unusual creative dancing was puzzled by this omission, and many were inclined to attach international significance to it.

NORDA MATA is visiting Australia at the invitation of the German community here, but since she is making public appearances the omission of the customary anthem in honor of King Edward naturally led to a great deal of speculation, revolving around international implications.

To put all doubts at rest, The Australian Women's Weekly asked Norda Mata why the orchestra did not play "God Save the King."

"I am greatly distressed that your National Anthem was not included in the programme," she replied. "I am unacquainted with this habit which is not usual in my country, and it was purely inadvertent that the orchestra failed to play it."

"I can assure you that your conventions shall be respected at all my forthcoming recitals."

### McCormack's Threat

SITUATIONS such as this revive the question as to whether there should be some regulation governing the etiquette of the National Anthem at public entertainments.

There are very few instances of visiting artists excluding the Anthem from their programmes.

One outstanding example, which evoked much criticism, occurred while John Count McCormack, the ballad singer, was visiting Australia some years ago.

The Irishman's refusal to have the Anthem played at any of his concerts created such ill-feeling that on one occasion in South Australia the audience took matters into its own hands and insisted upon the playing of the Anthem.

This unusual demonstration so incensed the artist, who complained that he had been publicly insulted, that he threatened never to return to Australia. Up to date he has not withdrawn his threat.

In many Eastern countries it is necessary for visitors of other nationalities to apply for permission to play that country's anthem.

### "Not Compulsory"

THE General Staff Officer at Victoria Barracks, when asked as to the regulations regarding the rendering of the National Anthem at concerts and functions organised by military authorities, said: "It is not compulsory, but purely voluntary on the performers' part, that the Anthem is played, and respect is therefore shown by conforming to the country's custom."

"It is most unusual for the Anthem not to be played at an orchestral concert or an individual recital," commented Mr. Roland Foster. "It is customary to ter-



NORDA MATA

minate all performances excepting those patronised by Vice-Royalty with the National Anthem. On Vice-Royal occasions it is played on their arrival."

### Radio Custom

MR. EWART CHAPPLE, representing the Australian National Broadcasting Commission, explained the radio etiquette regarding the Anthem. "The etiquette in connection with the time of playing the Anthem is optional, and generally depends upon the performer's convenience," he said, "but when broadcasting orchestral concerts, the Anthem is usually introduced prior to the performance."

There have been various discussions recently among theatre managements with regard to the most suitable time of playing the Anthem at an entertainment.

It was generally agreed that when it was given at the termination of a performance, insufficient respect was shown by some patrons who invariably make a wild rush for the exits at the close of the programme.

Several leading theatres, to eliminate this, have adopted the practice of opening the entertainment with the Anthem.



"My Dear,  
I Didn't Know"

## DON'T FORGET

Morning tea-party at Women's Industrial Arts Society. Lady Gower to be guest of honor.

Architectural Ball, Blackland Galleries, July 1. For further information ring Mr. Adrian Ashion, B2535.

Seventh annual C.W.A. Ball, Agricultural Hall, Camden, June 5.

Car drive to Bulls, arranged by Younger Set of Australian Air League. For further particulars ring F25313.

Bridge party at Kerra House, Dee Why, June 10. Proceeds in aid of Dee Why Life-saving Club.

Monthly dinner arranged by Benjorah Younger Ges in aid of St. Margaret's Hospital. Chelsea Book Club, 8 p.m., June 1. Ring BW2361 for further particulars.

"Desire" Ball, in aid of Motion Picture Industry Benevolent Fund, Mark Poy's Ballroom, June 5, 8 p.m.

Grand Jubilee Ball of Mutual Life and Citizens' Assurance Co. Ltd., Blackland Galleries, June 18. Proceeds in aid of Blackland Free Kindergarten.

Juvenile Ball, Canterbury Town Hall, June 17, in aid of the Canterbury District Hospital.

Monthly meeting of women's section of Sans Democracy League, Hordern Bros. small reception room, June 26, 2 p.m.

"Wonderful Zoo," by P. Bladen Smith, produced by Bryant's Playhouse, June 2 and six consecutive Wednesdays.

Max Bongers' third annual dance at New Dumppow, Saturday, June 6, for the benefit of St. Margaret's Hospital. For further particulars ring B2327.

Annual Blue and Rose Ball, arranged by Maria Brothers' High School Old Boys' Union, Mark Poy's Empire House, June 23, 8 p.m. Ring M2467 for reservations.

Bridge party and Musicals on board Merkur, June 8, 2 p.m., in aid of Kerra House, Dee Why. Party being organised by Harbord branch of Country Women's Association.

30th Community Reel at New Palace Royal, June 2. Proceeds in aid of Picton Lakes Village. Ring B2324 for reservations.

The Plain and Fancy Dress Ball, arranged by Mosman Branch of Country Women's Association, July 30. Further information by ringing Y2324.

Vocal Recital by Mary Stevens, Conservatorium Hall, June 4, 8.15 p.m. Frank Hutchinson and Frederick Wade associate artists.

PRETTY Mrs. Roberts was usually well able to take her share in the conversation, but one day at a friend's house she found that everyone was talking of things she knew nothing about—the latest film discovery, and that surprise wedding she hadn't even heard of. On the way home one of her friends told her it was because they'd all been reading the new Daily Telegraph.

Next day she bought a copy. Sure enough there were all the features her friends had talked about—the Serials and Special Articles, the marvellous £3000 Contest, the Independent Cable

Service that gives you news you can't read anywhere else, and the wonderful Women's Section. The Editors of the Women's Weekly have seen to it that the Daily Telegraph is a good women's paper. They supervise the Women's pages. That's why the Social and Fashion News is so interesting, and why the Cooking Section is so good. Then they've planned the wonderful Shopping Bureau that gives cash prizes every day—teaches you to shop wisely and pays you for doing it!

You're missing a lot if you're not reading the Daily Telegraph every day. Have it delivered to your home every morning—from tomorrow!

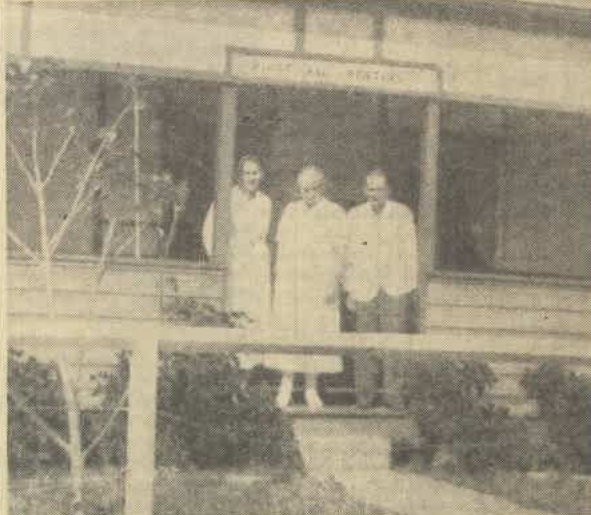




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their surplus en-  
ergy after taking

**Cornwell's**  
*Extract of Malt*

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER FOR YOUNG & OLD



MRS. E. F. WILKS, with her staff, on the verandah of her first-aid station at Patonga.

## WOMAN Runs Own First-Aid SERVICE

Equipped and Maintains it  
Out of Her Own Purse

There are various ways of spending money, but Mrs. E. F. Wilks, wealthy Sydney woman, considers the greatest of these is charity—that is, charity in terms of service.

And what a unique service it is. Mrs. Wilks owns and controls the only private first-aid station in Australia, situated at Patonga, a beautiful but isolated pleasure resort on the Hawkesbury River.

NINE years ago the town had no facilities whatever for treating the sick or the injured. The seaside resort had no doctor, no public or private hospital, and cases requiring urgent medical attention had to be transported over rough country a distance of ten miles.

Patonga now has an up-to-date first-aid station. Its equipment, which is more complete than that of the casualty wards of many public hospitals, was supplied by Mrs. E. F. Wilks out of her own purse at a cost of over £1000.

The work of attending to the sick and injured is carried out by Mrs. Wilks and an honorary staff, which includes a competent ambulance bearer and Mrs. Bayles, a local resident. Regularly each month a Macquarie Street doctor and a Macquarie Street dentist visit the town and give their services free to the residents.

### Defrays Whole Cost

DURING the holiday season Patonga is a very popular resort for tourists, and the population of the town grows to four or five times its ordinary size. Surfing and fishing are the main attractions, and during the Christmas and Easter rushes accidents among visitors are not uncommon.

The first-aid station is only one of Mrs. Wilks' philanthropic activities. For many years she gave her services free in auxiliary work at the Sydney Hospital.

The whole cost of the expense of running the Patonga first-aid station—amounting to about £200 a year—is borne by her, no one else being asked to contribute a penny.

### NEW KNITTING BOOK

AN excellent knitting-book, featuring children's garments, has just been published by the Junior Red Cross. Designs are simple and attractive, directions accurate and trustworthy, and will be approved by both adult and younger workers.

Many of the juniors are expert little knitters and are just now busily at work making their gifts for the Junior Red Cross Exhibition in the Town Hall on June 12.

The knitting-book is on sale at 6d. a copy, and proceeds of its sales further the activities of the Junior Red Cross, carried on for the benefit of delicate and needy children.

## GLAMOUR... ALLURE... like a halo round her head

Just "once a day" with Blue Hyacinth Cosmetics and you are youthful and lovely. Only their tremendous popularity could make their amazingly low price possible. The same quality usually costs three times as much.

**Blue Hyacinth**  
Cosmetics

POWDER... ROUGE...  
LIPSTICK... EYEBROW PENCIL  
D... VANISHING CREAM  
**6** each... PERFUME  
At your favourite store

## CAREFUL!



WHATS THE MATTER MARY?  
HOW I KNOW WHY YOUR BATH IS GETTING DULL. SEE THESE SCRATCHES? YOUR CLEANSER'S TOO HARSH AND GRITTY.

IT'S SO HARD TO CLEAN. WHAT CAN I DO?  
USE VIM. MY NEIGHBOUR SHOWED ME WHAT A DIFFERENCE ITS SMOOTH CLEANING MAKES—AND I WOULDN'T USE A HARSH CLEANSER NOW.

LATER—A RETURN VISIT.  
WHY MARY, YOUR PORCELAIN IS LOVELY. I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME ABOUT VIM, TOO. IT GETS THE DIRT OFF SO SAFELY—WITHOUT SCRATCHING.

### What a difference with SMOOTH-CLEANING

Things soon get dull and hard-to-clean when scratched and scraped by old-time coarse black cleansers or wire scourers! But now there is a cleaner made on a new principle—a cleaner that cleans smoothly—Vim! Vim gets the dirt off but can't harm the surface. Its fine, regular, soap-coated particles are specially made to banish dirt, without scratching.

**"SMOOTH-CLEAN"  
IT WITH VIM**  
MADE BY LEVER  
—THE MAKERS OF  
LUX AND RINSO  
7.23.36

## Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Night, Loss of Sleep, Gravel, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Dis-ease, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sis-tet). Genitally soothing, cleans and heals raw sore kidneys. In 17 minutes Cystex starts refreshing your blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 5 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.

The Lid lifts off  
"just like that!"

So simple  
to replace too!

A spoon or a coin slipped under the convenient flange—presto!—the lid is off! And under the lid is a patented parchment seal—placed there for your protection. It positively ensures the freshness and quality of a Baking Powder that has become a household necessity in thousands of Australian homes. Ensure perfection—always use

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MARY'S BAKING  
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£25 for 20/- deposit 5/- weekly. £50 for 40/- deposit 10/- weekly.  
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4/-



Barely is a Bedroom Suite of this quality offered at such a moderate price. Contrasting Walnut Veneers and modern design give a most attractive appearance. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe; 2ft. 6in. Drop-centre, Kneehole Dressing Table and Double Lounging are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. Artistic Dressing Table has bow-front centre drawer and handsome 3-piece shaped mirror. You can secure this beautiful suite at This Week's Cash Price (Bedstead Extra) (Or on Easy Terms) **£18/18/-**

LISTEN IN to 2UW and 2GD

2UW-3.30 p.m., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."  
2UW-7.30 p.m., Saturdays—"DABBY AND JOAN."  
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16/6  
4/-

Again we offer outstanding value in a modern, artistic Lounge Suite. Large settee and two capacious chairs are upholstered in figured and plain tapestry. Five loose cushions are fully-sprung. Comfort and appearance are embodied in this beautiful suite. You may purchase at the introductory Cash Price... **£16/19/6** (Or on Easy Terms)

PREPARE for WINTER!

Visit our Third Floor and inspect the display of Down Quilts, Blankets, Bedsteads, etc. Bedding in all worth-while qualities, also at Warehouse Prices.



### The "SUPER" LOUGHBOY



A Loughboy of large dimensions is usually expensive, but this "Super" Loughboy gives ample accommodation at a really popular price. It is 5ft. 4in. high, 4ft. wide, and fully fitted with sliding trays, solid shelves, pull-out hanger, tie-rail, and useful mirror. Every man needing a worthwhile modern Loughboy should inspect this remarkable bargain at the Warehouse. For this week the

INTRODUCTORY CASH PRICE IS

Metropolitan  
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Terms

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DEPOSIT WEEKLY

**62/6**

### SAVE £6 on NEW DUAL WAVE RADIO



Here is the very latest achievement in Radio construction—a splendid Dual Wave set ordinary Radio price. You save £6 on usual retail value, and get you have the whole World on the turn of a knob. Listen-in to London, Paris, New York, Moscow, Tokyo, etc. as to more cost than for Australian Stations. You also get perfect Local and Interstate reception. Visit the Warehouse and hear this wonderful set. You can secure at

This Week's Cash Price.

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### BUY DIRECT from the WAREHOUSE



12/6  
3/-

This new two-tone Dining Room Set will challenge comparison in appearance and finish, with subtle coloring much more. Mt. Oakwood, with Bush doors, solid top and mirror-back, has two drawers and three cupboards. 4ft. Rectangular Table has solid top, and four legs with panels. Four Chairs have upholstered, lift-out seats with comfort-shaped backs. Secure at the Introductory Cash Price. **£12/19/6**

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced deposits, with low monthly instalments, are now available.

### JUST OPENED! NEW DESIGNS in LINOLEUM and LINOLEUM SQUARES



BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

Size	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Special Price	42/6	50/-	57/6	65/-

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Size	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Special Price	27/6	32/6	37/6	42/6

GENUINE CORK LINO. IMIT. LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE—	TWO YARDS WIDE—
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd.	3/3, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

### CARPETS SPECIALLY REDUCED

AXMINSTER SQUARES

Size	9ft. x 9ft.	9ft. x 12ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Now at	£3/15/-	£4/5/-	£4/19/6	£5/17/6

Size	9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Now at	£6/5/-	£7/10/-	£8/15/-	£9/19/6

HALL CARPET BARGAINS

Width	27in.	30in.	36in.
Yd.	10/6	12/6	15/6

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# YOU'RE TO BLAME!



If she loses that smile in the next few years

Nature's been generous to your daughter, Mrs. .... Her smile wins all hearts—now! Will it continue to win them later on when it will mean even more to her? Not if you neglect to teach her to look after her teeth properly! Every mother is responsible for the health and beauty of her children's teeth. See that

your children use a germicidal tooth paste twice a day, and decay germs will never have a chance. Choose Euthymol, for Euthymol is the tooth paste which kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds—and it keeps the teeth, gums, and mouth in a healthy condition. Start your family using Euthymol now!

## Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Pronounced  
U. THY-MOL

1/3  
per tube

BUT he didn't speak for a moment. Then:

"Virginia told me. I'm sorry it's happened, Mum," he said slowly.

Nita whisked round, dropping the handkerchief, fixing Arthur with her intense gaze, prepared to dominate him, to impress him, as she had always been able to do.

"It's an absolute mystery to me. The most charitable thing is to think that Virginia had a brain-storm."

Quivering she watched his face.

He nodded.

"Yes, it was that," he said, "but she's better now."

"But why, Arthur? There was I sitting by her as usual talking quietly and gently to her of baby's future—"

Arthur shook his head.

"It wasn't quite like that."

"But, Arthur, I give you my word of honor. You know I wouldn't deceive you."

"Of course, you think so. But you never talk quietly and gently about things, Mum."

His words shocked Nita.

"Am I so violent?" she asked with a pale smile.

"No, but you say things in a startling way. You disturb me sometimes. I've felt it myself, and I'm a man, and you arrange things too quickly, you don't give one time."

The beaten look on Nita's face hurt him a little and he added, "Of course, you're wonderful, Mum, and Virginia's wonderful, too, in a different way."

"Very wonderful," she gibed. "If I send your young wife into hysterics and you seem to think her justified."

"You are clever," said Arthur patiently, "and I suppose Virginia and I are not. She likes to take things quietly, and think over them, and I like that, too."

Nita's self-control gave way.

"You'd have done nothing at all with your life if it hadn't been for me. If I hadn't been always behind you, pushing you on, you'd have just drifted. I wouldn't let anyone guess that, but I've always known it. I've made you Arthur, and given my life to it."

"I'm sure that's true, Mum, but Virginia will do that now."

"Virginia?"

Nita almost screamed the name.

"Why, she's just a dear, sweet, stupid, lazy girl without an ounce of push or go. She's like a feather-bed."

Nita couldn't stop herself. Her subconscious thoughts were rushing to the

# THREE That Are COMPANY

Continued from Page 18

surface, turning themselves into words, which she threw passionately at Arthur.

They made him angry, but he kept his head admirably.

"You're wrong, Mum."

A ruthlessness had crept into his voice.

"Virginia's strong. Stronger than you."

Nita was suddenly dumb, while Arthur seemed to find a new power of self-expression.

"You see, Mum," he said, "It hasn't

bared his soul for Virginia's sake. Now he wanted to cover it up again.

Presently he felt his mother's hand creep into his. There was a stormy light in her face, like the afterglow of a tempest.

"It's all very disturbing," she said almost brightly, "but we'll find a way out of the muddle somehow. Forget all about it, Arthur, while I think things out."

ARTHUR was frightened at the strange glint in her eyes. It seemed to presage another set of crystallised plans.

"Now I'll take a cup of tea in my room, and then I'll ask you a favor. Let me get the next train to Mardens, and kiss Virginia good-bye for me. Go, darling, that is really best."

And Arthur went, puzzled by her self-control, wondering if after all he had ever quite understood this mother of his.

Nita had telephoned to Sydney Pember, and she was talking to him now in the pretty drawing-room at Mardens.

"You wicked man," she said, laying her hand on his. "You false, treacherous, cruel friend," she added quite affectionately.

"What's coming now?" he asked.

He had once called Nita his Lady of Surprises, but he had almost ceased to be surprised at her.

"You knew that at one time Arthur had meant to run away from me, from his home."

Sydney looked surprised.

"But that was years ago," he said.

"That is all, Mum, about myself."

"He looked at the hand lying on his."

"It was just then I asked you to marry me, Nita, if you remember."

"What has that got to do with it, you stupid man?"

"Everything. I saw it was difficult for you to bring him up alone. I thought I could help. I could have helped, Nita, because I loved you. Then I saw I wasn't meant to help. That you must make your mistakes, and learn from them. Anyhow, I had to let you be. One has to."

Please turn to Page 26





# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Deborah Mackay Sim leaves shortly for Melbourne to act as bridesmaid for wedding of Ruth Goddard and Harold Stokes? Ceremony takes place at South Yarra.

## First Bride

MRS. GEOFF BUCKNELL, formerly Bunty Black, was first bride to take vows in new Church of England, Moree . . . Bunty wore gown of softly-falling lace and bridesmaids, Marjorie Robertson and Betty Kopsen, one blonde and one brunette, wore blue georgette . . . Mauve and rose sweet peas were flowers chosen for decorative scheme at the "Max" where reception was held.

## Glimpses of "Uncivilised"

MOST fascinating bits and pieces of "Uncivilised" shown to small party at Page-wood Studios on Friday . . . Many well-known artists, including Sydney Ure Smith, Rayner Hoff, Sheila Macdonald, Adrian Feint, Hera Roberts and Ethel Stephen present at party . . . All most impressed with artistic effects in film . . . Little souvenir dolls arrived just too late for presentation . . . Afternoon tea followed screening in cafeteria . . . All most Hollywoodish.

Dr. and Mrs. G. Schmidt, of Bundahberg, are interstate visitors who will attend Anglican Historical Pageant in Town Hall.

## Country Complexions

PEGGY and Gwen Minnet have arrived from Murrumbidgee with fresh country complexions . . . Sisters have been doing rounds of picnic races, including Quirindi and Muswellbrook . . . Latter voted best ever . . . Peg and Gwen both do spot of mannequin work when in town and make good job of it . . . At present both girls staying with Mrs. H. L. Newton while minds are being made up just when to leave for home after wedding festivities which brought them to Sydney.

## Modern Dancer

QUITE half audience at Conservatorium who saw and appreciated modern dance interpretations of Narda Mata were from European countries . . . Consular Corps well represented . . . Madame Meyer wore lovely squirrel coat over black frock. Nearby was Dr. Kocotakas, Greek Consul-General, with lovely Diana Reeve, English visitor, making home in Sydney . . . Diana wore tiny camellias just in right position over left ear, with picturesque effect.

With golf clubs and large bag of spare balls, Mrs. Frank Genge set off for country holiday. She will join her mother, Mrs. Solomon, at Orange for part of time.

## Down on Farm

WHO ever heard of coloratura soprano including expert making of bread in list of accomplishments? . . . Mollie Byrne, Australian singer, is musician to achieve such distinction . . . On returning to Australia after fifteen years spent abroad Mollie was ordered rest cure on farm . . . Concealing fact that she was singer by inclination and profession, Mollie entered into spirit of country life and coped with preparing eggs for market, but firmly refused dairying as hobby . . . Recital being given at Forum Club next month.

## Flying Gallant

LADY GOLDFINCH and Helen sailed this week for N.Z. to meet Sir Philip and daughter Nancy on return from trip to England . . . John Goldfinch, who is following in father's footsteps in Sugar Company, also returns to Fiji after furlough by same ship . . . Romantic stories came to Sydney of flying gallant crossing continents to see Nancy, ring in hand . . . However, Nancy decided to return home fancy free.

## Friends of Theatre

EXTREMELY entertaining speeches made by Hugh Ward and General Bertie Lloyd at opening of theatrical cavalcade at David Jones . . . General Lloyd recaptured days when as small boy he queued in long line for "bob's" worth of hang over" at current shows . . . Has always been devotee of theatre . . . Hugh Ward, whose fund of theatrical stories would make fascinating book, told never-heard-before incident of late Dame Nellie Melba's greatness and generosity.

Mrs. Martin Hoare, petite president of St. Joseph's Old Boys' Union, wore dusty-pink satin frock of exquisite cut to annual dance of union at Trocadero.

## Recuperating in Country

AFTER severe bout of enteric, Jean Keltie is now recuperating at great pace at Empire Nursing home, Westminster . . . Jean has been abroad for two years and up to time of illness had perfectly marvellous spell in London . . . Australian visitor has lots of friends on other side and has many invitations to recuperate in attractive surroundings . . . A visit to the country is decided upon.

ter, Thalia, back to Brisbane . . . This is first visit to home city since marriage . . . Mrs. Shuttleworth formerly Thalia Milson, of Brooklyn, Edgecliff . . . Another member of family, Mrs. Alan P. Ford, is also bent on Sydney holiday . . . She arrives shortly from New Zealand with daughter, who boasts two summers.

## Giant and Dwarf Trees

EILEEN DICKIE, just returned from trip to Hongkong, has interesting stories to tell of travels . . . Eleven weeks spent inland waiting for returning ship . . . Family life on boats on Hongkong Harbor most precarious . . . Fish main standby as diet . . . Miss Dickie impressed with immense girth of lovely trees in Cryptomene Avenue, on way to Nikko . . . Dwarf-tree culture also fascinating study.

## Slacks Unsuitable

SLACKS proved unsuitable for climatic conditions during golfing season on Mountains during week . . . Flannel much too hot when sun was fierce and became water-logged during play in mist, rain and mud . . . Wives of legal lights in evidence at Leura . . . Among them were Mrs. Jack Cassidy, Mrs. Clayton, and Mrs. Barney Utz.



A RECENT PORTRAIT of Hon. Mrs. Lewis Clifford, formerly Miss Barbara Knox, daughter of Lady Knox, of Sydney, who is now on her way to England with her husband on a short visit.



## Motored to S.A.

JEAN ROBINSON of Haroldene, Batlow, recently motored to Adelaide with party of friends to meet fiancé's parents . . . Engagement recently announced to John Morley, manager of Mutooroo mine, Batlow . . . Visitors entertained during stay in S.A. by Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Morley . . . On return trip few days were spent in Melbourne.

## Quiet Holiday

MRS. FRANK CHAFFEY has found a delightful spot for quiet holiday far from rush and turmoil of usual social activities . . . With children she is staying at Wagstaffe Point, on Brisbane Water . . . Wagstaffe is tiny, old fashioned settlement with wooded hills and golden beaches in close proximity . . . Laura is still in town keeping house for her father, the Chief Secretary.

Joan Sayers now staying with Mrs. John Taylor at Winboyne, Quirindi, after holiday with sister, Mrs. Bill Bishop.

## Snappy Suits

DR. ADAMS, with daughter Valentine, is making stay in Adelaide . . . Both guests of Val's sister, Mrs. Arnold Moulden . . . Val making friends sit up and notice clothes from Eastern State . . . Afternoon frock of mushroom angora with three-quarter coat was sensation . . . Matching hat has square halo with brim in shape of bow . . . Most intricate.

## Fringes Are Rare

ANNE BEVAN is last to sponsor fringe vogue . . . She danced with George Malden at Romano's on Saturday . . . Frock was gold satin with rolled shoulder straps . . . Noppy Wilkinson, also one of tete-a-tete party, wore blue chiffon with mauve belt and shoulder straps . . . Another dainty figure in blue was June Munro . . . Jean Black wore a cocktail-cum-dance frock of fuchsia with basque coat, and gold kid bow at Peter Pan collar.

After making stay with relatives in N.Z., Alison Nicholas continued trip to London. Cable to parents, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Nicholas, tells of safe arrival.

## Eastern Trend

MR. AND MRS. HAMER, whose home is in hill country near Kandy, Ceylon, are enjoying short furlough in Sydney . . . On arriving in Adelaide Mrs. Hamer, who is artist of merit, gave successful exhibition of black-and-white drawings . . . So successful indeed was showing that not enough pictures left for Sydney display . . . Mrs. Hamer draws mostly from imaginative subjects with Eastern trend . . . Found folk lore of Ceylon fine inspiration.

## Have You Noticed—

Terry and Tim Maher scampering around countryside at Bowral? They accompanied their mother, Mrs. Herbert Odillo Maher, to country.

Jane Lane



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A CERTAINTY

PATON

## THREE That Are COMPANY

Continued from Page 24

"AND I never learnt anything, Sydney. I never left Arthur alone for a moment. He told me that, and Virginia almost hated me, and I shall never see their baby."

"Who says that?" he demanded. "Not Virginia, surely not Arthur?"

"I say so. I've worried them, made Virginia ill, and Arthur upset. They're better without me. I'm going right out of their lives. I'm strong enough to do that, Sydney."

Sydney asked no questions, but he thought he understood very well what had happened. He had been expecting this—knew it had to come. Now he saw his way clearly.

"Strong and foolish enough," he said, putting his arm round her.

To his astonishment she crumpled up and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Oh, Sydney, I'm a fool! Advise me . . . help me . . . suggest something."

And Sydney had a suggestion.

"Well, how would this be? I don't think Arthur's quite the thing. Oh, you needn't get scared, there's nothing wrong. I took the liberty of showing him to my doctor. But there's a certain debility about him, a certain strain."

"The strain of his mother," said Nita.

"Nonsense, a little debility, and a delicate nervous system. My man recommends a sea voyage. I'll give him a year's leave on full pay, and you can add your help. A trip to South Africa, a look at the native provinces, some shooting from Pretoria, and you won't know him. Virginia, too, of course. How is that?" he finished, hiding his anxiety.

Nita surprised him as usual.

"Arrange it all," she said eagerly. "Oh, Sydney, don't lose a moment."

"No hurry," Sydney's tone was annoyingly calm. "But I'll talk to him to-morrow."

"Do, Sydney. Tell him I want no leave-taking and no fuss. Let them make their own arrangements. Virginia's mother will have the baby, I suppose. That will be a pleasure for her."

"And I shall have you," said Sydney. "Which will be a great pleasure for me."

Nita didn't answer.

She was staring at a pastel portrait of Arthur over the mantelpiece.

Then at last she turned and looked at him earnestly.

"You've been very patient, Sydney," she said. "I wonder if I'm worth it."

The young Edwardes sailed from Southampton in the Ashendon Castle a month later. There was no leave-taking, and no fuss. Just a few fond lines from Nita enclosing a cheque.

Nita was alone at Mardens where she had asked Sydney to leave her for a few days, and denied herself strictly to visitors.

The well-trained Violet must have had a bad lapse of memory, for to her amazement Nita heard sounds of arrival in the hall, very decided sounds.

THE banging of boxes, and what seemed like the rattle of a tin tray.

Yet Nita did not rush out to investigate. Her limbs felt inert, her brain and heart were tired.

It was not unhappiness. Rather a strange kind of peace that made her indifferent until Violet threw the door open, and announced:

"The nurse and baby, madam."

Then Nita sprang to her feet, surveying the cloaked bundle that was her grandson.

"What on earth—" she began, then stopped, as the nurse handed her a note.

"Darling Mum," she read. "After all, we thought we would rather leave Brian with you. Mother isn't very used to babies, and we knew you would take such care of him. So keep baby for us till we come to fetch him. It's the best thing we can give you, isn't it? From your children, Arthur and Virginia."

The letter fluttered to the ground and Nita's heart fluttered too . . . with joy.

In letting them go she had recaptured them. They would be hers now, the three of them . . . and there was Sydney.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



# What Women Are Doing

## The Little Cinema

WITH the idea of giving local amateurs the opportunity of acting before the camera, Miss Moya Connolly has started a new movement in Brisbane called The Little Cinema.

Her aim is to produce films in an amateur way, as is done in England and America.

The idea is receiving enthusiastic support, and a number of those interested have formed a society to raise funds for the project.

The first film to be produced will be a full-length talkie, and already some scenes have been "shot."

## Life Member of Queensland Ladies' Kennel Association

MRS. A. M. BOURKE, of Brisbane, who has been secretary of the Queensland Ladies' Kennel Association since its inception in 1931, was recently made a life member for meritorious services.

Mrs. Bourke has always been interested in dogs, particularly Pomeranians. She has been breeding them for ten years, and at present has 15 at her home at Wilston.

Mrs. Bourke devotes much time and energy to helping some branch of the Returned Soldiers' League. Last year she ably assisted, also, in running a benefit for the limbed soldiers, and again this year she will help to raise funds.

## Women Help Organise Historical Church Pageant

AS part of the Bishop Broughton Centenary Celebrations in Sydney an Anglican historical pageant will be presented at the Town Hall, Sydney, for three nights next week, commencing on June 1.

Mrs. H. W. K. Mowll, wife of the Archbishop of Sydney, is president of the committee, and her interest and knowledge have been a source of inspiration to all those organising the pageant.

It is the most ambitious presentation of Church history ever attempted in Australia, with 23 episodes, commencing from earliest Christian times to the middle of the 19th century, and a cast of nearly 800 performers. Every ecclesiastical character is being portrayed by a member of the clergy.

Naturally, men predominate in the cast, but behind the scenes women are taking a very important share in the organisation.

Lady Gordon, Lady MacCallum, Miss MacArthur-Onslow, Lady Owen, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, and Lady Harvey are among the well-known women on the committee.

Miss Mina Shelley (Mrs. C. V. Baily) is mistress of the pageant, and Mrs. J. S. Needham, jun., said to be the only woman heraldic artist in Sydney, is making all the shields, banners, and pennants.

## Maker of Marionettes Gives Original Entertainments

THE distinction of being the only marionette maker in Brisbane can be claimed by Mrs. Mervyn Bunting, who gives delightful original two-hour entertainments for charity with fascinating little puppets made by herself.

It is only during the past year that Mrs. Bunting has interested herself in this particular form of art. She first conceived the idea from what she read and saw in English journals, and being of an original and constructive mind her brain and fingers got together with amazingly quick success.

Mrs. Bunting is English by birth, and came to Australia in 1914. She is very modest about herself and her work, and almost hesitates to tell you she has two pictures hanging in the Academie des Arts in Belgium. She was educated abroad and went to a finishing school at Pueris, in Paris, where she took an Art course.

She excels at pottery, too, but recently has devoted all her spare time to the making of marionettes.



Mrs. Bunting  
—Noel Maitland

## Melbourne Composer and Pianist

AN interesting musical programme was given at the Austral Salon, Melbourne, last week, when compositions by Mrs. Ruby Reynolds-Lewis were rendered by several well-known artists, and Mrs. Reynolds-Lewis played some of her own piano compositions.

Mrs. Reynolds-Lewis, who lives in Melbourne, has studied in Australia, London and Paris, and has composed since she was a child. However, most of her best work has been done in recent years since her four children grew up.

The "Hunting Song" that won her the Diploma and Medal at the Paris Olympic Games against all nations in 1924 was included in the programme, and so were two of her best-known piano numbers, "Cradle Song" and "Retrospection."

## To Study Scenario Writing Abroad

MISS DORIS HAYBALL, honorary secretary of the Playovers' Club, Melbourne, and member of the Australian Literature Society, has sailed for England to study scenario writing at Epsom, and later hopes to study the art of the theatre in Germany and Russia.

The editor of "Eight Plays by Australians," Miss Hayball has collaborated with Miss Isabel Piddie in writing the book of a musical farce for which Mr. Noel Coulson has supplied the music and lyrics.

She has taken the farce with her, and hopes to place it in England.

## Delights in Her Work

A GIRL who delights in her work, into which she puts all her energy, is Miss Grace Wilkinson, a New Zealand contralto, who, after study in London and abroad, is bound for New Zealand and broadcasting work with the N.Z. Broadcasting Corporation.

In London Miss Wilkinson studied with Sir Henry Wood and Dawson Freer, in Berlin with Conrad von Bos and Eleanor Gerhardt, and with Madam Croiza in Paris.

Altogether she spent five years in study, and two years of successful engagements.

It was through Dame Clara Butt that Miss Wilkinson went to England seven years ago, and since then her engagements have included orchestral concerts in London, broadcasting with the British Broadcasting Commission, and many tours in the country.



Miss Wilkinson

## An Organisation That Keeps Its Friends

THE Melbourne Ladies' Convalescent Home at Clayton, Victoria, which celebrated its Golden Jubilee this month, is an institution which keeps its friends.



Mrs. J. M. Gillespie.  
—Francis Young.

The president, Mrs. J. M. Gillespie, has been on the committee since 1910. She has been vice-president for 15 years, acting-president for some years, and president for the last three.

Miss Ada Triller has been treasurer since 1918, and two of the vice-presidents have been connected with the home since it was founded in 1886. They are Mrs. C. J. Ham and Mrs. C. H. James, who recently gave a donation of a pound for each year of the home's existence, to build new entrance gates.

Though it can always use more money, the home made its first appeal in 1929, and has not made another since then. This is a tribute to the organising of the committee and their flair for keeping people interested in the home, where there are always forty-three patients.

Expert Shot Over Open Coverts  
MRS. H. BROADMEADOW who, with her husband, recently visited Australia for the first time, from England, is an expert shot. Much of her time is spent shooting, for there are several good coverts on their estate of 2000 acres at Bridgewater, Somerset.

Mr. Broadmeadow made the trip principally to study farming conditions here, as he breeds Devon pedigree cattle, several of which have been sent to Australia.

## Woman Who Makes Horticultural History

MRS. J. S. OLIVER, who exhibited several lovely new dahlias at the recent show of the Royal Horticultural Society in Melbourne, is one of our best-known women horticultural history-makers.

One of these new dahlias, a large cyclamen-pink cactus, shading to gold in the centre, she has named Lady Huntingfield, another deep buff cactus is to be Lady Leitch, and a third, deep amber with a fine quill petal, will be the namesake of Mrs. Lemuel Callaway, daughter of Melbourne's Lord Mayor.

In all, seven new dahlias have been sent to join three more of Mrs. Oliver's dahlias that are awaiting testing in London.

Mrs. Oliver is on the executive of the Women's Hospital, Melbourne, and she was one of the mainstays of the first auxiliary in Melbourne, formed in Essendon in 1905, though it was not dignified by the name of auxiliary in those days.

This little body of women raised a lot of money, through the Coonara poppy, the famous pink poppy with the frilled edge that Mrs. Oliver obtained by crossing an ordinary Iceland poppy and a pink Shirley poppy.

Mrs. Oliver was the first woman member of the Carnation, Sweet-pea and Dahlia Society, which is to-day the Royal Horticultural Society.

## Association for Mistresses and Maids Formed

A DEFINITE step to bring about an understanding between domestic employers and employees has been taken by Miss Edith Martin, of Adelaide.

Miss Martin has resigned from her position as secretary of the South Australian Housewives' Association to institute the Employers' and Employees' Mutual Protection Association.

A number of influential people are backing her up in what is hoped will be a valuable service to the community, and an advisory committee of four, including two country members, is to be appointed.

She has had a great deal of experience with women and girls, as she was branch secretary of the Liberal and Country League in South Australia for 14 years, and has been connected with the Girl Guide movement for a number of years, and was Commissioner for the Marion District.



Miss Martin  
—Rembrandt.



## Painter of Modern Pictures For Modern Rooms

"MODERN pictures for modern rooms" is how Miss Minnie Baynes describes the wood inlay pictures which she includes in her exhibition of paintings in Adelaide.

Miss Baynes studied this method in London, and since returning to Australia has made four pictures of this attractive type, the first to be shown in South Australia.

This Australian artist practically taught herself painting, as it was not until several years after she had started teaching painting in country towns in South Australia that she went to England to study Art, a governess being her only instructor before that.

In England Gifford H. Lanfesty was her first teacher. She studied with him in the Winchester district, actually living in one of the thatched cottages which are subjects for so many of her attractive pictures.

Recently Miss Baynes returned from her fourth trip since then, after spending eight months in England. This time she studied with William Chase, a flower artist who lives in Bluebury, Berkshire, in the Cotswolds. Miss Baynes will continue her painting in South Australia, and hopes to concentrate on flower and garden paintings.

## Protest Against Use of Poison Gases

MRS. I. H. MOSS, Federal President of the National Council of Women, who went from Melbourne especially to be present at the South Australian meeting of the Council, appealed to members to follow the Victorian branch in protesting against the use of poison gases.

Mrs. Moss keeps in touch with every branch of the Council's work to raise the status of women in every phase of life in Australia, and was Australia's representative at the conference at Geneva.

Mrs. Moss is giving up office in October, but will still take a very great interest in her work.

The South Australian branch, with which 54 societies are affiliated, is arranging a centennial conference in October.

## Enthusiastic Worker for Brisbane Seamen's Institute

ONE of the most outstanding and enthusiastic workers for the Brisbane Seamen's Institute is Miss Doris Dalby, of Brisbane.

Since she joined the band of Tuesday evening workers ten years ago, Miss Dalby has been untiring in her interest and attendance.

At first she arranged weekly concerts for the sailors and later she was appointed assistant secretary to the late — Ronald Simmonds. Miss Bruce Nicol, whose work for the Institute is well known.

Miss Dalby's duties then consisted of attending all entertainments at the Institute, and giving a monthly report of the Junior Guild activities to the committee.

As well as helping to entertain the sailors, Miss Dalby organised social benefits to raise funds for the refreshments each night.

In 1926 her helpers increased from four or five each evening to ten or twelve, and now Miss Dalby has between fifty and sixty girls under her charge.



Miss Dalby  
—Ronald Simmonds.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP





# THE Secret THAT KEEPS MY SKIN YOUTHFUL!



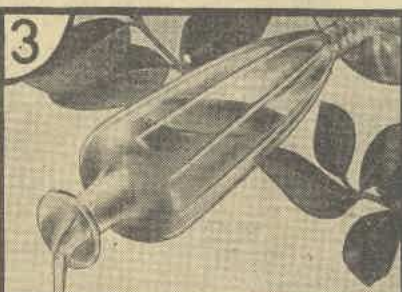
"A woman's greatest allure is a youthful skin. 20,000 beauty experts tell me the way to keep my skin soft, clear, young-looking, is to use Palmolive Soap. Naturally, I'm taking their advice."



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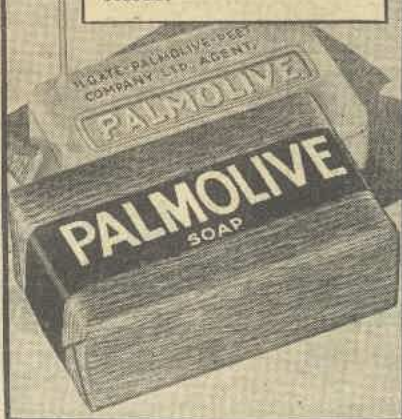
2 For a beauty bath too: I massage my body with a washcloth full of Palmolive lather until it thoroughly cleanses the pores. I rinse—then dry well. How my body glows with freshness and loveliness!



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Winter in Sunshine in the Isles of Romance.

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## NOTHING To WEAR

Continued from Page 7

"H E is," Mary frowned slightly. "They've just been absorbed by a larger concern."

"I know," Rodney laughed softly. "I'm first vice-chairman of Excelsior Products." His tone was almost apologetic. Rodney hadn't changed much, Mary reflected. He was just like that in the old days . . . unassuming and kind, and half ashamed of his own wealth and position.

"What—what sort of times have you been having lately?" He put the question with elaborate casualness. "Times have been pretty bad for some people, Mary."

Mary understood his tactful questioning; he had been summing her up, noting sympathetically the rusty tweed suit, the deplorable hat and the scuffed, flat-heeled shoes. No wonder he was feeling sorry for her! A dimple popped into Mary's cheeks and her eyes twinkled.

"Oh, not bad. No worse than hundreds; we can't complain!"

"You always were a gallant little thing, Mary!" Rodney declared. His eyes shone with admiration. "Your John's a lucky fellow to have a wife like you!"

IT was three days before Mary thought again about Rodney Bankes. Three hectic days . . . because, when she got home that afternoon, it was to find Peter home from nursery-school with a funny little rash

quietly. "And guess who interviewed me. That old friend of yours from years ago . . . Rodney Bankes!" He chuckled reminiscently. "Fine chap. He was talking of when you were in pig-tails!"

"Rodney!" Mary drew in a sharp breath. Why, she'd forgotten all about Rodney. Forgotten everything these last few days, but her darling little Peter. "Why, yes! We were great pals before you came on the scene!" She dimpled. "Rodney was supposed to be quite keen on me!"

John kissed her. "Not half so keen as I was—or so lucky!" He laughed. "Odd coincidence, though." He pulled her to her feet and held her for a minute, closely. "Not that I suppose knowing you in the dim, dark ages had anything to do with my getting a promotion!"

Mary laughed. Sudden realization shot through her. She recalled, vividly, Rodney's sympathetic look, his tactful questionings, his admiring, "You always were a gallant little thing, Mary. . . ." And when he left her, what was that he had said? "There's nothing I can do for you, Mary. . . ." She had laughed and said casually: "Nothing, thanks!" But Rodney had frowned, looking at the rusty tweed suit. . . .

Looking up at John, she lied happily. "Of course it wasn't. You were promoted because—because you darned well deserved it!" Her voice rang with honesty; he did deserve it, her John. But he must never know, now, about her encounter with Rodney in the terrible hat and the old suit.

"And, Mary," John went on, eagerly, "I'll be able to do things for you, now. We'll be safe. You can have things . . . lots of things . . . pretty clothes . . . and a little car. . . ."

There was a little lump in Mary's throat.

"Why, I even forgot your birthday," John said, ruefully. "I was so worried about the firm." He kissed her. "But we'll make up for that. You must tell me just what you want. . . ."

Mary's slim fingers were laid on his mouth.

"I don't want anything, really," she said, with perfect truth, "so long as I have you . . . and Nancy . . . and Peter!"

(Copyright)

## A Super ROUGE for the Super Girl



Daylight (harsh or soft as may be)—theatre light (which includes the talkies), dinner light, dance light and (oh, dear!), possibly moonlight—and the one rouge has to look demure (or sophisticated) through it all so that the cheeks (or the husbands) will go on saying "Ain't My dear, I'm so glad you don't use rouge!" So we prescribe Kathleen Court's "Rose Petal" Rouge, that goes on, stays on and looks like two million dollars (allowing for inflation) in all lights, and will suit all colours in clothes. Rose Petal Rouge isn't like red sand soap; nor does it show up like a bush fire. It's just a harmless, shad-fully-compounded means of adding an attractive glow, soft, alluring and subtle, to faces that would otherwise look too pale, too wan or too freckled. It gives, as well, an added brilliance to the eyes. Only 1/9 a smart box with a special puff. Five shades: Brunette, Phantom Red, Crushed Rose, Blush, and Blush. If your chemist or store hasn't it (a thing we can't believe), look indignant, walk out, and write to Kathleen Court! #333.

THIS BEIGE, brown, and white check swaggar coat is three-quarter length and is ideal for travel and sports wear. The hat, bag and gloves are fashioned from tobacco-brown supple suede.

—Air Mail Photo.

they feared meant measles. Measles it was! A light case, fortunately, but worrying enough to put everything out of Mary's head but her adorable young son.

As for that hoped-for week-end holiday, it vanished from her consciousness altogether. The rusty tweed slipped back on its hanger . . . and for three days Mary sld, without protest, into little cotton house frocks and all-enveloping smocks.

Three days. And on the fourth Peter was much better. So much better that Mary relaxed her vigilance and even donned her afternoon printed silk dress and was down in the hall to greet John when he came back from the office.

"Mary!" The front door swung open. John's radiant face burst into view. "Mary, darling, I've news for you. Marvellous news!"

He sld an arm round her and pulled her into the sitting-room. "Promotion, darling! I'm to be assistant auditor of Excelsior Products as soon as the 'magnification is settled!' He gave her a great hug. "Think of it. And the salary—it will put us in the lap of luxury. Almost!" He grinned.

"Oh, John. Not really?" She looked up at him with bright eyes.

"Absolute fact." He went on more

## 750 FREE BOOKS on DANCING!

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# THE MOVIE WORLD

May 30, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 29

## CALLING Australia! Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES

By SPECIAL CABLE  
from Hollywood

### Announcement Soon?

IF divorce gossip ever runs short in Hollywood, there always remains the diametrically opposite subject, marriage, to fall back on. The latest rumor going the rounds is that the announcement is pending of the engagement of Merle Oberon to David Niven, the British actor.

For once, the parties concerned have not denied the soft impeachment. David, in fact, grows lyrical whenever Merle's name is mentioned. "There's romance, mystery, and glamor in Merle's eyes," he said. "My wandering days are over."

### Indian Royalty Visits Hollywood

THE film colony has had its quota of exotic visitors, but even its blasé calm was ruffled into something like excitement when the whole family of Tarabai Boshle, super-wealthy Dowager Ranee of Bombay, arrived to make the personal acquaintance of favorite stars.

Princess Premila, aged fifteen, said that to meet Gary Cooper she had gladly travelled half-way round the world. Which is very flattering to Gary. The Dowager Ranee has not disclosed the name of the lodestar which drew her from Bombay, so that all the boys are wondering, and, maybe, hoping.

Although Miss Oberon makes no comment, it must be nice to have a man talk about one in that fashion.

Niven is one of those men who appear to have tried everything once. After the war, he did most things, including fishing, lumberjacking in Canada, and journalism in New York. But now, fairly established as an actor, and with Merle as anchor, his wanderings, as he himself says, should be done with.

### Settling Down

DOUG FAIRBANKS, senior, and wife, Lady Ashley, appear to have settled down to stay in the States for a while at least. After meeting, or being met by, film celebrities at the airport, they motored to Santa Monica, where they are now living in the house on the beach which harbored Doug and Mary in the days when they were married sweethearts.

Although public disagreements were not unknown when Fairbanks and his present partner were "walking out," since their marriage things seem to have been running with smooth wheels, all is well.



PATRICIA ELLIS—A Recent Study

### No Separation

RUMORS of a break between Astaire and Ginger Rogers have now been definitely quashed. The two have now put their names to a contract for two new pictures, "Never Gonna Dance" and "Watch Your Step," both of which are scheduled for early production.

Fred's objection to the effect that the public would tire of seeing the team always the same cannot stand up to the fact that Ginger would be hard to replace, and that R.K.O. executives realise this is borne out by their agreeing to build up her parts so that she will appear to their advantage.

### Flynn Again

ANOTHER feather in Errol Flynn's cap. After several weeks of seclusion in Palm Springs, he showed up at Warner Brothers with a manuscript. Warners took one look at it and agreed to purchase it. It is a screen play based on his own adventures, which have been so colorful and exciting that they make ideal screen material. Errol is to play the star.

Errol Flynn and his charming wife, Lili Damita, are coming off the farm and are building a new home in fashionable Hollywood. It is to be a replica of his ancestral home in Belfast, Ireland.

### Film Assignments

CLARK GABLE must again defer his long-planned hunting trip to report at Warner Brothers to play "Cain" in "Cain and Mable," opposite Marion Davies. Clark's role this time is of a prize-fighter, Marion's an actress. Lloyd Bacon will direct.

Grace Moore has been scheduled by Columbia Pictures to play in "The Nightingale Flies Home," to be filmed in August. The studio assumes that their songbird will say "Yes" in spite of her assertions that her movie days are over. They are building her a five-room dressing-room suite as a welcome home from her holiday trip abroad.



# WRITERS CLAIM They MAKE STARS



THE IMPORTANCE of stories to the stars is evidenced by the fact that one of the most important studio executives is the Story Editor. Here is Harry Chandler, story editor for the Lasky Company.



A PROMINENT member of the Fox Studios—Sonya Levin, who wrote the scenario for "The Country Doctor."

## Scenarists Threaten Strike for Higher Pay

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

THERE is a war on in Hollywood—a war in which writers and scenarists of world-famed screen plays are holding out against the major producing organisations for that commendable commodity which comes so easily, yet disappears so quickly, in Movie Town—Money, with a capital "M."

In a nutshell, the writers consider that they are much underpaid when the quantity and quality of their work are taken into consideration.

THEY base their contention upon the fabulous salaries which are paid weekly to the top-line actors and actresses of the day, and which, when compared with their so-called "meagre pittance," seem like a King's ransom.

Should matters come to a head, and those responsible for churning out the scripts for our screen darlings cease work until higher wages are forthcoming, I simply can't bear to visualise the outcome. For not only will giant studios be at a standstill, so far as actual production is concerned, but salary and contractual obligations by the executive heads must be fulfilled, with the result that there would be thousands upon thousands of dollars going out and none coming in... which is far from being a pretty picture.

Summed up, the men who rule Hollywood to-day are the writers! Should they strike—as they have threatened to do within the last few months, through their association, the Writers' Guild—then there won't be any more pictures made until they start again—at bigger money.

### Tailored Stories

AND you can take it from me, they earn their salaries, these writers. Indeed, it is the man or woman behind the typewriter who has put most of our top-line favorites in their enviable positions to-day. For Hollywood tailors its stories, like its clothes, to fit its stars. The player, not the play, is the thing in the studios. Stories are not bought for their own sakes alone. They are purchased for some particular star, and are altered to fit perfectly the personality of the principal players.

There are many instances of how this foresight on behalf of the pedlar in

words have elevated some obscure, or previously miscast, player into stardom. Anita Loos was one of the few people who saw the unborn comedienne beneath the luscious sexiness of Jean Harlow, At Hollywood and New York social gatherings she had watched that platinum head enjoying itself with a lusty gaiety entirely different from her hard-boiled sultriness on the screen.

### Harlow Born

DELIBERATELY, Anita created a "Red-Headed Woman" in the image of that off-screen Jean. The public liked the fast and funny wench of that picture, and a new Harlow was born. Jean brought her curves and her laughing wickedness back from the obscurity of personal appearances in the smaller towns of the United States, and waited right into stardom for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She owes all she's got to the grey matter that's hidden away in the raven-black tresses of a slim young authoress who's as homely to look at as Jean is voluptuous.

Norma Shearer is conceded to be one of the biggest of Hollywood's luminaries. But it wasn't all her own personal magnetism and histrionic ability that got her where she is to-day. A quiet man with a mop of silver-white hair designed the daring story for Norma when she stepped from minor stardom right into the front rank.

John Meehan came from Broadway to Hollywood in the early days of talking pictures to write dialogue for the screen. He was assigned to adapting the Ursula Parrott novel, "Ex-wife," for La Shearer. He spent long hours with Norma, studying her mannerisms, probing into the hidden recesses of her personality. He discovered at dinner parties that Norma could speak with a sophisticated cleverness words which would have sounded uninteresting and a little cheap from the lips of other women. He built "The



WRITERS ARE SO important that the world is combed for them. Here is Ernest Vajda, noted European author, brought to Hollywood under contract to M.G.M.

Divorcee" around the Norma whom he had discovered, and the result was the daring young modern who was one of the year's sensations.

Norma, of course, has had the ability

and flexibility to continue at the top. But the unseen and unglorified writers of Hollywood have done more than their share towards keeping her there. For several years the story tailors followed

the Meehan pattern. Edmund Goulding, writer as well as ace director, created the Lady Mary of "Riptide," which part was as alike to that of "The Divorcee" as two peas in a pod, except for the settings and the people who surrounded them.

But times had changed, and Norma had been to Europe, where she had acquired additional breadth of outlook and fresh ideas. The public, too, had grown just a wee bit too accustomed to young women of independent and unconventional character. Girls who had their cake and ate it too were no longer a novelty. So clever writers were called to assist, with the result that Norma was cast for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Elizabeth Barrett wasn't even a close cousin to Lady Mary or to "The Divorcee." She was a sweet and gentle lass, with the innate winsomeness exposed to the fullest degree by clever scenarists. The result was a young woman who was one-third Miss Barrett and two-thirds Miss Shearer. The public liked it.

### Conferences

A STORY conference in Hollywood is an amazing affair. In the first place, it is grossly misnamed. The story is not the reason for the gathering in some smoke-blue office of a group of rumpled-haired, eager-eyed men and women. They are there to discuss the abilities, capabilities, and possibilities of a player. The story is built around these qualities.

The studios and writers did not bring about this state of affairs. The vast audiences the world over, themselves, are responsible for the army of writers who must adjust their work to drape fitting characters on picture personalities. That great star, Lizzie Zilch, drags 'em to the movies, not the story in which Lizzie is playing.

There is rarely any happen-chance about "hit" parts in pictures, roles which make new stars. Only once in a hundred cases does luck have any hand in the matter. Katharine Hepburn is that one-in-a-hundred!

### Not Chance

HER outstanding success in "Bill of Divorcement" startled even blasé Hollywood. But the element of chance disappeared with that one picture. After that, the Hepburn roles were turned over to some experienced and trained writer who knew Hepburn, and was fully conscious as to the best method of emphasising and enhancing her individual personality. "Little Women" wasn't merely "Little Women." It was Katharine Hepburn in "One Big Woman in Three Little Ones."

At this very moment in a half-dozen offices on the Fox lot, the writers who demand more money are gazing wistfully at stubborn typewriters, trying to concoct characters which will fit the singing, dancing, cuddly personality of a young miss of seven tender years.

Continued on Page 32



# STARS' ROMANCES

## Just PUBLICITY?

### Box Office Plays Big Part in Private Lives

THE screen and romance!

The words are synonymous. They go together wherever motion pictures are shown. They stir the hearts of young and old, quickening the pulses of rich and poor as, sitting in their theatre seats, they drift into the land of make-believe.

Romance in Hollywood, however, is not limited to acting in front of the cameras. It invades the private lives of those who interpret it upon the screen. It hovers eternally over the heads of the movie folk, for they are only human beings after all.

IN a place where romance is commercialised more than in any other part of the world, the real and the artificial thrive side by side. Here modern Romeos woo their equally modern Juliets not with fair words, but with orchids, gardenias and other expensive floral tributes.

No swain who seeks to please his heart-throb of the moment dares invite her out unless he has first sent her flowers. Then he dines and dances with her at one of Hollywood's most exclusive rendezvous—the Trocadero, the Mayfair, the Biltmore or other places of renown.

It is a well-known fact that some of Hollywood's most headlined romances have been born in the minds of its clever publicity agents or the studios themselves.

#### Matchmakers

FOX tried very hard to make a match of it between Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell when those two were the biggest box-office names on the screen. Garbo has been rumored in love with nearly every leading man she has ever had, not to mention her director, Rouben Mamoulian. Remember how Metro constantly linked her name with that of John Gilbert in their old co-starring days?

In their heyday as a romantic team the studio tried to persuade Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman that they were made for each other. But Vilma went off and married Rod La Rocque in one of the most spectacular weddings ever to take place in the film colony.

Just as some studios have tried to marry off their stars, so others have endeavored to prevent any romantic entanglements.

I have it from very good authority that Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey are breaking their necks to get married. They are really in love. Have been for a long time. But both are ambitious, and the studio tells them that it is a better thing for Bob not to be married. In fact, the studio goes further; it gets Mr. Taylor rumored to be interested in other girls—about Jean Parker a while ago, and now, about Janet Gaynor.

#### Box-office Love

LITTLE Joan needed what is called in the inner Hollywood "The romantic build up," and Janet and Robert have just finished making a picture together. That is box-office love. But Robert Taylor's and Irene Hervey's isn't anything of the sort; it's real. If they marry it will be against the wishes of the studio, and no young player with his or her feet on the road to success can afford to be "in dutch" with those in whose hands their futures lie.

When the average boy and girl "go together" nobody but their most intimate friends and an occasional observer are aware of it. But when a film star starts stepping out with another star the whole world knows. The great difficulty is to keep pace with Hollywood's changing love affairs. They are on today and off to-morrow. No sooner does one hear that Carole Lombard is going places with Robert Riskin and the gossip report wedding bells than I see her dashing thither and yon with the very Latin-looking Cesar Romero.

Cesar is a real man-about-Hollywood. His only consistency is that he prefers blondes. He is dividing his time at present with Carole, Betty Furness and Virginia Bruce.

By MARY OLIVIER



IN CIRCLE, blonde Virginia Bruce, who, since her divorce, appears to be going in for variety in her beauty.

LEFT, Robert Taylor. Is all the gossip we hear about his interest in a variety of ladies just studio stuff?

RIGHT, Michael Whalen and Alice Faye, rumored to be indulging in a romance. But maybe it's only a rumor.



has been reported engaged to various young bloods including Donald Cook, Richard Dix, Phillips Holmes, Russell Gleason, Jack Oakie, Rudy Vallee, Fred Waring, Randolph Scott, Gene Raymond, and Buddy Rogers.

Buddy Rogers says "the secret of Mary's success is that she understands men. She is delightfully feminine without being feline; pretty and smartly groomed but not conspicuous; an intelligent conversationalist who doesn't flaunt her knowledge."

Mary was once going so strongly with Dick Powell that she became recognised as his girl. But Dick is now taking Joan Blondell about—is never seen without her—and a little bird tells me that it won't be long before wedding bells ring out for them.

Buddy Rogers used to be known as Hollywood's boy friend, but these days he devotes most of his time to June Knight, once the big interest in the life of Marie Bauer.

#### Bill and Jean

IT has been some weeks since we last heard romance rumors of Jean Harlow. Time was when Jean's exclusive companion was William Powell. Lately she has been appearing with a different lad at every affair. Saw her with an unknown but very handsome male at the Screen Guild Ball, held at the Biltmore and one of the biggest movie affairs of the year, attended by all the film folk.

Ralph Forbes was there with his recently-acquired second wife, Heather Angel, whilst Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson made up a foursome. The latter two are almost inseparable since Marshall's divorce from Edna Best. Hollywood will be surprised if Gloria doesn't soon take on her fourth husband.

#### Gossips Baffled

THAT personable young man, Robert Young, who has just returned from England, brought Irene Hervey to the Screen Guild Ball. Irene seems to show a preference for "Bobs," although she used to be very matny with singer Allan Jones.

Jeanette MacDonald is one girl who has Hollywood completely baffled. Jeanette has been officially engaged to her manager, Bob Ritchie, for years. Yet on the night before Bob threw a big party to celebrate her birthday. Jeanette was out dancing with Gene Raymond, and the night after the party she accompanied Henry Fonda to a ball at the Mayfair.

Kay Francis also has the town guessing although recently she has been seen so often with Delmer Davis that their marriage is now a foregone conclusion—or is it?

Ronald Colman and Myrna Loy are Hollywood's most notable bachelor and spinster stars.

Continued on Page 32

#### May Remarry

THE fact that Henry Fonda is the ex-husband of Margaret Sullivan doesn't make him any the less desirable. Margaret thinks so herself. She has just got a divorce from her second husband, William Wyler, and from all accounts it would not be surprising if she makes it up with Henry again.

Barbara Stanwyck is another divorcee who is finding her wings once more. As Mrs. Frank Fay she was seldom seen in public. But now, with her recently-acquired freedom, she is making her hey while the moon beams. Saw her at the

Trocadero the other night with Robert Taylor. Perhaps this is another attempt to divert his interest from Irene Hervey.

Incidentally, Bob Taylor is getting a reputation around Hollywood. People regard him as a good influence. He has on occasions stepped out with a few of the town's haughtiest gals. In the Taylor presence, however, the ladies, for some reason or other, clamor down from their high horses and turn out to be as gracious and pleasant as you please. Right now the shining example is Janet Gaynor. The little Gaynor girl has never been noted for sociability, but ever since her first few dates with Bob (and she has had a goodish number of them), she's been practically the friendliest girl in town.

Of course, the most popular girl in Hollywood for some years has been Mary Brian. Mary is familiarly called Hollywood's girl friend. There is hardly a young man in the film colony to-day who has not, at some time or other, fallen victim to Mary's charms. I couldn't tell you how many times she



# LONDON ON the AIR

## English Production News

- Celebrities Attend Premiere • Chicken-pox
- New Infant Prodigy • Doug to Turn Scot
- Elusive Bergner • A Family Affair

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London

By BEAM WIRELESS

THE WEST END went Hollywood with a vengeance last Tuesday night, when Warner Brothers' "Anthony Adverse" had its midnight premiere at the Cambridge Theatre.

The star of the film, Anita Louise, came to England specially to attend the opening—an action unique in this country. Others, arrived only that week from

America, and who attended, were Sylvia Sydney, Leslie Howard and "Schnozzle" Durante.

From the point of view of an ordinary onlooker it seemed as if most of the big names in the film industry had made a point of being on show. In addition to those already mentioned, among the audience were Robert Donat, Clive Brook, Fairbanks, Junior, Dolores del Rio, Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale, George Robey, Lupe Velez, Noel Coward, Harry Roy, Charles Laughton, Evelyn Laye, and Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke.

Quite apart from these screen celebrities, society notables mustered in force. It was a brilliant evening; Londoners crowded the street just to get a glimpse of the famous arrivals.

LONDON Films have discovered a new child star, six-year-old Richard Goffe. This new "find" is being featured in "Forget-me-Not," a picture in which Gigli, the great Italian tenor, is starred.

Richard, it is claimed, is a natural actor. He goes through his work quite unconcerned with anything that may be going on about him; his calmness, in fact, is amazing.

While he is too young to be put under contract, critics are forecasting a big film future for him.

"LABURNUM GROVE" has had its baptism. A certain audience in a London suburb, at what Americans call a "sneak-view," were the first to see the wonderful performances put up by Edmund Gwenn and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the leading parts, and, judging by the laughter and rapt attention, Carol Reed, who directed the picture, can await the critics with confidence.

The "sneak-view" allows the chance of cutting out jokes that fail, and of improving continuity, if necessary.

YOUNG Douglas Fairbanks is going to become a Scot. Criticism Films announce that immediately "Accused," which has been somewhat held up owing to Doug's illness, is completed they will go into production on a £150,000 picture of that romantic and tragic page of Scottish history that culminated at Flodden.

The film will be titled "The Battle of Flodden Field," and Douglas, jun., will star. The feminine role has not yet been allotted.

THE London Screen Play's comedy, "Olympic Honey-moon," starring Monty Banks, Claude Hulbert, Sally Gray, and Princess Pearl, has been held up for a while owing to the illness of Princess Pearl.

Just when everything was going swimmingly she had the bad luck to catch chicken-pox, and it proved a bad bout.

Now she is happily recovered

### English Comedian

Robertson Hare, whose work in "Jack of All Trades," with Jack Hulbert, will earn him still more friends.



### THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.]

We've just been pecking.

Peeking over the shoulder of the handsome lad who arranges the programs for the Sydney St. James' Theatre, Melbourne Metro and Brisbane Cremorne.

We got quite a thrill.

Of course, you've already seen Ronald Colman in Charles Dickens' best loved picture of the year, "A Tale of Two Cities"?

Then there's the Three Marx Bros. in "A Night at the Opera" which, in our opinion, is one of the funniest and most enjoyable of musicals it has been our pleasure to witness.

We can hardly wait to see Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy in Faith Baldwin's modern story of "If I were a Rich Man"—the wife and the stenog, who wage mental warfare over handsome Clucky. It is sure to be one of your favourite pictures.

We have already started whistling "Indian Love Call" in anticipation of the grand time in store when Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring to our eyes and ears the beauties of "Romeo and Juliet."

For those of you who yearn for a real thrilling melodrama with plenty of action mixed with romance we recommend "Robin Hood of El Dorado" starring Warner Baxter.

For those who remember the delights of Janet Gaynor's "Seven Years' Heaven," we recommend "Small Town Girl," in which this diminutive little starlet is opposite our favourite male, Robert Taylor.

For comedy with a new twist wait until you see Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy in "Petit-Coeur." Bob is a wireless operator in the icefields and Myrna lands with her fiancé in a broken down plane, forced to spend a month in his company!

Sure, the future is very Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for that old Lion sure knows how to make pictures to keep us all happy.

Yours for entertainment,  
LEO, of M-G-M.

and work will start again as soon as the quarantine period is over.

This looks like being a first-rate comedy. One of the last scenes shot was of Monty Banks and Claude Hulbert in Tyrolean dress marooned in a wooden hut in the mountains during a snow storm. Their mournful dialogue as they sat on either side of a stove watching the snow fall was a joy to hear.

JACK HULBERT and Cicely Courtneidge are staging a family affair in the wilds of Islington. Cicely will star in "Everybody Dance," and husband Jack will do the supervising. Ernest Truex is coming over from Old Broadway to be partner to Cicely.

ELISABETH BERGNER is almost as elusive as the Garbo and quite as mysterious. Is she

going to Hollywood? Back to the stage? To work in England on "The Boy David"? What happened to the Goldwyn-Cochran breeze, which blew up when America's Sam announced that she had just signed a five years' contract for United Artists, and Britain's C.B. replied that she was under contract to him?

Director-husband Dr. Paul Czinner probably knows all about it, but he won't tell, and the Bergner is as silent as the Sphinx.

Actually, I hear Bergner's next picture is likely to be George Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan." Shaw insists that this shall go on the screen as he wrote it, with no bright young re-write scenarists putting in what they think is box-office appeal. I understand the Czinner have agreed that Joan shall be as Shaw painted her and that everything is now in readiness to get going.

## Writers Make The Stars

Continued from Page 30

THE grown-ups in the film don't have very much importance. Shirley Temple's time is short, because her dimpled babyhood, fraught with terrific box-office grosses, won't last for ever. So men and women talk to her, play with her, study her vivid little personality, while Shirley romps and dresses her dolls, wondering what it's all about.

Perhaps the most outstanding example of how a writer can make a star occurred during grand old Marie Dressler's all too brief Hollywood success. The great trouper's rise to fame was sudden and over-night. But it was carefully planned suddenness, brought about by the typewriter of Frances Marion, the screen's ace feminine writer. Marie and Frances had been intimates for years. The writer had persuaded the actress to come to Hollywood, and encouraged her to stay through the long, disappointing months when the producers refused to see any possibilities in a middle-aged woman with wise, deep eyes set amidst a network of wrinkles.

### Dressler's Chance

"YOUR chance will come," Frances told Marie many, many times. It was the writer, herself, who created that chance. She was assigned to the job of adapting "Anna Christie" to the screen. She saw the possibility of designing drunken old Marthy for Marie Dressler. She gave the role every one of those tricks of personality that she knew so well were possessed by none other than Marie Dressler. A new star was born in that film.

If you have secret ambitions—and almost everyone has—to set the world on fire with brilliant screen stories, don't write just picture plays. Conceit a story for some particular star. It's an almost hopeless task for an outsider.

That's the real secret of the Hollywood writers. They have discovered and learned all the important tricks of the stars, and are able to embody them into pictures which give the utmost in fine entertainment.

To be able to do this needs brains and intense concentration. The pen-pushers possess these attributes—and know it! That's why they're holding out for more money. I hope they get it.

## STARS' ROMANCES Just PUBLICITY?

Continued from Page 31

RONALD is seldom, if ever, seen with feminine company, and Myrna makes very few appearances with male escorts. Ronald's name was once linked with that of Benita Hume, but she is now married to Clive Dunfee, the English racing motorist. Some time ago, when Myrna Loy rented Ramon Novarro's lovely home, gossip manufactured a romance between them, which, of course, was not right. Apart from this foundationless rumor, Myrna's name has never been mixed up in Hollywood romance stories.

### Stepping Out

AMONG the younger folk stepping out together at present are Grace Durkin with Richard Cromwell; Miriam Hopkins with Cole Porter; Marie Osmond with David Niven; Jackie Coogan with Betty Grable (engaged); Mary Carlisle with James Blakeley; Anita Louise with Phil Reed; and Loretta Young alternating between director Eddie Sutherland and Lyndell Peck. Janet Gaynor's ex-husband, Claire Trevor, one of Hollywood's prettiest, and best-liked blondes, is spending most of her spare time to Brian

Donlevy, a screen newcomer. Alice Faye, who used to be Rudy Vallee's big moment, is going everywhere with another newcomer, Michael Whalen.

Now that Clark Gable's a bachelor, don't be surprised to hear romance rumors concerning him. Every unattached, and many of the attached, girls of Hollywood are breaking their necks for him to notice them.

Dixie Dunbar is one girl who may dash around with anybody she wishes, but she hasn't fallen in love. Dixie has a clause in her contract, barring her from marrying for the next two years.

The studios, as a rule, do not go to such lengths as this to control the private lives of their players. They do not mind how many times their stars fall in and out of love, nor with whom they are seen in public—it's all good publicity. But they do make them to conduct themselves in a manner befitting their position, and not to commit any action that may cause undesirable publicity. Most contracts include a clause to this effect, the breaking of which automatically annuls their employment by the studio.



# "DESIRE" . . . Two Big Names



Scenes from "Desire," Marlene Dietrich's latest vehicle, scheduled for early release in Australia. Co-starring with her is Gary Cooper, who, it will be remembered, played opposite her in "Morocco." They both sing in this film.



# HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY  
Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives

**T**HE legal battle being waged over the custody of Freddie Bartholomew leaves the boy genius unperturbed. He knows nothing of his mother's determination to take him away from his beloved Aunt Cissy. His mother is little more than a vague memory to him, while he adores the woman who is guiding him in his brilliant career.

It would be interesting to know what Freddie's own decision would be. He is an independent little thinker, as he clearly showed when he was asked to wear curls

## DOTS and DASHES

**M**AUREEN O'SULLIVAN learning Apache dancing for her next film. • Rosalind Russell worrying about a huge oak tree sent her by a fan for her garden. • Freddie Bartholomew receiving a crate of his favorite sweets from a candy factory. • Errol Flynn doing some real-life hero stuff by fighting a fire which broke out on the location spot of "Charge of the Light Brigade." • 70-year-old May Robson taking up tap-dancing for her new film.

for his picture, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"It would give people the wrong impression if I played Cedric in curls," said Freddie. "People wouldn't stop to think that that was the way all the other actors had played him. They would just see me in curls and think I was a tussy."

Freddie's scholastic standing is that of an average 12-year-old. His best friends in Hollywood are Mickey Rooney, featured in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Roland Leigh, who discovered him in London.

**G**LASS hats are the latest craze in Hollywood. Adrienne Ames was one of the first to feature a hat with shining mirrors. But Betty Furness is a close runner-up.

As soon as glass headgear came into vogue, Betty ordered a little model with a window-pane effect. One day a bright newsboy took a look at her and called: "How about giving a fellow a job washing your windows, lady?"

**S**ONNIE HALE has starred his last—if rumor speaks truly. He is going to direct filmstar-wife Jessie Matthews in "Paris in the Spring," which will be a more dramatic vehicle than anything Jessie has yet attempted.

It is Sonnie Hale's first serious directing, though he has dabbled in it quite a bit recently, and very successfully, too.

**W**HEN danseuse Pearl Argyle took to the silver screen, critics suggested she change her name to something with a foreign tinge in it. She indignantly refused.

"I believe the days of foreign names are gone. Why should I have to hide my nationality to achieve success? A British name is good enough for me."

Admirable sentiments, but at a secret wedding in Paris not long since, she changed her mind and became Mrs. Bernhardt. Maurice Chevalier was best man, for the bridegroom had just completed directing his latest British picture, "The Beloved Vagabond." The critics are now urging Pearl to keep her maiden name and not become Pearl Bernhardt—which just goes to show that critics can change their minds.

**W**HEN someone discovered Dick Powell was suffering from a sore throat there started a round of alarming rumors that nearly drove poor Dickie insane. From every side came dire and dreadful predictions that the singing star was threatened with the complete loss of his voice; that he would have to stop work entirely; that he was flying to the East to visit the country's most eminent throat specialist; and so on and on.

To clear up the situation I visited Ivy Crane Wilson, a Sydney woman, who handles Dick's publicity, and who is one of his best friends. The truth of the matter is that Dick had an annoying attack of laryngitis, and was simply ordered to rest for a few days. Production on his new film, "Stage Struck," was held up for a few days, but will start soon. As for losing his voice—that's just an idle rumor, and Dick wants his fans to know there's no truth at all in it.



CONSIDERED to be a "comer"—John Howard as seen by artist Alex King.

They're back again!

**FRED ASTAIRE** ★ **GINGER ROGERS**

the KING & QUEEN OF RHYTHM in a BOMBSHELL OF MELODY AND MIRTH!

**"FOLLOW THE FLEET"**

HARRIET HILLIARD  
RANDOLPH SCOTT  
ASTRID ALLWYN

MUSIC & LYRICS BY  
**IRVING BERLIN**

Soon to be released in all leading theatres throughout Australia.

**W**ATCH for something big when "Charge of the Light Brigade" rolls along. It will be Errol Flynn's second starring film, and this time he will have Anita Louise as his leading lady. Warners are building a huge fort at Laasy Mesa, fifty miles from Los Angeles, where many of the battle scenes will be taken. Michael Curtiz, who won second award for his direction of "Captain Blood," will also be directing this one. By the way, did you hear that several fan clubs had been formed for Errol three weeks after the release of "Captain Blood," his first film?

Saturday nights at the Franchot Tone-Joan Crawford home are becoming a famous Hollywood institution. Joan always manages to get up some novel, sensational entertainment. Recently, for instance, after dinner, a movie was shown in their

## Parties at the Franchot Tones

garden theatre. Joan announced that she was running "These Three." However, she first ran her costume test of the clothes she will wear in "Gorgeous Hussy." Appearing in the days of quaint bonnets, wigs and frilly frocks, Joan will be seen at a new personality.

She will have no fewer than three leading men to support her. James Stewart has been cast at her request, and Robert Taylor and Melvyn Douglas are the others.

**D**RIPPED into the Brown Derby at noon recently for a salad and a little star snooping, but it was a bad day—no movielets on view, with the exception of Cecil de Mille. Better luck at their snappy new cocktail bar, The Bamboo Room. There were Bill Powell, Jimmy Cagney, Gene Raymond, Glenda Farrell and several more. A starry crowd, too, at the Cockpit Bar of a local airport, bidding Cedric Gibbons and Dolores del Rio bon-voyage on the first leg of their trip to England. In the party were Marlene Dietrich, Gilbert Roland, Errol Flynn and Lill Damita, and lovely Katherine de Mille. Also lots of stars and fun at Mona Barrie's farewell party for Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott. These two made a great hit in Hollywood, and were feted everywhere, especially by Mona, at whose home they stayed.

**B**RIGITTE HORNEY, German film star with light brown hair and an attractive huskiness in her voice, is in London to work in Phoenix Films' new picture, "House of the Spaniard." This will be her first appearance in British films.

Peter Haddon is the male star. The other day, while one of his scenes was being watched by his small daughter, he missed his lines in a complicated sentence. Three voices rang out simultaneously: "Cut," yelled the director; "You idiot," hissed the culprit to himself; "Oh, Daddy," piped the pained voice of the small daughter.

This picture will show you life aboard a great liner—but the liner never went to sea—it was built in the studios and is as full of holes as a sieve.



# HOLLYWOOD Approves Tailor-Made Styles

Cute Coats and  
Capes



1. JOAN BLONDELL wears this smart tailor consisting of champagne colored skirt with flaring panels and a modified swallowtail jacket in two tones of beige. Hat, shoes and gloves are of dark green kidskin.

★ ★

2. A BROWN-AND-WHITE check coat is worn with nigger-brown skirt, hat, and accessories, by Marian Marsh, lovely Columbia star.



2



3



4

3. FOR WINTER'S sunniest days Margaret Lindsay wears this suit of white kasha cloth. One brown button fastens the coat, and the skirt has three box pleats inserted in front.

★ ★

4. JOAN PERRY looks attractive in this smart race ensemble. The skirt is wrapped over and the short costume coat has a three-quarter length cape falling from the shoulders.

★ ★

5. A HAND-KNITTED blouse in brown, beige, and white offsets this trimly tailored brown cloth coat and skirt worn by Jean Arthur.

## BLONDE BEAUTIES!!

Your hair  
will  
stay fair  
if you remove  
the film  
that dulls it



THE ravages of dirt, grime, tobacco smoke and fume-laden atmospheres inevitably dull the colour and lustre of blonde hair—unless you take special precautions to protect it safely. The atmospheric 'film' must be removed at all costs—but bleaches, dyes, camomile and other harmful ingredients must be avoided. That's why you must choose Lavana Shampoo as a safe home beauty treatment for your hair. It is more than a perfect hair wash—its dual purpose is to keep your hair from getting that dark, 'mousey,' tired-of-life look. The special ingredients preserve and enhance the natural beauty of blonde hair without risk to its delicate texture, and bring new life and brightness by revealing hidden, glinting lights. 'Perms' last longer, too!

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SHAMPOO  
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DULLS THE BEAUTY OF BLONDE HAIR.

6d. each from all chemists, and stores.



5

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No words could adequately convey to you the real beauty of the five rings illustrated here. The gems set are all white, bright diamonds of the most modern cutting. The settings are pure platinum—and the under-rails are carved with unbelievable delicacy.

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A lovely two-stone diamond ring with diamond-set shoulders. It is richly carved. The diamonds are set in platinum. The mount is of 18ct. gold.



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Diamonds in 18ct. gold and platinum. A very handsome and artistic design.



£14/-/-

Grace of outline distinguishes this beautiful ring. The two diamonds are in platinum, eye-corner settings. Shoulders are diamond-encrusted. Mount is 18ct. gold.



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# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

## ★★ JACK OF ALL TRADES

Jack Hulbert, Robertson Hare, Gina Maltz (G.R.)

THIS is quite easily one of the best songs and dance comedies I have yet seen from an English studio. The music is tuneful, and, although neither Jack Hulbert nor Gina Maltz could qualify for a leading role in grand opera, they are, at least, less hard on the ears than a great number of "the profession" busily engaged in taking money under false pretences.

But it is in its comedy that the film shines. The story concerns a young man who, out of work, capitalises on the events of a night out to gain a place for himself in a large bank. Once established (although unpaid), he carries out a tremendous bluff, christened by him "The Merivale Plan," which, starting from nothing, becomes a stupendous undertaking.

That harmless satire at which English directors are so adept is used plentifully and successfully. The Board meeting, at which Hulbert discloses the Plan, is one of the funniest things I have seen for some time, only matched, in this film, by Robertson Hare's delightful comedy.

The picture wanes towards the end.



STAR of "Jack of All Trades"—Jack Hulbert.

but even here there is a splendid piece of inspired fooling between Hare and Hulbert, with a fire-engine's ladder. All in all, something I can thoroughly recommend.—Embassy; showing.

## ★ IT HAD TO HAPPEN

George Raft, Rosalind Russell. (Fox.)

THE directorial eye was kept firmly on Signor Leo Carrillo while this picture was in the process of making. So much so, that although Leo bids fair at the beginning of the opus to repeat his frequent trick of "pinching" the picture, he has been gently but firmly pushed back into his true, minor position. Which was very fortunate for Mr. Raft, who, as an actor, while slick enough, will not stand comparison with his Latin playmate.

The story of this item is simple enough. Two Italian migrants come to America. (One of them—Mr. Raft—by a species of miracle speaks with an accent that could only be duplicated on the Bronx. Perhaps he took a correspondence course.) Quickly learning the American golden rule that toughness plus the law will get a man anywhere, George, the faithful Leo clinging behind, swiftly rises to power. Love, personified by Rosalind Russell, then threatens to "muck things up," but toughness again prevails, and all ends well.

So there you are. It is one of those pictures we see by the dozen; an honest enough piece of work, fairly entertaining, and with no faults worth getting furious over.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

## ★ FIRST OFFENCE

John Mills, Lilli Palmer. (G.R.)

WOULD you like to become a car thief? This little picture will give you all the latest tricks of the trade; will show you just how to pull off jobs easily, quickly, and profitably. You could do it in your spare time. Just mail this coupon, and . . . Wrong! I was thinking of something else.

Anyhow, this film is all about car thieving in Paris. There is a love interest (provided by John Mills and Lilli Palmer, both of them, for entirely understandable and excusable reasons, of course, members of the gang), plus average comedy, and a chase by a whole battalion of motor-cycle police. The chase seems vaguely familiar—surely, I've seen that kind of thing before?

This melange is all brought to an end when John and Lilli decide to abandon crime and start life anew in fresh fields. Just in case their escape from justice should be misconstrued as too sympathetic towards law-breakers, one Michel,

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—

excellent.

★★ Two stars—

good films.

★ One star—

average films.

No stars . . . . . no good.

Lilli's brother in the film, is "bumped off" by the police to illustrate the fact that crime doesn't pay.

An average support.—Embassy; showing.

## ★ IT HAPPENED IN PARIS

John Loder, Nancy Burne. (A.T.P.)

YOU recollect ever having seen Eame Percy? Perhaps not, but he's one of the few real actors. Was in "Abdul the Damned," and succeeded in being very good. In this small offering he takes the role of a Creator of Creations, in other words, a male dressmaker, in Paris; and the lovely touches he puts into his work are alone worth the entrance money.

The story of the picture is nothing out of the box, yet it succeeds in being pleasant enough. While Eame provides the highlights, John Loder and Nancy Burne carry along the tale of the rich young American who poses as a poor, struggling artist, is thrown over by his girl for this old deception, goes back to America, is nearly snared by a society gold-digger, but returns to Paris in time to fall into the arms of his true love.

Doesn't sound over-exciting, does it? And yet I enjoyed it as much as I've enjoyed any programme picture among the last twenty or so.—Lyric; showing.

## ★ SINISTER HOUSE

Preston Foster, Margaret Callahan. (R.K.O.)

PROFESSIONAL onlookers-at-mystery-pictures-to-pick-the-killer will come forth from this little item tearing their hair and gnashing their teeth. There are enough false trails in it to baffle a pack of bloodhounds, while



JOHN LODER, appearing in "It Happened in Paris."

tailoring up the suspects would provide work for the whole man-power of the C.I.B.

Preston Foster, as Tip O'Neill, private detective, does all the sleuthing, to say nothing of the woe-cracking. As a background to his activities, he has Margaret Callahan—a fair to middling little performer who is, too—Alan Mowbray, and a regiment of lesser ladies and gentlemen.

While the final solution to the mystery is provided by two slightly strained but happy coincidences, the story hangs together as well as is usual in offerings of this nature. The film, as a whole, is fair.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

## WORRIED CASTING BUREAU

SOME 12,500 "extras" are registered at the Hollywood Central Casting Bureau, and as there is not a hope of employing them—not even with the aid of another "Crusades"—the bureau is getting worried. So they have sent out circulars to all registered "extras" advising them how "tough" the game is in the hope that many will return to their homes. Except in exceptional instances, it is practically impossible for any individual to make a living from motion-picture "extra" work.

# UNHAPPINESS Brought By Contract

## Mother's Story Continued

By Lillian May Bartholomew

In August, 1929, my husband and I were on holiday at Warminster, staying in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, sen., where Cissie also lived. Freddie was there as well as my two little daughters.

We were all on the lawn in the afternoon, when I heard that a visitor was expected. I was not told this visitor's name, and I am not sure whether my husband knew, but I got the impression that there was some business matter to be discussed.

A GENTLEMAN appeared unexpectedly round the side of the house. Cissie sprang up and said to me:

"Get the children out of the way and keep them away."

Then she went into the house to prepare the tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew and my husband went over to meet the visitor and together the four went into the house. I was not told who the man was, or introduced to him.

I went into the summer-house with the children, but something told me that I ought to be in the house, so after waiting for about half an hour, I left the children, went indoors and walked into the room where the party was having tea.

Everybody stopped talking when I entered the room.

"What is going on here?" I asked.

My husband rose and came towards me.

"There's nothing to worry about," he said. "We're only having a small business talk. Nothing very important."

## Hiding Something

BUT I could see by his manner that he was hiding something from me, though during the whole of our married life we have never had secrets from one another.

Somebody said: "Go away and look after the children and leave us to look after our own business."

This annoyed me so much that I blurted out:

"I'm sure that it's as much my business as yours. That is why I came in. Why don't you tell me what's going on? You're hiding something from me."

Cissie intervened. "You wouldn't understand what was going on if it was explained to you," she said.

I appealed to my husband, but all he said was that he could do nothing and would explain things to me later. With that I had to be satisfied, and I left the house and rejoined the children.

I sat there in the summer-house racked by fear.

When, after the visitor had gone, my husband came out of the house, I rushed towards him, wondering what was in store for me.

"What is it, Cissie?" I asked.

"Nothing much," he replied. "I'll tell you to-night when we are alone."

Later that night my husband told me that the visitor was a solicitor.

## No Experience

THE meeting had begun by Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew explaining that the solicitor had been invited in order to discuss Freddie's future. They thought that as Cissie was taking such a great interest in the boy a little contract should be drawn up.

My husband, who, like myself, never dreamed of any great future for Freddie, who was then only in his sixth year, was puzzled. He asked what sort of contract.

He was then told that his parents and Cissie did not want him to take Freddie back to London immediately, but to leave him at Warminster a little longer, and in the meantime Cissie



FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW as he will be seen in his latest picture, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

would look after the boy and encourage his theatrical talent.

But—so they told my husband—it was necessary to give Cissie some sort of control over the boy, nothing very serious, but enough to allow Cissie a small interest, if he should become a great success.

Above all, they impressed upon my husband the necessity of entering into an arrangement under which he would agree not to take Freddie away without notice of some kind.

Then the solicitor produced an agreement and read it to my husband, saying:

"You might like to look through it before signing."

My husband has had no experience of legal documents. He told me that he glanced through the contract with-

When eventually—in July, 1934—a copy was obtained Freddie was in the United States and nothing could be done.

But there in black on white was the agreement that my husband trustfully signed five years before—it made over to another person an interest in Freddie's earnings without any reservation whatsoever. Still, it is not that side of the matter but the fact that this contract was one of the steps leading up to our legal separation from Freddie that has made it a cause of unhappiness for us.

## First Film

FREDDIE went into his first film, "Sugar and Spice," with our consent. We are tremendously proud of him.

In the days when Cissie brought the boy to London for his first film there was no shadow of the future that was to darken our home.

In our house at Halesden Freddie was happy with his sisters and would return home from his work in the studio full of fun and quaint remarks. I wanted very much to keep him at home, but finally agreed with my husband to let him go back to Warminster after the film work had finished.

It was during the making of this film that the studio was burned down. He put in his last appearance on the Friday, and the place was destroyed the next day. But the film itself was saved, and although Freddie had only a small part in it, he was a great success.

Before me on the table on which I am writing is a framed "will" from this film—one of the most beautiful portraits of Freddie ever taken. I look at it and a thousand memories come to my mind.

I can see his amusing strut when he dressed up; his sudden stop to see if I was watching him, his curly head thrown back with a sidelong glance in my direction.

## "My Boy"

THIS is my boy—the boy I love. And it is this boy who played in "David Copperfield" and moved millions of people to admiration and pity.

This is my son, the born artist, the loving child, whose arms I can still feel around my neck, whose soft cheek I can still feel against my own.

I know this boy I bred him. He is part of me.

What stands between us? Money and a legal document that is an outrage on human nature.

NEXT WEEK: How Freddie was taken to the United States.



# Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

**MANDRAKE:** A powerful magician, and his faithful servant, **LOTHAR:** A Nubian of great strength, who stop in their travels to help.

**LORA GATES:** A girl who is terror-stricken by a werewolf which haunts her home. With her live

**VASIL:** Her uncouth, jealous cousin, and **BORIS:** Her uncle, both of whom, under a cloak of friendliness, do all they can to get rid of Mandrake. During the

night Boris tries to murder Mandrake in his sleep, and, when discovered, pretends to be sleep-walking. That same night all the walls resound with a mysterious and maddening hammering, but Mandrake solves the mystery by catching Vasil red-handed operating the hammers from a central contrivance in the attic. Vasil volunteers no explanation, and Boris says it is just Vasil's little joke. But Mandrake is not satisfied. NOW READ ON.





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## Modern Tapestry Mural & Panel Exhibited By Young Sydney Art Students



TWO EXAMPLES of modern designs exhibited by students who gained their diploma in the school of design at the East Sydney Technical College. The striking design (on left) by Helena Boden, titled "Outdoors," was used for a tapestry mural. Linlay Lomdale's decorative panel at right is a symbolical watercolor titled "Joan of Arc."



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## SWEET GIRL Golf Champion Who Loves SWEETS

**Pam Barton, Winner of British Open, Unspoilt by Success**

By Special Cable from ENID WILSON, Famous British Woman Golfer, who will visit Australia next year.

Pam Barton, sometimes called the "sweet girl," owing to her fondness for cakes and candy, secured for herself at 19 years of age the sweets of victory in winning the British Women's Open Golf Championship by 7 and 5 from Miss Newell.

It was a popular victory both with players and the tremendous gallery which followed the play.

The British Open had added importance to Australia and New Zealand this year, not only because of the exceptional entry, but on account of the presence of an Australian and a New Zealand player in the field.

THE links at sunny Southport lived up to their reputation, for, although there were blue skies there was a breeze strong enough each day to make the players a little anxious about their game, particularly as rain threatened.

The presence of the strong American Curtis Cup players made the critics fearful that the Americans would add the much-coveted British trophy to their bag, but the British women were too strong for them.

Miss Nankivell was the solitary Australian representative. Mrs. Waddell, formerly of New Zealand, failed to qualify, but amongst the illustrious company were Mademoiselle Tollen and Madame Mauger, former champions of France. They also failed to survive the 36-hole medal play.

### Americans Out

BRIGETTE NEWELL headed the qualifiers with a score of 154, which was very fine going considering the difficulties of the Southport and Ainsdale courses.

The draw in the match play stages was singularly unfortunate. Mrs. J. B. Walker, Australian title-holder, meeting Jessie Anderson in the first round. Both players gave delightful exhibitions of golf, but Mrs. Walker managed to hole more long putts, and won two and one.

No fewer than seven national champions were eliminated the first day. Mrs. Ware lost her team-mate, Charlotte Claxton, and thus one of the most fancied players was eliminated from the competition.

Brigette Newell defeated the title-holder, Wanda Morgan; and Mrs. Oaron, English champion, lost to Phyllis Wade 3 and 1.

Pattie Berg, former junior champion of the United States, then became first favorite, but was beaten

next morning by Elsie Corlett, a strong North of England player, whose game is improving.

Miss Corlett is a golfer of infinite possibilities in more ways than one, since she carries a complete armory of twenty-one clubs, which she wields with skill and concentration. All she lacks is match-play experience, and when this has been acquired, she will undoubtedly develop into an outstanding golfing figure.

The second day's play saw the lowering of the Stars and Stripes with a vengeance, no fewer than four Americans being eliminated. This left Marion Miley, the hard-hitting daughter of a Kentucky professional, to carry the banner for the "Guys across the Herring Pond."

The next sensation came when Mrs. Walker fell a victim to the phenomenal putting of Mrs. Dobell who, as Miss Ravenscroft, was British title-holder in 1912.

In the afternoon, however, Mrs. Dobell was paid in her own coin by Dorrit Wilkins. This neat little Essex player was too good for the former champion. Mrs. Wade also found Molly Gourlay too strong for her.

### Defied Superstition

ON Wednesday the stage was set for the real battle, but when Miss Miley lost to Brigette Newell, Britain heaved a sigh of relief.

The semi-finalists, Misses Gourlay, Barton, Newell and R. Garnham are all magnificent players, and gave outstanding exhibitions.

After lunch the champion, Miss Barton, was at her impressive best, and beat Miss Garnham 5 and 4, the loser being unable to hold her in any department of the game. Miss Newell was one down to Miss Gourlay in the early stages of the game, but pulled up doggedly, enter-



MISS PAM BARTON, winner of the British Women's "Open."

ing the final with a margin of 3 and 2. The concluding day brought a fairly severe breeze, otherwise golf conditions

### A Tip for Your Holiday!

WHEN all's said and done, perhaps the wisest holiday is the "Inclusive" one—that is, the holiday paid for in advance and including fares, accommodation, and all incidentals to travel.

One within your reach is a holiday at Lord Howe Island, and The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau will supply you with all rates and particulars of inclusive trips ranging from £9/17/- to £12/19/-, according to the length of stay at Lord Howe.

For all your holiday arrangements get in touch with The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, 84 James Building, 107-109 Elizabeth St., Sydney, or telephone MA4496.

were good. Reaching the final for the third successive year, it was only right for Miss Barton to triumph. She wore an immaculate green skirt, a jaunty cardigan, and a small brown felt hat, and played as though she enjoyed each shot. Even when pressed she did not allow herself to be overcome by the greatness of the occasion. Her putting was a joy to watch, and there cannot be any doubt that, although still in her teens, she has taken her place as one of the truly great golfers of Britain.

### A Real Champion

MISS NEWELL also takes her golf seriously. She is of medium height and slender, with uncommonly powerful hands and wrists, and her recovery shots are outstanding.

During the final there was nothing to choose between Miss Barton and Miss Newell in the matter of length, but the champion was steeper and should have been more than three up at lunch.

After lunch Miss Newell could not do anything right. The wind was strong, and she found the fairways elusive.

There is no doubt that the best golfer won the match, and that is as it should be.

Now that Miss Barton has reached the top, she should, given reasonable luck, retain this eminent position for years, for first and foremost she is an ideal golfer with an ideal golfer's temperament.

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# "YOUR FACE is Our FORTUNE"

## Politician wants Tax on Women's Lips

According to the cables lipstick has, metaphorically speaking, drawn a *fixed* streak of hope across the revenue-seeking minds of British politicians.

Hence it was that cheers greeted the statement made in the House of Commons that large sums of money could be raised by taxing this vital beauty aid.

How will our English sisters react? Will lipstick sales drop if a tax is imposed? And will Australian girls put the beauty clock back 20 years if Australian politicians develop the same outlook?

THE politician who sees revenue in woman's face is a real marquis, the Marquis of Tichfield—a man with an eagle eye that sees revenue even in charm.

That calculating eye saw two million (three million, twenty million lips of a startling red. Synthetic red!)

And he had visions of thousands and thousands of pounds literally rolling into the Treasury coffers every year.

No wonder staid colleagues gave him a cheer when his big bright idea was unfolded to them!

But how will the girls react if a tax is imposed? Cease using lipstick?

Not they!

There's a mighty power wrapped up in that little red stick. Every girl knows that with a few deft touches of the stick, pale, thin lips (which to the unaided eye tell an unhappy story) can be made to appear fuller; she is aware that that same lipstick skillfully applied to a too-wide mouth can, magically, reduce its apparent size, or make a small mouth look longer and happier.

She knows that "wallflowers" have almost disappeared from ballrooms since lipstick came in, despite the continual protestations of man against its use.

Even despotic husbands who once waved wives back with the stern injunction to "wipe that stuff off" are fading away.

This is their story to-day: "If we say that we dislike painted lips or painted nails the women say we're getting old, or that we're old-fashioned."

Lipstick has come to stay—on woman's lips. And no matter how tax-doped politicians whisper "Your face is our fortune," woman will go on using it.



MISS GLADYS ALLEN, Victoria's new air hostess.

## GIRLS FROM South are in THE CLOUDS

"Why Can't We Go, Too?" Ask the Girls in the North

If Miss Victoria and Miss Tasmania go about with their heads in the clouds these days, it's because all the air hostesses appointed so far have been Victorians and Tasmanians.

THE Misses Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia, and West Australia complain that they have been given the "cold shoulder."

They sniff at the suggestion that the

southern States are more hospitable, and therefore produce more gracious hostesses. "Absurd," they retort.

"Are southern girls more quick-witted at answering questions, or better-informed than girls from N.S.W., Queensland, South Australia or West Australia?" they ask satirically.

"Or are they of lighter build and therefore less weight to carry in an aeroplane?" they want to know, as they go about their own slimming and weight-reducing exercises.

The real reason is that there was no particular reason why southern girls were chosen. The girls with the best qualifications just happened to be Victorians and Tasmanians. Holyman's

## Grows Hair at Rate of One Inch in 14 Days!

"In less than 2 weeks Crystolis Rapid started a growth of hair—checking itching dandruff and falling hair. My hair has grown fully two inches in four weeks (a rate of one inch in 14 days), besides a quantity of new young hair—assuring abundant healthy growth."—Miss R. Richards, Sydney.

The secret of the remarkable effectiveness of Crystolis Rapid in promoting hair growth is its power in cleaning the hair roots. Dandruff is not—as many imagine—merely the white scaly flakes that fill the hair. It is a germ—hidden in the hair roots—and these white flakes are but a symptom. The insidious germ plugs the pores up tighter and tighter till the hair root is smothered. Soon—if your scalp is not cleaned of these plugs—baldness comes.

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—is swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions. So highly endorsed by world-famous

One User Said "You Can Almost See the New Hair Grow Up."



scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded.

If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of hair with the satiny sheen, the sparkle of good health—ask your chemist for

**CRYSTOLIS RAPID**

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative



## White Cat for Luck

By Beaz Wireless from Our London Office.

LADY WILKINS, wife of the famous Polar explorer, Sir Hubert Wilkins, is a firm believer in luck. Unlike most women, she believes that white cats rather than black, are lucky.

Lady Wilkins, who is now returning to America with her husband, wears a blue scarf patterned with white cats, which she regards as her lucky mascot.

Airways admit that the fact that they lived near the headquarters of the air service had some bearing on their choice.

There were a number of applications from other States, but not so many as there were from Victoria and Tasmania, so perhaps southern girls in the aggregate are more courageous.

The latest hostess appointed is Miss Gladys Allen, a very pretty blonde, who is a very serious-minded young woman with a taste for serious literature, contract bridge, and amateur acting.

She is a gifted pianist, and has taken her A.L.C.M. and other degrees. She has had a great deal of passenger flying though she is not a pilot.

The air hostesses say that, although their duties cover everything from making morning tea to typing letters and telegrams, their work so far has been mostly answering questions about "Where are we now?" and "What altitude are we at?"



There's nothing more soothing and satisfying than a cup of delicious coffee made with

**GOLDENIA ESSENCE OF COFFEE AND CHICORY**

Containing the highest percentage of Coffee Extract of any Essence of Coffee and Chicory on the market.

Take a vacuum flask of it on your next picnic!

How to make it:

Use a teaspoonful to each cup. Add half water and half milk and bring just to boiling point, BUT DO NOT BOIL.



AT ALL GROCERS AND STORES

## BON MARCHE Limited. 1 Broadway, Sydney



"Ringlette" Permanent Wave **15/-**



This is the wave that has everything. It lasts long, looks natural, leaves the hair more beautiful. It's been tried by hundreds of Sydney women and found triumphant. Saves money because you can set it yourself!

Waves and curled ends. PRICE, 15/- Curled ends only. PRICE, 12/6

Ring M2364 for an appointment!

**2/- deposit 1/- weekly**







# Wonder Playground FOR THE Wonder BABIES

## Dr. Dafoe's Exclusive Story of Dionne Quins' Training

Dr. Allan R. Dafoe is the only man who can tell the real story of the development and training of the Dionne quintuplets.

This he does in this exclusive series of articles, detailing the physical and mental progress of the famous babies, their pre-school education, and what has been learned about them.

By ALLAN R. DAFOE, O.B.E., M.D.—Article No. 2

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IF plans now being worked out by the guardians go through, it will be possible this summer for a half million friends and admirers of the Dionne quintuplets to see the children without the little girls themselves knowing that they are being observed.

There never has been any thought of "exhibiting" the babies. But when you know that people have driven thousands of miles for a glimpse of them, it is hard to see the visitors go away disappointed.

Here in Ontario we like to think of such people as guests, deserving of a chance to see what they have come so far to see, but we never "exhibit" the children for pay.

That is why we have felt it necessary

Thus there will develop none of the self-consciousness that might appear if they came to feel that they were in some way "attractions."

### Movie Just a Game

EVEN during the making of the recent moving picture, "The Country Doctor," the children were handled in such a way that they did not know they were the centre of attention.

New lamps were developed which gave ample light without a suggestion of strain. And the brief sequences in which the children appeared were so arranged that they never suspected that anything unusual was going on.

It was all a game to the babies. There was no attempt to direct them or to indicate what they should do, no special deference to them. They simply played, and it was photographed. Nobody is going to get self-conscious or artificial that way.

There has been considerable misunderstanding about the guardians' recent acquisition of land adjoining the hospital.

This land includes between 100 and 200 feet on either side of the hospital, running back perhaps an eighth of a mile into the "bush" behind the building.

The strip on one side was expropriated from the Dionne farm, and that on the other was bought from the neighbor, Alex Legros. There being no road behind the hospital, this will give us complete privacy for the playground space that will soon be needed.

### Playground Planned

ON the other side is a meadow, and here it is planned to establish a well-drained playground, with swings and other similar apparatus.

Perhaps eventually we will be able to have an outdoor pool. I hope so, for the little girls have shown such a liking for the water that I have no doubt they will be strong swimmers.

In fact, a couple of them can almost swim in the bathtubs right now, if you hold their chins up a little. In the winter this pool might be turned into a skating rink.

Within the enclosure there will be trees to climb (when that becomes safe to try), nature objects to meet and learn



A BUDDING MUSICIAN. "Quin" Marie is preparing to "tear into" a tune in the most energetic manner. Her ambition is to become one of the world's outstanding trumpet players. So far, the neighbors haven't complained.

about, shade and sun, and plenty of grass and solid earth.

The present fences are so close to the hospital that guests often wave or shout at the children. That is bad, as we don't want their attention distracted away by people outside.

With the new arrangement, if we are

able to complete it, there will be no chance of any such distractions.

Ever since the children have been in the present hospital the practice of carrying off stones from the hospital yard as a charm against childlessness has been growing.

Jean Herscholt, the leading actor in the moving picture made here, took back to Hollywood a whole boxful of such stones. He said he was going to give them to childless couples he knew in Hollywood. Many people have written and asked that they be sent stones from the hospital yard to use as charms.

### Charming the Stork

NOW, of course, I don't put any faith in charms myself, but the fact remains that several couples who carried away such stones the first year came back recently and showed me their first babies. Some of them said they had been childless as long as 13 or 14 years.

Whether it's just coincidence, or whether some psychological principle explains it, or faith, or suggestion, I don't pretend to know.

Perhaps a change in mood, thought, and the leading of a more normal life while touring in the north country might have something to do with it. Anyway, such incidents have happened.

Returning to the proposed outdoor playground facilities, they will also enable the children to take the fullest advantage of the sun during the short summer months.

You see, we don't get any really warm weather up here until after June 1, and cold, dark weather closes down on us early in the autumn. So it is well to provide all the outdoor play space we can.

Sun is a great tonic except for those few people who find they can't stand it, or who try to get too much of it too quickly. The quintuplets love the sun and have never felt any ill effects from being in it.

Of course we are careful to see that they don't get too much of it, and that they "break in" gradually. They have every reason to look forward to a jolly summer.

## SLIM IN A BATH BATHOIDS



## SLIM IN A BATH BATHOIDS

BATH REDUCING TABLETS  
The demand for "BATHOIDS" far exceeds the available supply. Suppliers are obtainable at most leading Chemists, Beauty Salons, and Stores, but if you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to "BATHOID SALES," Box 332, Dept. W, P.O., Melbourne—enclosure P.N. for 5/6 SLIM IN A BATH

## NO BLACKHEADS, WRINKLES



## KATHLEEN COURT

## Like a Knife Through the Heart

When agonising pains shoot through your chest as if you had been stabbed in the heart, when you are suffocated with gas pressing on your heart or lungs—here is quick relief.

Get a few ounces of Salix Magnesia at the chemist's and take a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water. Within five minutes the pain is soothed and you can breathe freely—for Salix Magnesia is specially prepared for the purpose of eliminating gas and neutralising the dangerous stomach acid which is really the cause of a gassy stomach.

A brief trial of Salix Magnesia should quickly convince you that 90 per cent. of constant stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary—start the test to-day. But be sure you use genuine Salix Magnesia—which is to-day the most scientifically balanced form of magnesia and bismuth available to stomach sufferers—possessing fully twice the pain-relieving speed of other magnesia-bismuth preparations; tenfold the lasting curative properties; and by far the most palatable taste.

NOTE—Don't confuse Salix Magnesia with other unsatisfactory forms of magnesia—granular, salines, citrates, etc.—it is always wise to clearly pronounce the name "S-A-L-I-X" Magnesia to your chemist.\*\*\*

## GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious life. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey Children will take it Freely. OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

# ONE CAREER for WOMEN

Where Demand Exceeds Supply  
English Move to Give Diplomas to Domestic Workers

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.  
By Air Mail

Domestic work will be raised to the status of a profession if the Electrical Association for Women in England has its way.

The association is planning courses and examinations so that the housemaid of the future will be able to show a Certificate of Proficiency as valuable to her as the schoolteacher's B.A. diploma is in her job.

THE idea is to train maids in a way that will make them just as scientific in their own particular line as the nurse, teacher or secretary.

"As soon as a trade requires a special course of training it becomes, in the eyes of young people, something worth doing," said Miss Caroline Haslett, C.B.E., the secretary and adviser to the Electrical Association for Women. "And that's what we want in domestic service—girls who regard their work as something worthwhile, and not as a job they are compelled to do because they are not fitted for anything else."

"Once we can get away from the notion that domestic service is the Cinderella of all women's work, there will be no further dearth of good maids."

"The old-fashioned maid does not understand how to apply modern methods. She prefers the broom to the vacuum cleaner, a couple of flat irons to a new electric one, and a cake of soap and a rubbing board to a few soap flakes and an electric washer that does everything for her except hang the clothes on the line."

"To change all this we are going to run simple courses to instruct home-workers in the use of all the most modern appliances, and at the end of so many lectures we shall have examinations. The goal will be a Proficiency Certificate that will ensure its holder a good post in a labor-saving home at a reasonable living wage."

"For the domestic worker's certificate we should only have a practical exam-

ination... say, an hour's work with all manner of appliances, simple cooking on an electric stove, room cleaning with a vacuum, and the care and cleaning of a refrigerator, as well as a few easy repairs to, say, the iron, the switches and fuses.

### Temper Guarantee

"THERE is only one career for women where the demand is greater than the supply—domesticity. Girls of the right type whose sisters are in offices, shops and showrooms, will only go in for it when they know they can hold a certificate that will take the stigma from the name of 'servant.'"

Miss Haslett is young, cheerful and alert. She herself holds both the diplomas she spoke about. "I have purposely suggested to our association that the certificates we offer should be for home-workers and not for 'servants,'" she continued. "We feel that in this way housewives who do their own work will not feel it beneath their dignity to come to our lectures and reap the benefit of thoroughly understanding all the appliances that modern science has evolved to aid them."

"Drudgery breeds bad temper, and a bad-tempered person in the house, whether she is the mistress of it or the maid-of-all-work, can wreck the harmony of a home more quickly than any other factor."

"I think our domestic certificate will have to carry with it a guarantee of good temper."



## WHERE TO GO—

Here are some interesting holiday suggestions designed to suit the pockets of all who must practise economy.

### Midday Till Midnight for 10/-

A REAL musical picnic. Something different for city dwellers who wish to snatch a day's fun from a work-a-day world. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, leaving at midday and returning at midnight. Rain or shine it will make no difference to the comfortable glassed parlor coach with its jolly party. The trip is to Kangaroo Point with a trip on the Hawkesbury thrown in and a Roadhouse dance. Single tickets will be 12/6. Tickets for lady and gentleman 21. Earliest possible booking to avoid disappointment. So please don't delay.

### A Travelling Rug Free

THIS ideal cruise leaves at 1 p.m. on the holiday week end, starting Saturday, June 27, and travelling via Borel and Moss Vale to Bundanoon, where there will be a splendid golf links free to those inclined to play. Next morning the wonderful Kangaroo Valley tour with Cambewarra Mountains, Nowra, Kiama, Shellharbour, Robertson and back to beautiful Bundanoon. The return on Monday, June 29, will be via the Macquarie Pass and Bull, but before starting ample time for golf, riding or rambling. INCLUSIVE price will be £2/12/6, but EVERYONE completing the booking for this trip will receive a HANDSOME TRAVELLING RUG FREE as a memento of the tour.

### Day Dream Island

SET in a coral sea Day Dream is the ideal resort in the Barrier Reef, an island of sheer delight. You reach it by the big coastal boats and from Sydney to Sydney your holiday will cost you from £20/10/-. This gives you approximately 8 days on the island with all accommodation and numerous excursions included. And, of course, your boat fare. You can do the holiday in 3 weeks.

### Lovely Lord Howe

THERE'S some magic about this easily-accessible island which takes visitors there year after year. Less than two days' sail, nevertheless, you are transported into another world. The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau can arrange your holiday (including fares) for £9/17/- with 5 days on island, or £12/19/- with a whole fortnight on island. Booking must apply early to make sure of your accommodation.

### A £12/10/- Cruise

ON July 18 you may, if you wish and are prepared to spend £12/10/-, set sail for Norfolk Island and Noumea, returning after an eight days' cruise on a beautiful boat. This is something very special for those with limited time at their disposal.

On June 26 there is to be a 12 days' cruise via Brisbane to Fiji with prices listed from 13 guineas.

On August 8 you have a wonderful opportunity of a day cruise of 25 days—all first-class—for £32, giving you 14 ports of call in the South Seas and some fascinating excursions (included in price) on shore, river and harbor.

### £1 Given Away

SO successful was the first Port Stephens motor cruise that the trip will be repeated on June 13 and 14. The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau now offers the second 3-day scenic tour to Port Stephens with full accommodation. Paying car will leave Sydney at 8 a.m. and return on Sunday evening. There will be a special launch tour and, in all, approximately 300 miles of wonderful country will be traversed. The cost is £1/7/6. BUT EVERYONE WHO COMPLETES A BOOKING FOR THIS TOUR WILL RECEIVE ONE POUND CASH WITH THE PARLOR-COACH STARTS. To get this pound you MUST produce this announcement.

### 3 Months' Eastern Tour

HERE is an exceptional chance to have an amazing holiday in the East, with 25 days in Japan, for £109, including fares (2-berth cabins), hotels, sightseeing trips, tips, etc. En route you visit Thursday Island, Manila, that awe-inspiring city, Hong Kong. Miss Bertha Clarke will escort the party throughout the Japanese tour, taking it to many unusual places. This party is, of course, available to both sexes, and proposes to leave on September 19, reaching Japan at Chiyomatsu-ji, the very best period for Japanese travelling. A detailed itinerary will be sent you on application to The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Sydney.

Your Bureau will book you anywhere by land, sea or air  
FREE, FRIENDLY ADVICE... NO BOOKING FEES

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL AND HOLIDAY BUREAU

ST. JAMES BUILDING (Next St. James Theatre) SYDNEY, Tel. MA4496

### A £5/5/- Holiday

THERE is no healthier place in the State than Orange. An invigorating and fascinating holiday may be taken by car from Sydney, via Jenolan and Bathurst. After 8 days' stay in Orange the car brings you back to Sydney, and the whole holiday has cost £5/5/-. If you like to go to Bathurst and return by car, with 8 days' accommodation, the cost is £4/15/-.

### Adelaide Centenary by Boat and Car

THIS is a most comprehensive and unusual trip. Leave Sydney by boat and disembark at Melbourne, when, after a full day, you travel by comfortable car to Adelaide, taking four days, and going via the great Ocean Road and Lorne, Apollo Bay, historic Portland, quaint Port Fairy, Mount Gambier, with its bottomless Blue Lake in the crater of an extinct volcano, and Robe. A full week in Adelaide at a fine hotel, and then boat to Sydney via Melbourne. Seventeen days in all, and the INCLUSIVE price is £19/5/-.

### Something Special for £10/10/-

A SPECIAL know-your-own-land motor cruise leaves Sydney Saturday, August 1. All aboard at 1.30 p.m., and that glorious drive through the Bull Pass to Kiama for the night. Next day on to Robertson for lunch, the wonderful Cambewarra Pass, Kangaroo Valley and Fitzroy Falls, and a good sleep in a comfortable hotel at Nowra. Next day new scenes, new people, Bridgewood and Canberra, through undulating and, at times, mountainous country. Tuesday to see the sights of Canberra, with everything made easy and accessible for you. Lunch and you're on the way to Goulburn, where you stay the night. Bathurst next day, and so to the Caves through beautiful country, with the night at the Caves House. Next day, more delightful touring, with Mt. Victoria and Katoomba, and the last night spent at the latter resort. Home next day, via Penrith and Parramatta, and you can at last say that you know something of the wonders of your own land. First-class hotels throughout—the whole trip costs £10/10/-.

### 14 Days of Wonder

IF you have booked your passage overseas, let us suggest some special Continental trips. Why not return by way of Paris (4 days), Geneva, and its lake, Mont Blanc, and motor through Briançon, Chamonix, over the glorious Col du Galibier to Nice, Monte Carlo, and Marseilles (or Toulon). The price, including first-class hotels, is 14 days in all £24/5/-, which includes exchange.

### Going Abroad?

WRITE to this Bureau for advice and information. We can arrange your bookings for you to any part. We arrange many Continental trips of varying prices.

### Country Residents

VISIT Sydney! This Bureau will arrange any itinerary to suit your purse for a long or short stay, with or without accommodation. Write to us fully and let us plan your holiday for you. We have guests from all over the Commonwealth, and will be glad to help you. There is no charge for our services, and if you let us know just the kind of holiday you want, we will plan accordingly.

### 14 Days Melbourne, Lorne, Canberra

THERE'S a great trip to Melbourne with a week at lovely Lorne, a day or two in Melbourne, and back by car on a 3-day trip via Albany and Canberra. Boat to Melbourne, car all the way to Lorne, car to Sydney. £15/19/6 says everything.

### Beautiful Local Holidays

IF you have not seen the glories of the Burrumbidgee Valley you have missed much. We suggest a fortnight there with car and driver inclusive, including car fare, petrol, and back, and with a thoroughly recommended rustic house, that would cost £6/5/-, or for a week with motor to and from, £3/15/-.

Closer still is Kurrumbidgee. Two friends who wish to share room may have a wonderful holiday here for a week for £2/8/10 each, including their fares, meeting at station, etc.

The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau will arrange holidays at any country resort.

# Continuing DEAD or ALIVE?

[from Page 5]

BILL went back to his hotel and sat down to write a difficult letter to Meg O'Hara. It was difficult because he had to convince her that Robin was dead, and to do this it was necessary to put before her with plainness the evidence that Garratt had shown him. After mature deliberation he told of taking the Hewlett's flat and all about the Evanses. Then he wrote:

How long are you going to stay at Ledston? I think you ought to come back as soon as you can and see your lawyer. I should like to drive down and fetch you. Please let me.

Bill: I can come to-morrow if you wire. I think that to-morrow would be a good day really.

He posted the letter and let his thoughts turn to a future with Meg. His mind might have been less at ease if he had known that his letter would never reach Meg, and that when he posted it he had been posting a death warrant.

Meg went into Ledlington the next day and bought wool for a sweater. The knitting would keep her occupied. It wasn't a very satisfactory expectation, because Miss Cannock, kind, funny, and thick-skinned, insisted on going, too. And your uncle would wish you to take the car, I know. He is so entirely immersed at present that I couldn't mention it, but he would I know be greatly distressed if you did not take the car. The buses are most inconvenient.

Meg was puzzled. "I didn't know Uncle Henry had a car. He always said he wouldn't have one. Who drives it? Don't tell me he does!"

"Oh, Henderson, the gardener," said Miss Cannock. "Such a nice man, and such an excellent driver."

Meg picked up her bag. So there was a gardener called Henderson who drove the car. Surely not the slouching youth who lived at the lodge. She said quickly, "Not that boy at the lodge!"

Miss Cannock looked quite shocked again. "Oh, no—oh, dear, no! I'm afraid I should be very nervous about trusting myself to John. He is a good boy, but he naturally has not his father's experience."

The family of the lodge fell into place in Meg's mind. Henderson was probably a widower, the old woman was his mother, and the boy his son. "Have they been here long?" Meg asked.

"Excellent people," said Miss Cannock. "No, not local. Mr. Postlethwaite engaged them when we came here."

Henderson drove very well, but Meg did not care about his looks. She thought the whole family singularly unimpressive. The man was powerfully built, he handled the car like an expert, and he had a manner that would have brought about his dismissal at sight by most private employers. His eyes were bold and his air familiar. Meg thought the Cannocks even more of a fool than she had taken her for, since she praised him continually.

THEY passed the car in the market square. Miss Cannock had a dozen little errands—a scrap of ribbon to match, a winter hat to consider, and a long list of household commissions for Mrs. Miller about which she sought Meg's advice.

Meg had to abandon any hope of freeing herself. The Cannocks was the worst shopper she had ever seen. Confronted with a choice of any kind, she became a prey to indecision. In the hat department of Ashley's she rapidly approached complete mental disintegration. She tried on everything, and in the end came away without buying anything.

It was perhaps because she was irritated and tired that Meg so nearly had an accident when they came out. The street is very narrow, just about Ashley's. Miss Cannock began to cross at this point. Meg was beside her just as a tram came round the corner, and a car was coming up the other way. Miss Cannock got nervous and stopped. Then she ran back, or ran forward, or both—that was the part Meg couldn't get clear. There was a screech of brakes from the car, a warning bell from the tram, and somehow or other Meg found herself face downwards in the track with the metal of the rail cold against her cheek. The next thing she knew she was being pulled up, and a woman was saying in a sobbing, gasping voice, "Right under

the tram she was—right under the tram!"

It was a man who was holding her, and a man's voice said, "Are you hurt, miss?"

Meg opened her eyes. Then she heard the man again close at her ear. "Are you hurt?"

Meg straightened herself up, and with the movement her head was clear again. She was aware of Miss Cannock's clutching at her arm and shaking like a person with the ague.

"Oh, Mrs. O'Hara—it was all my fault! I'm so bad at crossings and I get nervous, and I don't know what happened. You were right under the tram!"

Meg looked over Miss Cannock's heaving shoulder and saw the head and shoulders of Henderson, a couple of yards away. She hadn't realised he was so tall until she saw him standing like that in the market-day crowd. He wasn't doing anything, he was just standing there and looking. He was looking at her.

All of a sudden the one thing she wanted was to get away from those staring eyes. She made a great effort, pulled herself together, thanked the man who had picked her up and took Miss Cannock firmly by the arm.

"I'm very sorry to have given everyone such a fright. We'd better go back to Ashley's, hadn't we? I want to tidy up."

### MISS CANNOCK

twittered all the way across the street, through the shop, and up the stairs into the ladies' room.

Meg went to one of the wall glasses and saw a very pale face, with a long, dirty smear across the pallor where she had felt the rail of the tram line cold and hard against her cheek. The moment came back with the added chill of realisation. She had been not two inches away from the grinding death of the wheels.

She bent down quickly, turned the cold water tap, and began to wash her face. The cold water steadied her. She took powder and lipstick out of her bag and made herself up with care and deliberation. She wanted to postpone the moment of return to Miss Cannock.

And then she saw the telephone-box in the pleasant rest room. The sight of it filled Meg with a desire to talk to someone who didn't twitter. It filled her, in fact, with a desire to talk to Bill Coverdale.

Meg stepped quickly to the telephone and shut the sound-proof door. Of course it was silly to think she had the least chance of finding Bill in his hotel at this hour. But with unobtrusive quickness there he was, speaking a half-impatient "Hello!" into the receiver at his end. "Hello—hello! Who is it?"

"Me!" said Meg, and had the thrill of hearing his voice change, and soften, and become the special sort of voice that he kept for her.

"Where are you speaking from?"

"A shop—in Ledlington."

"What a bit of luck! I'd come in for some paper, and was just going out again. Meg, how are you getting on?"

"Mouldy," said Meg. "That's why I'm ringing up—I just felt I must hear—a human voice. The Cannocks—she's human."

Her breath kept catching in her throat and the words wobbled.

"What's the matter, Meg?"

"Nothing."

"Your voice doesn't shake like that for nothing."

"I'm all right, but I nearly came to a nasty end just now, and when I heard your voice it sort of came over me."

"Meg! What?"

"A tram," said Meg—"a juggernaut of a tram... Bill, don't—I'm quite all right."

"How?"

Bill's voice had changed again. It wasn't like anything she had ever heard from him. Somehow that staided her.

"I don't know. I suppose I tripped. Bill, I'm perfectly all right."

Bill Coverdale said, "Thank God!" And then, "Have you had my letter?" and Meg said, "No." And then the door of the telephone booth opened, and there was Miss Cannock just behind her.

"The air in these places—so confined, so hot! I am so afraid of your feeling faint, Mrs. O'Hara—after your terrible experience!"

Please turn to Page 45

## Women unconscious victims of Kidney Acid



Thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it!... Often, "women's complaints" prove to be nothing else than kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disorder!... When kidneys get sluggish, the millions of tiny filter tubes become clogged with "burning" acid poisons that cause pain in the back, sickening headaches, and loss of strength. Poor health, in turn, makes you nervous, irritable, dependent. It makes anyone so.

Are you "keeping going"—when all the time you feel you should be in bed? Then don't delay. Cleanse your 24,000 yards of kidney tubes of their waste poisons—and you will see, and feel, a remarkable improvement in 48 hours!

Ask your chemist for a package of the new Urodyne, the special, triple-acting, prescription of the successful specialist, Dr. H. C. Southworth—which combines six recombined, soothing, strengthening medicines in handy, eating tablets form.

The large "economy" size is especially recommended to relieve the most stubborn case!



URODYNE  
FOR KIDNEYS & BLADDER.

### SHOOTING LEG PAINS LAME BACK: Stiffness

Limbic, muscular and rheumatic pains don't remedy the cause of rheumatic or sciatic pains, stiff or swollen joints, and tortuous muscles, because they can't reach the kidneys. But Harrison's Pills can and do. That's why this remedy of a London Doctor gives best results, and real permanent restoration, where other things fail. HARRISON'S Pills cleanse, soothe, and strengthen the kidney filters to get past their clogs, the chronic wastes, poisons, and sharp uric acid splinter-crystals that lodge in nerves, joints and muscles. Agony and weakness day and night cease. Within a few minutes Harrison's Pills begin to take effect—COMPLETE restoration comes swiftly, as the cause of disorder is thus ended. Your chemist sells Harrison's Pills at 2/-, 3/-, and 5/-. Marked below from the very first bottle—if not, money back!

### LOST THE DREAD OF GETTING FAT

Reduced 6 lbs. and Still  
Enjoys Her Meals

She dared not eat the food she fancied; and she was afraid to satisfy her appetite to the full. She had a constant dread of becoming too fat! All that is changed now. She tells you how she did it in this letter:—

"I have been taking Kruschen Salts for the past six weeks for reducing weight, and I am quite satisfied with the result. I have lost 6 lbs. I have not reduced my food in any way—except that I eat brown bread now, instead of white. I feel so happy to think I can still enjoy all my favourite dishes—thanks to Kruschen—without the dread of getting fat that I used to have." (Mrs. J. G.D.)

The "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts keeps the organs functioning properly every day, and fills you with such a feeling of radiant vitality and vigour that before you know it you are fairly "jumping out of your skin" with energy, instead of moping around—and reduction follows as a matter of course.

### TUNE IN TO 2SM

EVERY SATURDAY  
7 to 9 a.m.)

and hear the famous Langford method of teaching demonstrated by Len Langford himself.

Jazz pianists are in demand. Let Len Langford teach you to read at sight any modern popular song in a few weeks. No knowledge of music is necessary; no scales, no exercises. You learn jazz from the first lesson. Money is refunded if you are not satisfied. Postal or personal tuition. Write LEN LANGFORD for particulars to:—

LANGFORD PIANO SCHOOL  
Dept. W3, 222 George St., Sydney. Phone B3712.





# RADIO Does More Than ENTERTAIN

## Work of 2GB Charities Board

While radio's first duty is to entertain, this is not by any means its only activity. Founded in July, 1932, less than four years ago, the 2GB Charities Board has unobtrusively helped many a deserving charity.

In fact, since it came into existence the board has raised the amazing sum of over £6690, and that is not all. In that period large quantities of clothing, toys, and even furniture, donated by listeners, have been distributed to those in need.

ORIGINALLY founded to co-ordinate the charitable work which the 2GB announcers had undertaken individually, this board now arranges for such organisations as the 2GB Happiness Club, Auntie Val's Bluebirds, and Mrs. Jordan's Bridge Club to co-operate in helping one particular charity over a period of six months or so.

In this way each charity benefits in turn, and those already assisted include the Dalwood Home, Royal Prince Alfred



UNCLE GEORGE, popular radio personality of station 2GB.

Hospital, the Smith Family, the Picton Lakes Settlement, Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children, Far West Children's Health Scheme, Benevolent Society of N.S.W., Kindergarten Union of N.S.W., the Food For Babies Fund, and others.

At the present moment the 2GB Charities Board is working for the Australian Red Cross (N.S.W. Division). Uncle George is chairman, and Mr. R. E. Bennett is secretary.

## Chicago Thrill

ALBERT RUSSELL, of 2GB, has had many exciting experiences in the course of his life, but he gives the prize to Chicago for providing the biggest thrill of all.

Walking down State Street he suddenly found himself in the midst of a battle between Barney Hirsch and three policemen. Barney Hirsch was the head of the Clairvoyants Trust, and had fallen out with the police over a matter of graft. The battle was the result.

Albert ducked into the nearest restaurant, and witnessed the proceedings through the window.

## "Sound" Golf

HARRY DEARTH, who has just returned to 2GB from his holidays at Bundanoon, has discovered a new game. He calls it "sound" golf. It is played in semi-darkness during the last two holes of the second round of golf, when

## Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier.)

WEDNESDAY, May 27: 11.45 a.m., "The World To-day;" 3.30 p.m., "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, May 28: 11.45 a.m., "Romance in Everyday Things;" 3.30 p.m., "Musical Presentation" of Paul Robeson.

FRIDAY, May 29: 11.45 a.m., "So They Say;" 3.30 p.m., "Modern Composers."

SATURDAY, May 30: 6 p.m., "The Music Box;" 9.30 p.m., "Featured Artists."

SUNDAY, May 31: 6.30 p.m., Ellis Price and his players in scenes from the next A.W.W. novel.

MONDAY, June 1: 11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight;" 3.30 p.m., "Musical Memories."

TUESDAY, June 2: 11.45 a.m., "News and Reviews;" 3.30 p.m., Musical Presentation.

the only way you have of judging where the ball lands is by listening very carefully, and after that you hope for the best.

## Likes Broadcasting

LOU VERNON, of the B.S.A. Players, is one of the few actors who, after a long and successful career on the stage, is willing to admit that he was never over-fond of the theatre. But broadcasting is a different story; it offers the actor ever-changing variety in character and situation.

One does not have to repeat the same lines over and over until they become almost automatic, as Lou Vernon had to do in "Rose Marie" for two years on end.

People will doubtless remember Lou Vernon's vivid characterisation of Professor Pranni in "Firefly" about 17 years ago. Professor Pranni's name will not be found in the original script. The part was written as Herr Franz, an old German music teacher, but in those days German music teachers were not popular, and Lou Vernon changed the character into an Italian professor.

That, by the way, was Lou Vernon's first Italian part.

## Uncle George's Birthday

UNCLE GEORGE received a unique tribute to his popularity when, on his birthday, community singers presented him with a beautiful liqueur cabinet of cut glass. Members of the audience had collected among themselves for a number of weeks the money necessary for the gift, and amidst the throwing of streamers they sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and that favorite old ditty of Sunday school days, "Happy, Happy Birthday."

"It was the surprise of my life," says Uncle George.

# WORLD'S RICHEST Baby Is Now a NUDIST

By Beam Wireless from Our London Office

Now three months old and doing well, Barbara Hutton's son, the world's richest baby, and heir to some of the Woolworth millions, has become a nudist.

During the fine London spring mornings he lies naked in his pram in a secluded corner of the private grounds of the Countess Reventlow's mansion, and enjoys the warm and health-giving rays of the sun.

THE Countess is completely wrapped up in her baby, and spends at least two hours of each day in playing nursemaid to him. Guards still keep watch day and night over the home of the Countess, so that the tragedy of the Lindbergh baby may

not be repeated in respect of this youth for whom the future holds such prospects of wealth and influence.

All the same, the elaborate precautions taken when the baby was born have been considerably relaxed. No longer is the butler posted at the tradesman's entrance. The footman does not stand sentry at the front door, and the detectives have disappeared from around the house.

But while there is no display of protection, it is known that any marauder would get a distinctly unpleasant reception. Trusted guards keep a watchful eye over baby Reventlow, but they keep well in the background.

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Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which are the cause of stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface and enters every nook and cranny. Your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE.

# WORLD is THEIRS-If They Can HOLD IT!

Dual Characters Who Fail To Understand Themselves

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

If you belong to the Zodiacal sign, Gemini, there are TWO of you—two sides to your character. Hence, you not only make it hard for others to understand you, but often fail to understand yourselves.

The important thing, therefore, is to learn which is the most worthwhile "You"—the "You" which must be developed if you are to prove successful and happy in life.

GEMINI has rule over that part of the year which begins about May 22 and ends about June 22, and while those born during that period have brains above the average, they must learn to use them properly.

Idealistic, you are inclined to put people on pedestals, usually much against their own will. Yet if they disappoint you there is a tendency to become merciless in your criticisms and complaints.

For that reason you must be very careful whom you marry. For both your sakes let it be someone whose intellect you greatly admire.

Life often produces a series of love affairs and friendships because you are not always constant in your affections. Yet when a lasting friendship is attained, it is one of exceptional loyalty and fondness.

You crave excitement, surprises, changes, social entertainments and travel, in order that you may meet new people, contact new ideas, see new scenes and enjoy new thrills.

But having a soft spot in your heart for yourself, you are liable to pander to one side of your own nature to the ruin of the other. By so doing you are liable to become your own worst enemy.

At all times keep your excellent mentality interested. If you are in business such interest will automatically follow. If not then set yourself to some serious

## Are You Magnetic?

Try to express yourself through your own magnetic charm. It will prove far more effective than when copying others.

AQUARIUS PEOPLE, those born between January 20 and February 19, can strongly attract others by the very "chameleon" quality which seems to make them elusive and rather erratic. Their friends are inclined to admire their ideals, their cleverness and their rather advanced ideas about world and human progress.

task in which the brain and hands can work at the same time.

Try to write, to study, to teach, or to paint and design, for you shine in all these spheres. Take up work in which you can act as agent, adviser, instructor, or salesman.

Get into musical or other artistic spheres; into stage work or public speaking. Try dressmaking, commercial art, or any other work which demands a sense of judgment, clever ideas, versatility, and fine handwork.

Self-expression is essential to your make-up. Lacking these sources, you are liable to fritter your time away, and as life advances, to complain about your lack of opportunities.

If contemplating going into a business, you have many fields which your versatile abilities can consider. There are printing, publishing, dressmaking, floral art, massage, beauty treatment, and demonstrating. There are also the fields of education, public-speaking, or dancing, for Gemini people are good mimics and instructors; and lastly, for those who can concentrate, science, such as medicine, chemistry, research, and engineering.

In short, Gemini folk have the world in their capable hands—if they can but hold it.

## The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise the Daily Diary in planning your everyday affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Keep busy on the 26th and 27th, but live quietly on May 30 and 31 and June 1.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): May 28 and 29 are your best days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Make the most of May 30 and 31 and June 1. Begin new ventures, make changes, etc., but live cautiously on May 28 and 29.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): May 30 and 31 and June 1, poor, but June 2 good.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): May 28 and 29 fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): May 28 and 29 a poor best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Plan well ahead this week. Ask favors, seek promotion, make changes, especially on May 30 and 31 and June 1.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be careful on May 28 and 29. Better thereafter, especially on June 2.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Live cautiously. Try to avoid loss, opposition and disappointments, especially on May 28 and 29.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Nothing spectacular. May 28 and 29 fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Be sure to utilise your good days this week. Plan changes, improvements, and gains, especially on May 30 and 31 and June 1.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Take no chances. Live quietly this week, especially on May 28 and 29.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article on astrology as a matter of interest and entertainment, without endorsing it in any way.—Editor, A.W.W.]

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. To many homes Baby does not appear to be the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. stamp for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years. 4-4-4



# Your COLD

begins to GO when you begin to RUB

Here is tested advice on how to treat that cold. At bedtime, tonight, simply rub your chest and throat with Vicks VapoRub.

You won't have to wait and worry, hoping that something is going to happen hours later. Something happens immediately—and you can feel it!

Fights the cold where the cold is

There's a comfortable warmth on your chest as VapoRub begins to "draw out" the tightness and pain.

At the same time, you breathe in the ointment's healing vapours (released by the body-heat). They soothe the inflamed air-passages, loosen the phlegm, and let you breathe easily again.

While you sleep in comfort, VapoRub goes on working for hours. In the morning, you will wake feeling like a new person. Most likely, the worst of the cold will be over.

VapoRub has been proved effective by the best test of all—repeated use, year after year, in ever-increasing millions of homes, in 71 countries.

FREE WITH EVERY PACKAGE—Every package of Vicks VapoRub contains this extra help in fighting colds: full instructions for following Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds. Clinical tests supervised by doctors, among 5,823 persons, have proved that this Plan helps not only to end colds sooner, but also to prevent many a miserable cold altogether!

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OVER 53 MILLION PACKAGES OF VICKS PRODUCTS USED YEARLY FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS



## How to Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels, you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms may be entirely overcome in many instances by the following treatment which you can easily prepare in your own home at little cost. Secure from your chemist for bottle of Parmit (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it a pint of hot water and 1 lb. of crystal sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. An improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing should become easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., should gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh and which may often be overcome by this efficacious treatment. If nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are caused by catarrh, there must be many people whose hearing may be restored by this simple home treatment.—Copyright 1935



**Johnson's BABY Powder**  
"Best for Baby - Best for you"

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price—now 6d. per tablet.



# Don't Neglect CUTS and SORES

## Deadly Tetanus may result

The slightest cut or scratch affords an easy entry for germs—particularly the deadly Tetanus germ. Treat all skin breaks promptly with Iodex antiseptic iodine ointment. Iodex leaves no stain, is soothing, healing and deeply penetrating in its action. Always keep a jar of Iodex on hand—its early application may save hours of pain and perhaps life.



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THAT'S REXONA. I ALWAYS USE IT. I FIND IT SO SOOTHING TO MY SKIN.

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SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin (City and Suburbs)

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# DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 42

Meg heard this with one ear, while with the other she was aware of Bill's saying faintly but insistently, "You ought to have had it." She took her lips from the receiver to say in a voice of cold fury, "I'm perfectly all right, Miss Cannock!" Then, into the telephone again, "There's only one post. I expect I'll get it to-morrow."

Just as she said "to-morrow" Miss Cannock gave a little gasp and clutched at her arm. Bill was saying a horribly long way off. "You ought to have had it to-day!" But how on earth could she talk to Bill with Miss Cannock's choking whisper close against her uncovered ear? "I'm afraid—I feel so—I don't know—I think I'm going—to faint—" Very little satisfaction to be got out of talking to Bill with a swooning elderly spinster propped against her shoulder, and quite possibly listening in.

Meg said, "I'm sorry—I must ring off," and hung up the receiver. She was so angry that it made her feel very strong. With no difficulty she transferred Miss Cannock's dead weight to a chair, then went for a glass of water. When she returned with it, Miss Cannock declared she had been very foolish, but was better now and a cup of hot tea would be much nicer than this cold water.

BILL COVERDALE'S envelope was lying by Meg's plate when she came down to breakfast next morning. Miss Cannock poured out the tea, and Meg read her letter.

It was very short, and she had practically asked Bill for a long letter. And not only was there really nothing in it, though from the way Bill had asked if she had received his letter she got the impression that there was something special about it, but it was a rather cold letter.

At this point Meg's color rose, and she said to herself, "I'm ashamed of you. You don't want him to make love to you, do you?" And at that moment, and under the Cannock's eye she knew that she did.

She read the letter through again slowly.

"Dear Meg—I'm having a very busy time, because I have taken the Hewletts' flat and I want to get in as soon as possible. I have engaged a married couple. I hope you are getting on all right. Remember me to the Professor Yours

BILL"

It was an article of a letter. About this time, or perhaps a little later, Bill Coverdale opened a telegram. It was signed "Meg," and it ran:

"Your letter received. Would like to stay on here and be quiet for a little. I know you will understand. Please don't come down."

The sharpness of his disappointment actually took him back. It wasn't reasonable to be disappointed in just this intense, undisciplined fashion. It was the most natural thing in the world that Meg, having at last received proof of Robin O'Hara's death, should want a little time to adjust herself to her freedom.

He looked at the telegram and saw that it had been sent off from Ledlington at 8.45. That meant that she had received his letter by the first post and had managed to send this wire off immediately.

He wrote to Meg before he went out, a short, careful letter, in which he tried very hard not to show that he had been hurt at all. Of course he understood, and of course he wouldn't come till she wanted him, but he didn't like to feel that she was all alone in rather a mouldy place, and she must please remember that she had only to wire at any time and he would come at once. All of which gave great satisfaction to the person who had sent the telegram after reading and destroying the letter which had been intended to convince Meg of Robin's death. Meg was never to see either

of the two letters, and she certainly had no idea that any telegram had been sent in her name.

## BILL COVERDALE

was extremely busy. Some of the savor had gone out of his flat-taking but there was much to do. The Hewletts had already left and he was moving in in two days' time. But Bill was a thorough workman and everything was well in hand by afternoon.

He started to walk back to the hotel. He liked the Hewletts' flat. In the last twenty-four hours it had ceased to be the Hewletts' and become his flat. The proprietary feeling grew as he compared it with others he passed, mostly to their disadvantage. Now this block he was just passing—he wouldn't have liked to bring Meg here—rather on the grubby side.

And then he noticed the name over the entrance—Oleander Mansions—Oleander Mansions was where Della Delorme lived. He looked at the entrance as if it would tell him something. But only Della Delorme could say whether Robin O'Hara had passed through that entrance with her on the night when Bill had seen them together—four days after Robin had disappeared.

As Bill stood there frowning a stout middle-aged woman was gloveless the steps. Her hands, gloved and red, advertised her calling. She was a scrubber of steps, a charmaid, a daily help. And what had Garratt said about the woman at Oleander Mansions? She'd been away—they hadn't been able to get hold of her.

Bill found himself politely lifting his hat and saying, "I beg your pardon, but I wonder if I might speak to you for a moment?"

The woman stopped. She had a string bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other. She tipped her head back and stared at Bill. Just as he was going to speak again she said in a deep, hoarse voice, "I beg your pardon?" It was like a belated echo.

"I'm afraid I don't know your name, but I think you are employed at Oleander Mansions, are you not?"

"Certainly," she said, her expression yielding a little.

Her stare hardened. "Thompson," she said. "Mrs. Thompson, and no call to be ashamed of it. And might I make so bold as to ask what you're wanting with me?"

It was easier now that he had her name. "Mrs. Thompson," he said, "I want very much to have a talk with you, and I quite realise that you are a busy woman and that I mustn't take up your time for nothing. Will you have a cup of tea?" Mrs. Thompson looked sideways at him. "You—and me?" she said. She sniffed again.

It took nearly five minutes to persuade Mrs. Thompson. In the end she supposed that Simpson's bakery might serve their turn. As it was three o'clock in the afternoon the place was conveniently empty. Bill had an uneasy feeling that he was making a complete fool of himself and paying five pounds for the privilege.

Mrs. Thompson clasped both hands around her cup and sipped with audible enjoyment. "And what was it you wanted to ask me about? A friend of yours, you was saying—"

Bill leaned an elbow on the table. "Mrs. Thompson," he said, "my friend's name was O'Hara—Mr. Robin O'Hara. Have you heard the name before?"

She shook her head, and sipped again.

"I want you to go back to a year ago—October last year—October fourth last year. I think Mr. O'Hara was in Oleander Mansions that night."

"What time?"

"I think he may have come there soon after midnight."

Please turn to Page 46

ONLY this dry INHALATION TREATMENT can give definite results

# LUNG TROUBLE and CONGESTION

THESE are new ways for you—whatever your age, or how long standing your complaint—in MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION TREATMENT. You can be freed of those distressing symptoms which make your life a misery. Think of the peaceful nights you once enjoyed, without being disturbed by coughing, night sweats, etc. There are many previous sufferers who can now go to bed certain of sound peaceful sleep. This is what they reported: "The cough became less severe and gradually cleared up, mucus was easily dislodged, night sweats and hemorrhages ceased, strength, appetite and weight regained, they were able to walk and breathe without discomfort, and their one-time friends seemed to thank them."

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CONQUERED WITHOUT OPERATION

"A few months ago I was a pitiable object. Practically no one would have anything to do with me. I was even shunned by my friends. My antrums and sinuses were badly affected, and I had Hay Fever very badly. I suffered greatly with bad breath, bad taste in my mouth, a permanently turned tongue, and was constantly yawning and sneezing in a disgusting manner. I was always catching fresh colds, sneezing, had a permanently running nose and streaming eyes, and took some 10 to 12 handkerchiefs daily. Under advice I commenced using MEMBROSUS INHALATION TREATMENT.

"And now, after a really short period, I wake up with a clear throat; no colds; no running nose. I sleep well and eat well, and am entirely free of all those horrible symptoms."

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Many chronic cases of up to 40 years standing report complete recovery without recurrence. If you wish to lie down and sleep at night without fear of an attack, for the lungs to be easily brought away, and the wheezing to stop; for the tight, bound-up feeling never to worry you again; to breathe freely at all times; to lose the shortness of breath, and to be able to walk up hill and play games without discomfort; and for the attacks to become less severe and less frequent, and then make a complete and lasting recovery... then use MEMBROSUS the Inhalation Treatment.

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# BARLEY

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ROOT POLISH

Black, Dark Tan Stain, Various Shades of Brown, and White



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M3 34

MRS. THOMPSON sniffed very loudly. "And where do you suppose I'd be at that time of night, nibbler? In my bed and asleep. That's where I am come midnight. All the same—" She stopped, picked up the teapot, began to pour herself another cup.

"Yes?" said Bill. "You were going to say something."

She made an impatient movement. "I wasn't nothing. But since you're so pressing it was just that I wasn't working then—last October. I'd a bit of an accident and I was in hospital and my daughter Beatrice she was going instead of me."

"Will you ask your daughter if she remembers anything about Mr. O'Hara?"

"Well, what am I to ask—who did he come visiting? There's a matter of fifteen flats on my stair."

It had not occurred to him that there might be more than one stair. He said quickly, "Is Miss Delorme's flat on your stair?"

Her face became heavily unintelligent. Bill recognised the withdrawal of respectability. "Is it?" he insisted.

She said, "Yes," and shut her mouth hard.

"Is she living there now?"

She gave him another heavy look. "She's not there much. The boy says she's away."

"Mr. O'Hara might have been visiting at Miss Delorme's flat," said Bill.

"And not the first," said Mrs. Thompson with dignity.

They got no further. She regarded Della Delorme with suspicion and wouldn't talk about her. "I've my job to think of, anyhow." And upon that they parted.

Bill gave her five pounds and a card with his address. He did not promise Beatrice another five, but he gave Mrs. Thompson to understand that there would be a market if her daughter had anything to sell.

BILL COVERDALE was just beginning to think of dressing for dinner that evening when he was informed that a young lady had called to see him. His thoughts went rocketing to Meg with the complete

## DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 45

lack of reason which characterises the lover's state. She hadn't given any name. She was in the lounge. He was engaged to dine with old friends on the other side of London, but how could it be Meg? She was at Ledston.

In the lounge was a girl in blue coat and black beret. She was a pretty girl with large rolling blue eyes and yellow hair curling on her neck. Her lips were made up in a bright scarlet shade and her shoes were cheap and

possible you might have noticed my friend. I've got some photographs upstairs. If you'll excuse me for a moment, I'll get them."

He came back with the photographs, to find her sitting in a carefully-arranged attitude copied probably from the latest drama she had seen. He gave her three leaves he had detached from his photograph album. The first was a group taken at a school dinner about two years ago. He was in it, and so was Robin O'Hara. The second displayed several snapshots taken at Wey's End in the August before Meg's marriage. Robin appeared in two of them. The third was Meg's wedding group, including Professor Postlethwaite, a radiant Meg, and Robin O'Hara as a bridegroom.

### B

BEATRICE THOMPSON took each of the leaves, looked at it, and laid it on her knee. When she came to the wedding group she stared at it for some time, then handed it back, pointed at the professor, and said, "I've seen that old gentleman."

"What?" said Bill.

"That old gentleman," said Miss Thompson, still pointing. "I've seen him." The forefinger still pointed at the professor and the drawing voice said with a little more drawl than before, "I can swear to him."

"Where?" said Bill. "Nonsense!" he wanted to say.

"Coming out of Miss Delorme's flat at nine o'clock in the morning and I had my pail in the way, so I had to move it. And that made me notice him very particular."

Bill found himself quite unable to believe a word she was saying. "Miss Thompson," he said. "I think you've made a mistake"—she shook her head—"but leave that on one side for a moment and tell me, are you sure you don't recognise anyone else in these photographs?"

Please turn to Page 47

# "HE MUST GIVE UP THAT DAILY LAXATIVE"

**I SAW DOCTOR AGAIN YESTERDAY—HE SAYS YOU MUST STOP TAKING LAXATIVES! THEY INCREASE CONSTIPATION**

**"BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE SOMETHING! I CAN'T WORK WHEN I FEEL SO TERRIBLE"**

**YOU'LL NEVER BE WELL WHILE YOU WEAKEN YOUR SYSTEM WITH DAILY LAXATIVES. DOCTOR SAYS TO EAT ALL-BRAN—ITS BULK RELIEVES CONSTIPATION IN NATURE'S WAY!**

**NEXT MORNING—**

**"WELL, THIS KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN TASTES BETTER THAN MEDICINE"**

**"OF COURSE! IT'S A NATURAL FOOD, THAT SUPPLIES THE NECESSARY BULK YOU'LL BE BETTER IN TWO WEEKS"**

**TWO WEEKS LATER**

**"YOU'RE LOOKING WONDERFUL NOW, DEAR"**

**"AND I FEEL FINE! I'M WORKING LIKE A NEW MAN. I'VE TOLD EVERYONE IN THE OFFICE ABOUT ALL-BRAN."**

### Laxatives every day weaken you, make constipation worse!

Laxatives every day don't cure constipation! They increase it! Every harsh, forced stimulation leaves you feeling weak and sick, takes more strength from tired intestinal muscles. Tender, delicate membranes were never meant, to be abused in that way. The inevitable result is loss of vitality, impaired looks, the feeling that "life's not worth living." Doctors blame artificial laxatives for 75% of intestinal troubles in later life!

Nature intended you to be healthy, normal, and regular, by providing foods rich in "bulk." But modern foods, over-

cooked and refined, lose that vital element. Provide "bulk" in your diet, and natural functioning will return. The gentle stimulus of "bulk" will give you, first, easy relief from constipation... and then natural functioning will exercise your bowels and intestines back to normal strength. "Bulk" builds up where laxatives destroy.

Symptoms of atonic constipation—the most common form—are dull headaches, sluggishness, loss of sleep and appetite. If they are not relieved by All-Bran, you should see your doctor; your case is serious.

Kellogg's All-Bran is "bulk" in its finest form... delicious, appetising and effective. It is a food, not a medicine. Eat two table-spoonsful of All-Bran daily for a week, covered with milk or cream, to relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings weekly will keep you regular. Buy All-Bran today from your grocer. Serve it with fresh or stewed fruit. Your whole family will enjoy this crisp, delicious cereal, and benefit by its rich, health-giving "bulk."





## The best thing yet for CONSTIPATION

Increase of constipation is one of the penalties of civilization. And why?

The deficiency of Vitamin B in the normal diet is often shown by restricted or delayed action of the mechanism of elimination. These Vitamin - starved organs can no more carry on their functions than you could if you were starved. They falter and fail. You must build them up; support and encourage them with Vitamins.

Bemax is a godsend to the constipated. It is so rich in Vitamins that its goodness is rapidly absorbed by the Vitamin-hungry intestines. Soon they become healthy and vigorous again and your general health benefits by their satisfying activity.

The action of Bemax should not be confused with that of an aperient. Bemax builds up—that is why its value extends far beyond constipation—why Bemax is so good for all who suffer from indigestion or any nutritional weakness. Remember—

You're bound to benefit from

# BEMAX

THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD

From Chemists and Stores,  
3/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

MEDICATED WITH  
INGREDIENTS OF  
VICKS VAPORUB



Modern successor to  
old-fashioned cough  
syrups... more con-  
venient... less ex-  
pensive... lingers  
longer in the throat.

## Drink Habit Remedy 40 Years' Success

Forty years is a long time—long enough to prove beyond all doubt the power of EUCALYPT to overcome the drink habit. Many unhappy human beings have been transformed. May be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Harmless. Not costly. Call or write for FREE SAMPLE. Booklet Testimonials under plain cover.

Dept. B, The Eucalypt Co.  
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

## ASTROLOGY

Will I always be unlucky?  
When will my conditions improve?  
What is my Lottery luck?  
Will I realize my ambitions?  
What are my future prospects?  
All questions answered and Full Astro-  
logical Reading for 2/6. Send P.N.  
Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope,  
A. Moore, Box 5427, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Piles Disappear

No Cutting or Salves Needed

External treatments seldom banish piles.  
Nor does cutting remove the cause.  
The cause is inside—bad circulation.  
The blood is stagnant, the veins flabby.  
The bowel walls are weak, the parts almost dead.  
To quickly and safely rid yourself of piles you must free the circulation—send a fresh current through stagnant pools. Internal treatment is the one safe method. Ointments and cutting won't do it.

J. S. Leonhardt, M.D., a specialist, set at work some years ago to find a real internal remedy for piles. He succeeded. He named his prescription Vascuoid, and tried it in 1000 cases before he was satisfied. Now Vascuoid is sold by chemists everywhere, under guarantee. It is a harmless tablet, easy to take, and the makers will gladly refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied customer.

# DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 46

HE thought she hesitated, and he thought that it was to cover her hesitation that she said pertly, "If you'll tell me who you want me to recognise, I might have a shot at it."

"Look here," he said, "that's no good. If you don't recognise anyone, say so. But if you do—and I think you do—why then—"

"What?" said Miss Thompson succinctly.

"I gave your mother five pounds," said Bill. "But that was for taking up her time. She didn't tell me anything of the very slightest value."

"Look here," he went on, "I'll give you ten bob for your trouble in coming here, and if you can really tell me anything that will be of use to me you shall have your five. But please don't make anything up, because I shall know if you do."

She threw him a sharp, good-humored glance. He had wondered if she would take offence, but this was business. She said, "I don't need to make things up. If I make up my mind to tell you, it'll be what happened—but I haven't made up my mind yet."

"I'll give you five minutes," said Bill. He had to let the Ogilvies know that he was probably going to be late for dinner.

After telephoning Jim Ogilvie Bill came back. She hadn't moved. "Well?" he said.

"Well, it's this way." She lifted her chin and looked at him. "Mum don't know—that's what I'm begging at. And what I want to know is this—is all this just a private talk between you and me, or is there any likelihood of a police court case, and things in the papers, and no saying where it's going to stop?"

"Then I couldn't do it for five pounds." The blue eyes were as hard as marbles.

He offered her ten, and she raised him to fifteen, and then stuck out for a bonus if it should come to a case in court.

"All right," said Bill. "And now let's have it."

SHE sat forward a little with her elbows on her knees and dropped her voice to a confidential tone. "The fourth of October's an easy date for me to remember, because it's my birthday. Well, I'd been doing Mum's job for three or four days, and I'd got friendly with a girl in one of the flats—Mabel her name was. She worked in the flat just opposite that of Miss Delorne. Well, come the day before my birthday—that's October third a year ago—we got talking, and I said it was my birthday next day, and my friend wanted to take me out for a treat—he's a real nice boy, and he's got a good job and doing well in it. And Mabel told me her people were going away for two nights. She said, why not make up a party, her and me, and her boy friend and mine, and go to the new Palais de Danse, and make sure I was on the road to ruin."

"Well, you had your party. And then?"

"George and Ernie took us home—back to Cleander Mansions, that is. Mabel got out her key and she let us in, and the boys said good night, and there was some joking and larking going on, but all very quiet so as not

to disturb anyone. Mabel's flat is on the third floor and she'd just got the door open when I found I'd dropped my bag. 'Cool' I said. 'That's young Ernie and his nonsense.' So I ran downstairs and there it was, right up by the door where Ernie had been carrying on. When I came back up, Mabel had gone in and left the door slightly open. I was just going to push it when the door across the landing opened and a gentleman came out."

She picked up the wedding group and pointed with her scarlet fingernail at Robin O'Hara. "That gentleman," she said, and sat back.

Bill's heart beat quicker. "Sure?" he said.

SHE took up the other two sheets and pointed out Robin O'Hara in each of the photographs. "It was that gentleman."

"How was he dressed?" said Bill.

Beatrice sat forward again.

"He'd taken his coat off. He'd a fancy striped shirt on, and a collar to match, and some kind of tie with a stripe in it, and dark trousers—navy blue, I think. He'd taken his waistcoat off, and he had his shoes in his hand putting them out. The porter does them for the gentlemen if they make an arrangement."

"Then he'd been there before?"

"Looked like it," said Miss Thompson. "And Mabel said—"

"Well?"

"I described him and she said he passed for Miss Delorne's brother, only nobody believed it."

"Go on," said Bill.

"Not by half. It isn't," said Miss Thompson with vigor. "He pulled the door behind him and he put down his shoes and came across very soft in his stocking feet. I'd my hand on the door and Mabel in call, so I wasn't frightened, and he didn't try to touch me. He stood a yard away and said very soft, 'Will you take a message for me? It's important.' And I said, 'What—now?' and he said, 'To-morrow will do.' And while he was saying it he was writing on a bit of paper with a pencil he'd taken out of his trouser pocket, and he put the paper in my hand with a ten shilling note, and back across the landing and in at Miss Delorne's flat without another word."

What an odd story. If she wasn't making it up, what had happened to the message? He said that out loud. "What happened to the message? Did you take it?"

Miss Thompson blinked. She opened her mouth to speak and shut it again.

"Well?" said Bill impatiently.

"Well, that's just where it's a bit awkward," said Miss Thompson.

"I put the gentleman's note in my bag," she continued after a slight pause, "and I went into the flat, and Mabel wanted to know what had kept me, so I told her, and she said she didn't believe me, teasing like. So I showed her the note. Well, then, she wanted to read it, and I said she shouldn't, and she made a snatch and it got torn between us. 'Now see what you've done!' I said. And she said, 'Well, you can't go taking a note like that,' and before I could stop her she'd put it in the kitchen fire."

An extraordinary sensation swept over Bill. Robin O'Hara creeping out of Della Delorne's flat and seizing a desperate eleventh-hour chance of sending a message—two girls playing, and the message gone up in smoke—Robin's life gone, too...

Please turn to Page 48

## VERA IS HERSELF AGAIN

THE WATSONS' SAY THEY'LL BE HERE IN FIVE MINUTES. AREN'T YOU GOING TO CHANGE?

WHAT'S THE USE? I HAVEN'T A DECENT THING TO WEAR—WASHING'S RUINED MY CLOTHES.

YOU'RE HER SISTER, CAN'T YOU TALK TO HER. SHE'S ALL DIS-COURAGED. SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT ANYTHING.

DON'T WORRY. RON, I'LL SOON PUT THINGS RIGHT.

YES I KNOW I'VE LET MYSELF GO. MY CLOTHES ARE ALL WASHED-OUT AND ANYWAY WASHING-DAY WEARS ME OUT.

WHAT YOU NEED, VERA, IS PERSIL. COME ON, WE'LL GET SOME.

LATER I'VE JUST SEEN VERA LOOKING VERY DASHING IN A LOVELY FLORAL FROCK. SHE TELLS ME PERSIL IS KEEPING IT LOVELY TOO.

PERSIL HAS CERTAINLY CHANGED HER. SHE NEVER COMPLAINS A BIT ABOUT WASHING-DAY NOW. I THINK SHE ACTUALLY LIKES IT.

Take the work out of washing-day and keep the gay colours in your printed frocks with PERSIL. PERSIL's active oxygen-charged suds, alive with cleansing power eliminate all need for the harsh rubbing that tires you out and makes bright colours dingy.

REFUSE IMITATIONS!!

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

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The PERSIL Way—Best for Colours

Avoid Winter ills with Eno!

If you miss your usual exercise during Winter there is no reason to miss your good health. Let Eno's "Fruit Salt" take care of it by ensuring internal cleanliness. Eno is natural in its action, pure, safe and pleasant to take. Get a bottle to-day. In Winter, if preferred, Eno can be taken in water with the chill off.

STUDY THESE SYMPTOMS:

DEPRESSION LIVERISHNESS

SLEEPLESSNESS LASSITUDE

INDIGESTION IRRITABILITY

BROWSINESS CONSTIPATION

REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE COSTS ONLY

2/3

and double quantity 3/9

\* Eno is in fine powder form and is therefore more economical

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

At 75

Health in the palm of your hand

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## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Take notice.

4. Cook.

6. Librarian.

9. Journey.

10. Personal pronoun.

11. Dakota, U.S.A.

(abbr.).

12. W.S. (actual).

13. Exber.

14. Girl's name.

15. Excitement.

16. Unit of French square measure.

17. Officer Commanding (abbr.).

18. Not subject to discount.

19. A twelfth.

20. Mode has this!

21. Mean fellow.

22. Electric light.

23. Part of a theatre.

24. North America (abbr.).

25. Dispose of gladly.

26. Leaf.

27. An Sonnet (abbr.).

28. Tow.

29. Owning to.

30. Perceives.

31. Elusive utensil.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Exclamation.

2. Kind of stick.

3. Plashed with success.

4. Domestic animal.

5. Keep quiet!

6. Late King's motto.

7. Brave man.

8. Sword handle.

9. Beverage.

10. Refreshment.

11. Belonging to you.

12. Every.

13. He gets all the blame!

14. Web-footed birds.

15. Climate.

16. "Golly-trap."

17. Not clipped.

18. God of Love.

19. Training ship (abbr.).

20. Artist's degree.

21. Beetle.

22. Afterthought.

23. Not clipped.

24. God of Love.

25. Training ship (abbr.).

26. Artist's degree.

27. Beetle.

28. Afterthought.

29. Not clipped.

30. God of Love.

31. Training ship (abbr.).

32. Artist's degree.

33. Beetle.

34. Afterthought.

35. Not clipped.

36. God of Love.

37. Training ship (abbr.).

38. Artist's degree.

39. Beetle.

40. Afterthought.

41. Not clipped.

42. God of Love.

43. Training ship (abbr.).

44. Artist's degree.

45. Beetle.

46. Afterthought.

47. Not clipped.

48. God of Love.

49. Training ship (abbr.).

50. Artist's degree.

51. Beetle.

52. Afterthought.

53. Not clipped.

54. God of Love.

55. Training ship (abbr.).

56. Artist's degree.

57. Beetle.

58. Afterthought.

59. Not clipped.

60. God of Love.

61. Training ship (abbr.).

62. Artist's degree.

63. Beetle.

64. Afterthought.

65. Not clipped.

66. God of Love.

67. Training ship (abbr.).

68. Artist's degree.



"Wish I had the Nerve to tell him..."

## MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"

HOPE MY BREATH HAS GONE, DOC. I BEND A LOT ON MY MOUTH PREPARATION

WELL, REMEMBER, BOB! MOUTH ODORS COME FROM BACTERIAL FILM IN CREVICES OF THE TEETH AND MOUTH.

YES, COLGATE'S SPECIAL PASTING FOAM CLEANS THE CREVICES WHERE BACTERIAL FILM BEGINS TO GROW.

WONDER IF DOC BILL HAS HINTING I OUGHT TO CHANGE TO COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM?

**Why take chances?**  
COLGATE'S removes this cause of bad breath—while it cleans and brightens teeth

THE same thing that causes much tooth decay also causes bad breath, dentists say! That is—improperly cleaned teeth, and food deposits that lodge between the teeth and in hidden mouth crevices.

Colgate's penetrating foam gets between the teeth and into all crevices of the mouth. Wherever they hide—between teeth, on tongue or gums—deposits that cause odors are emulsified, washed away. Every surface of every tooth is cleaned—your whole mouth is fresher, your breath sweeter, after every brushing.

**Why Dentists advise Colgate's**

At the same time—a soft, grit-free ingredient gently polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored, teeth gain new brilliance.



Thus the same care that keeps you free from bad breath gives you also a brighter, more sparkling, more attractive smile!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure, sweet breath.



**IF YOU PREFER POWDER... TRY COLGATE'S NEW PROPHYLACTIC DENTAL POWDER**

A special formula releasing oxygen that prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhea. Sells at 1/6.

## Dreaded Age Signs first appear Under Your Skin



Signs of wasting under skin—loss of tone—lack of oils.

Made worse by clogged pores, improper cleansing.

From pores clogged by thick secretions.

When due to inadequate oil supply.

Due to impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of muscles.



● Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults.



**TRIAL OFFER:** Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: *Vanille (Rabbit)* ( ), *Light Cream* ( ), *Rose Cream (Natural)* ( ), *Naturelle (Light Natural)* ( ), *Rose Brumette* ( ), *Dark Brumette (Swain)* ( ).

POND'S, Dept. X53, Box 1111, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

# DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 47

WHAT was the message? To whom was it written? And why was it written? Had Robin just learned something vital? Had he, already embarked upon a hazardous course, attempted at the last moment to safeguard himself by a message to Garratt or to Meg?

Bill leaned forward with an abrupt movement and said, "You wouldn't let Mabel read the note, but did you read it yourself?"

"Well, yes, Mr. Coverdale—I did," she said with blushing embarrassment. "You did. What was it?"

"It was only a line, Mr. Coverdale." She was leaning towards him in visible explanation. "It was only a line, and I suppose I oughtn't to have looked, but him being a stranger and coming out of that Miss Delorne's flat like that in the middle of the night, I thought I'd just see what kind of a message it was he was asking me to take. But all it said was, 'Going down to some place or other,' and initials signed to it. And I can't remember what the first one was, but there was an O, and an H after that, tight up to each other with a sort of a comma between them."

Was she making it up? No, he was sure she wasn't. But the message—he must get the message straightened out. He said, "Please, Miss Thompson, think carefully. That message may be most awfully important. Where did he say he was going?"

She rolled her eyes at him in a puzzled way. "It was some place or other, Mr. Coverdale."

And all at once there was a frightful thought in his mind. Some place or other, or some Place or other? Which did she mean, and how was he to find out without asking a leading question? He got a piece of the hotel paper and gave it to her with a pencil.

"Now, Miss Thompson, will you write that message down as nearly as possible as you saw it?"

She wrote the first few words quickly, then stopped, lifted the pencil and wrote again, leaving a gap. Then, frowning, she bent over the paper, pencil poised, and all at once with a quick movement she scribbled in the empty space.

"There!" she said, and pushed the paper at him. "That's the best I can do. I can't swear to the name, but it was something like that."

Bill read, "I am going down to—" and then a gap, and then a scribble that looked like "stow." Then, most decidedly and unmistakably, "Place," with a capital P. All his pulses jumped. "I am going down to—stow Place."

He had to put his leading question then. He said, "Was it Ledstow Place?" and she blinked at him and said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Coverdale, that was it."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded and laughed. "Oh, yes. So soon as you said it I could see it just like he'd written it down."

Ledstow Place! It seemed incredible. Four days after he had disappeared

Robin O'Hara had been in Oleander Mansions at Della Delorne's flat, and he had tried to send a note to say that he was going down to Ledstow Place...

Whom was the note for?

"And whom was it addressed to?" he asked.

"Well, that's what I didn't see. If I'd had the name and address, I'd have taken the message in the morning, as much as I could remember of it, but it was only the inside I'd looked at. Well, after the note got burned I began to think what I could do, because I'd taken his ten-shilling note. Then it came to me I'd go across to Miss Delorne's flat and just let him know I'd had an accident with his note. I told Mabel what I was going to do, but when I got half-way across the landing I didn't go any further." A little shiver passed over her.

"Why didn't you?" said Bill quickly.

"Well, it sounds silly, Mr. Coverdale, but his shoes were gone."

"His shoes?"

She shivered again. "I told you he was in his stocking feet with his shoes in his hand, putting them out for the porter. And then five minutes later they weren't there. It sounds awful silly, but I got a kind of a creep down my back, and I just couldn't knock on that door."

### Cease Wondering

Let man abandon the struggle and yield  
When evening walks with rhythmic pace  
Across the purple bill and field,  
While over a twilight heaven  
The nimble-fingered twig and bough  
Are spreading miraculous inky lace.  
It is futile to wonder why and how,  
When beauty is held in the afterglow's vase.  
—M. L. Law.

Bill sat in a frowning silence. Was Robin being so watched that he had to use his shoes as an excuse for opening the door of Della Delorne's flat? But he couldn't have counted on Beatrice Thompson. What was he planning to do when he came out with those shoes in his hand? He had a slip of paper ready. And a pencil. And a ten-shilling note. Bill thought he must have planned to put his message and the ten-shilling note through the letter box of the opposite flat and chance Mabel's getting it to its destination—any decent girl would. If he had to write the note out there on the landing someone must have been watching him pretty closely in the flat. The someone would be Della Delorne. That brought her into the affair of his murder with a vengeance...

And that eleventh hour message—"I am going down to Ledstow Place." The track ended at Ledstow Place.

### IT was nonsense!

And then two things happened in his mind. It was like being aware of two quite different scenes on the same brightly lighted stage.

On the one hand he saw a window break suddenly, and on the other he saw Beatrice Thompson look at Meg's wedding ring and point with a scarlet finger-nail. The window was a top-story window of the house on the island at Ledstow Place. Looking back over his shoulder in the dusk he had caught a fleeting gleam of daylight on the glass, and saw it break—suddenly, inexplicably. The scarlet nail pointed at the professor. Miss Thompson's voice said eagerly, "I've seen that old gentleman!" and then, "Coming out of Miss Delorne's flat—nine o'clock in the morning."

And the track that Robin O'Hara was following had led to Ledstow Place. It wasn't possible.

He clenched his hands and forced his voice. "Miss Thompson—why did you say that you recognised someone else in that group you've got there? Not Mr. O'Hara—you didn't say anything about him to start with. I want to know why."

Her eyes became shrewd. "Well, we hadn't fixed anything up then—had we? Of course I recognised him right away." She pointed at Robin in his bridgework's array. "I recognised him all right, but I wasn't going to say so till we'd got the business part settled. Well, you know how it is—a girl's got to look out for herself or she'll get left."

A tremendous feeling of relief came over Bill. "Then you didn't really see the professor—the old gentleman—at all?"

(To be Continued)



**Salt is a mineral...**

Everybody learned that at school. And most of us have learned since that Cerebos is the salt for table use. The sparkling white crystals always pour, no matter how damp the atmosphere, while the patent pourer-tin prevents spilling when the salt cellars are being filled. Careful housewives willingly pay the little more for Cerebos because it goes so much further.

**CEREBOS**  
TABLE SALT  
See how it runs!

**LOSE 2st. FAT**  
Fast on Big Meals

Have a lovely slim figure instead of a fat, ugly one. Wear smart, attractive styles, eat heartily, enjoy life, and feel good—you can do it if you take ENJOIA. Step on the scales to-day, note your weight; then take Enjoia for 10 days. Watch the fat go! See slender lines return—it's amazing! No thyroid, no trouble. Just Enjoia, and the fat melts. Your new slimmer remains the fresh energy retaining renewed corpulence. Chemists sell Enjoia, 6/6, or post 7/6 from Owl Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney. Note: You can rely on Enjoia—we challenge other reducing treatments to equal for safe, beneficial results.  
**Enjoia SLIMS FAST but SAFE!**

**NEVER FREE**  
from pain

Remarkable results from  
**Mother Seigel's Syrup**

Here is a letter from a lady of Enmore, Sydney:

"At one time I used to suffer greatly from biliousness, sick headaches and indigestion. I never knew what it was to feel perfectly free from pain and distress. I dreaded meal time to arrive, as the slightest of foods would completely upset my whole system and bring on hours of misery. I first heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup through a friend and after using a few bottles of the remedy I quickly regained excellent health."

If you are subject to sick headaches, bilious attacks, flatulence or loss of appetite, the best and surest way to be well again is to take Mother Seigel's Syrup.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/6. Large size 3/6. (Contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).

**Test for 1 Month**  
and PROVE that the VIBRAPHONE defeats DEAFNESS  
NOW available in Australia. A perfectly safe hearing aid. Non-electrical—Practically invisible—No wires—No batteries—No head-bands. The VIBRAPHONE is not an artificial ear-drum.  
**B. NATHAN**  
78 Austral Building, 115 Collins St., Melbourne, C.I.  
Write for Booklet and Details of Trial Offer.



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

May 30, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

49

## How Easy it is to Make Needle Etchings!

**BERTHA MAXWELL** tells you all about it and offers a quaintly lovely design on linen for etched-in-thread pictures; also a series of ready-to-work tea or supper linens.

**M**OST of our homes have too many pictures on the walls, probably half of them would never be missed save for tender memories and associations.

Find room for a lovely little new one of your own making by retiring a few for a resting period in a cupboard. Or if there is one you do not want any longer, make use of its frame for one of these fascinating little etchings; choose a suitable size before beginning the work, so that you will know exactly what can be done.

**I**F you do not wish to try your hand at thread etching, then you will find these picture subjects a perfect joy on informal tea linens of two pieces, cloth and cosy. There are several sizes from which to choose, on lovely linens.

True etchings are extremely beautiful, small pictures made by printing in a hand-press from hand-drawn plates; they are greatly prized by collectors and connoisseurs. Probably their greatest charm lies in their lovely mellow tinting of pale buff and brown, a color combination which makes it possible for the needleworker to produce very sweet little needle studies which resemble good etchings.

The materials used are deep cream linen—the kind of linen we all know and appreciate as a background for some of our most interesting work—combined with a brown, stranded cotton used with two threads in the needle and worked in very simple outlining.

The completed pieces are framed in the usual manner of pictures, or framed in passe partout, which is merely a covering glass, worked linen and cardboard backing all bound together round the edges with a kind of adhesive tape bought for the purpose.

If you have never tried one of these quaint little pictures, do not miss these designs, for they have been specially drawn to introduce the work to your notice.

This delightful form of needlework is also perfectly suitable for informal tea or supper linens, so we have prepared these designs also on our usual stock of linens in the three standard sizes of cloths, 36 x 36in., 45 x 45in., and 54 x 54in., with a large cosy and a small cosy to match. Cosy and cloth make a very charming set for tea in the garden or a small supper after bridge with a few friends.

Following are the prices of the designs.

edges for bias binding. Price, 4/6. With spoke-stitched edges, 5/-; hemstitched hems, price, 6/-.

45in. x 45in. linen cloth (same colors) with plain edges, price 6/-. Spoke-stitched edges, 7/6; hemstitched hems, price 8/6.

54in. x 54in. linen cloth, plain edges, 10/6. Spoke-stitched, 12/6; hemstitched hems, 14/6.

Cosy, 11in. x 8 1/2in., in linen, traced with design on one side, price 1/6. Spoke-stitched or hemstitched edges, 2/-.

Cosy, 14in. x 10 1/2in., in linen, plain edges, 2/-; Spoke-stitched or with hemstitched hems, 2/6.

### Etching Stitch

**T**HIS is merely outlining over every line in the picture. The neatest form of outlining is the kind which is done by working away from the left hand, pointing the needle towards oneself. Here is a tiny sketch of this stitch.

**SHOWING** a close-up of stem-stitch, which may be used throughout in the embroidering of pictures and linens.



**QUAINT** and lovely, don't you think? A charming picture etched in thread, also matching linens. Can we send you a set? See list and make your choice.

### In Passe Partout

**T**HIS is a binding or gummed tape in rolls, and is procurable from picture shops, in several widths and in several dark colors and gilt.

The linen picture should be stretched on a cardboard, and the glass covering must be the same size as the stretched picture. Fasten the two temporarily together top and bottom with large paper-clips. Then cut off two pieces of lining a little longer than the sides of the picture, and crease them down the middle so that they will fold over each other. Moisten one half of each piece and set it evenly on the glass at the distance you prefer from the edge; press down evenly with a rag.

Turn the work over, moisten the remaining edges of the binding, and press down again. Trim off surplus length.

### Work Carefully

**N**OW cut two pieces of binding for the uncovered edges, fit them on after creasing the corners and miter the corners like a frame. Stick down the front edges, turn over, and complete. As the back of the work will look very untidy, paste a piece of brown paper neatly over it by sticking it round the edges only, so that it is easily removed later if the picture has to be remade.

**Hangers:** For passe partout there are special little metal hangers, shaped like brass paper-fasteners, but with a ring instead of a small button effect. They are inserted into the cardboard backing before it is covered by the linen, their tags are pressed flat, and the tags are passed through the brown paper covering which completes the work. They are sufficiently strong for this kind of work.

If you have never tried passe partout, it is worth investigating. A little practice will enable you to make and frame all kinds of pretty things for presents or church bazaars.

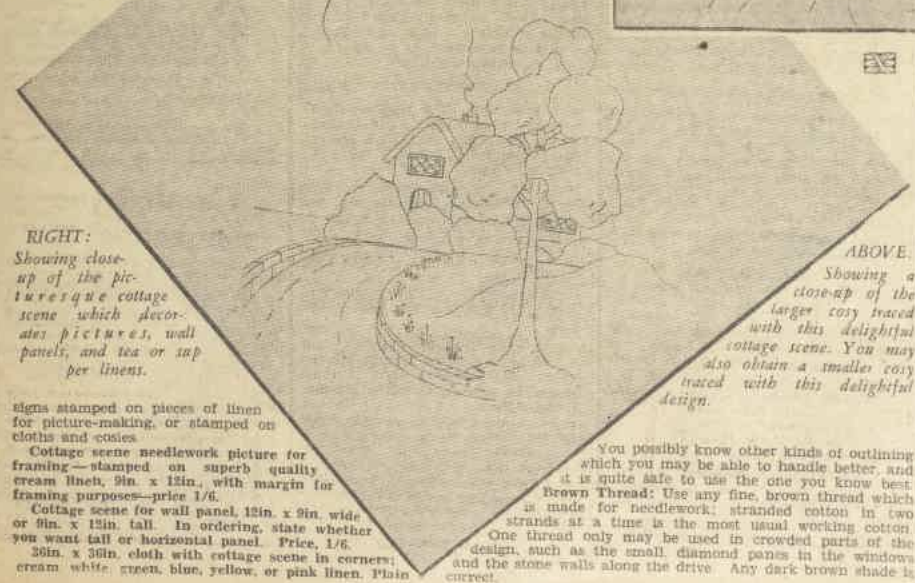
**Bias Binding for Linens:** This makes a quick and charming finish. Try it if it is new to you, and sew it on by hand.

**Colors, Too:** Such a nappy-looking house, set in its trees, almost asks to be worked in colors; and if you prefer these to one single brown, let your imagination run riot through all kinds of greens for the rounded shrubs, and then use a bronze-green for the gum-tree in the foreground and give it a dull yellow or soft grey trunk. The stonework is brown or grey; the house may be pink, with blue window-frames and red roof, with a curl of pale blue smoke from the chimney rising to the pale blue cloud-forms above. Add a dot of yellow or blue to the little flowers on the bank above the drive.

### How to Frame Them

**L**INEN pictures which are to be inserted in an old frame which, of course, has been cleaned and rubbed up nicely, must be tacked over a piece of cardboard which should be about half an inch smaller all round than the linen. Turn the margin of the linen over on to the back of the cardboard all round, and tack it with long tacks from side to side and top to bottom to hold it well stretched.

It can now be set in the frame against the glass, fastened, and covered at the back. When you are looking round the house for an old frame, remember that the linen will be reduced in size by this stretching and tacking.



**RIGHT:** Showing close-up of the picturesque cottage scene which decorates pictures, wall panels, and tea or supper linens.

signs stamped on pieces of linen for picture-making, or stamped on cloths and cosies.

Cottage scene needlework picture for framing—stamped on superb quality cream linen, 9in. x 12in., with margin for framing purposes—price 1/6.

Cottage scene for wall panel, 12in. x 9in. wide or 9in. x 12in. tall. In ordering, state whether you want tall or horizontal panel. Price, 1/6.

36in. x 36in. cloth with cottage scene in corners; cream white, green, blue, yellow, or pink linen. Plain

you possibly know other kinds of outlining which you may be able to handle better, and it is quite safe to use the one you know best. **Brown Thread:** Use any fine, brown thread which is made for needlework; stranded cotton in two strands at a time is the most usual working cotton. One thread only may be used in crowded parts of the design, such as the small diamond panes in the windows and the stone walls along the drive. Any dark brown shade is correct.





for clean, sound teeth...  
remove FILM this special way

Science issues a warning . . . that the fate of your teeth may rest on what you do to remove film! Dare you risk ineffective methods when film may lead to such serious consequences? Can you afford to trust precious tooth enamel to any but a special film-removing dentifrice?

21 years ago a group of men discovered a scientific fact known to comparatively few—that film should be removed if teeth are to be kept clean and sound, if gums are to remain healthy.

A special formula was devised. Since then it has been constantly improved with one thought in mind: to remove film safely. To-day, Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste." It has been proved unexcelled in the way it removes the film that glues decay germs to teeth. Millions know how it polishes teeth to natural brilliance. Other dentifrices may promise film-removing action. But are they equally effective? (Can they other kinds remove film with the same safety?)

Pepsodent is SAFE—effective

In fair and unbiased laboratory tests, it was shown that Pepsodent's special polishing material was the softest—and therefore safest . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 leading tooth powders. Pepsodent contains no grit, nothing to harm the teeth. Use Pepsodent Tooth Paste twice a day, see your dentist at least twice a year.

**PEPSODENT**

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste  
IN NEW LARGER TUBES



MORE PEPSODENT  
—SAME PRICE

New processes have cut costs and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you in the new larger tubes at no increase in price.

SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'



Sing, to the tune of—

*The man who broke the bank  
at Monte Carlo*

(With acknowledgments to Messrs. Frenn, Day & Hunter)

When we walk along the promenade  
You can see us sniff the air,  
And hear the crowd declare,  
There is something cooking there.  
When they shout 'Hullo!'  
And 'Ah Bisto!'

We are just as proud and pleased as though  
We had been and broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

**BISTO**  
for all meat dishes

Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney

## PLEASANT Surprises Await READERS

Enterprising housewives can win cash prizes every week in our Best Recipe Competition

An attractive contest for women, utilising as it does the knowledge gained in the ordinary household round, is our weekly Best Recipe Competition.

For the six best recipes received each week we give a first prize of £1, second prize of 10/-, and four consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

**YOUR** recipe entry should be well-flavored, sensible, unusual, and home-tried. See that it is written clearly, with "Best Recipes" marked on entry and envelope. Below we list prizewinners for this week.

### CALVES' FOOT JELLY

Wash calves' feet, cut across and through the hoof; place in a large saucepan, and cover with cold water, and let this come to the boil. Then take out and wash in cold water. Put them in a porcelain-lined pan, add cold water—three pints to two calves' feet. When water boils, let simmer gently five hours. Strain, and let it stand overnight. It ought to be quite firm. Take off all grease, and then dip a towel in boiling water and rub over the surface. Place in a preserving pan and melt.

Add juice of two lemons, four ounces of loaf sugar, eight cloves and a small piece of the stick of cinnamon. Place in the shells of three eggs, also the whites, beat them, and pour into the pan. Whisk the contents until boiling, then let simmer gently ten minutes. Have jelly bag prepared, warm, then pour through the jelly into a bowl. Add a warm glass of sherry (or a little brandy and sherry), stir, dip moulds in cold water, pour in jelly, and put away in cool place until set.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Giles, 21 Glen Osmond Rd., Eastwood, S.A.

### CURRY TOAST (Cold)

Four hard-boiled eggs, 2oz. butter, 1½ teaspoonfuls curry powder, 20 small squares of cold buttered toast, salt.

You will require about five slices of bread from a sandwich loaf to make these toasts. Cut the bread a quarter of an inch thick, toast, remove crust, cut into small squares, and butter. Cut the eggs into slices and carefully remove yolks from centres. Put aside about twenty rings, and chop up finely all the yolks and remainder of whites together.



PREPARATION AND SERVING of nourishing, attractive, meals is no problem to the young housewife who files Ruth Furs's recipes as well as the prize-winning recipes in our Best Recipe Competition.

will allow for a hole in the centre of the cake. Pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven. Turn out on cake plate to cool. Then put it in a glass serving dish and fill the open centre with some nice preserve such as strawberry, red currant jelly. Cover carefully with sherry sauce.

To make the sauce: Put into a deep basin 1 egg, 1 tablespoon of sugar, and 1 large wineglass of sherry. Stand the basin over a saucepan of boiling water and whisk with an egg-beater to a stiff froth.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Johnson, Dalmorton, N.S.W.  
**PARSNIP PATTIES**

Scrape a bunch of young parsnips,

## "What Makes a Gardener?"

THERE are plenty of men who do a bit of digging, weeding, and grass-cutting, but that, surely, does not make them gardeners. In my opinion a gardener needs to be much more than that.

First of all, a gardener is a true artist. He sees a waste piece of land, and in his mind conceives what he is going to do to make a garden out of it. He lays out the lawns, plants the trees and shrubberies, plans where the different flowers will thrive best, some in the shade, others in the sunny positions, and when he has finished he has created a picture that the greatest artist could not reproduce on canvas.

He must also be a physician. He diagnoses the different diseases that his friends the plants are liable to suffer from, and applies the remedies needed, not only to cure his friends, but also tries to prevent them from being attacked by disease.

He is also a clever surgeon. He takes a common briar and by skillful use of his budding or grafting knife produces a beautiful rosebush of whatever variety he desires, and does the same with the different varieties of fruit. Also, by careful selection and hybridising he creates constantly new varieties of all kinds of flowers, fruit, and vegetables.

Of course, he must be a nature lover to do all this, and, being this, he is a lover of nature's God. He works hand in hand with the Creator, and when he walks in his garden he realises the truth of what the Good Book says: "In the evening God walks in the garden." When the dew softly falls on the flowers, and their scent fills the evening air, then he knows the full joys his work has brought him, and he is content to be just a gardener.—Charles Hirsch, Kilara, William St., Brookvale, N.S.W.

Now add two ounces butter and mix all to a soft paste, season with salt, and add curry powder to taste, adding one teaspoon first, then as required. Place a ring of egg white on each small square of toast, and heap the curry mixture in the centre. Sufficient for 20 pieces of toast.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss Beth Hayton, Woodbrook, Wattle Hill, Tas.

### BANANA BUTTER

Four ripe bananas, 1lb. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, grated rind of 1 lemon, juice of 2 lemons.

Mash 4 bananas, beat eggs and sugar, add butter, grated rind, and lemon juice. Put all the ingredients into a double pan and cook till thick like honey. This will keep for some time if sealed and kept in a dry, cool place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. V. Martin, 51 Hughes St., H. Park, Townsville, Nth. Qld.

### SHERRY GATEAU

Four tablespoons self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg, beat well and gradually add the flour. Butter a mould (preferably fluted), which

and boil with four medium-sized potatoes in salted water till tender. Strain and mash well, then add 1 dessertspoonful of butter, 1 egg, and a little pepper.

Mix well, and then make into little rolls about the size of a sausage. Roll in flour and dried breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat till a golden brown. These are very nice either for lunch or breakfast. A slice of bacon fried with them improves flavor.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. J. Kitchen, 288 Sulphide St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

### GRAPEFRUIT TAPIOCA

Two and a half cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup grapefruit juice, juice of a lemon, 1 cup tapioca.

Roll water, salt, and sugar until sugar is dissolved, then stir in washed tapioca and cook slowly until clear. Then add grapefruit juice and lemon juice, and cook for five minutes longer. Serve with whipped cream to which 2 tablespoons of grapefruit juice have been added. May be served hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.



## It isn't NERVES -it's STOMACH!

Are you subject to fits of depression; a prey to fears you cannot explain? Always tired, cross, "nervy," seldom a day without headache, heartburn, flatulence?

All these depressing conditions are really due to acid stomach and a sour system; but thousands of men and women live lives of misery in a chronic run down state, all unaware of this fact. A dose or two of "Bisurated" Magnesia would, by sweetening the sour stomach, make them fit in no time. This has been proved over and over again in cases where weeks of tonic treatment had failed. Remember that your stomach is your power-house. When that fails your whole body suffers and your health breaks down.

"Bisurated" Magnesia neutralizes a sour stomach instantly; keeps food sweet; makes digestion easy, so that you derive full strength and nourishment from every meal. Your nerves grow strong, depression is banished, and you feel full of physical and mental power. Get a bottle of "Bisurated" Magnesia and face your work with cheerful confidence.

**'Bisurated' Magnesia**  
For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the "Bismag" Trade Mark

## COLD SORES



Resona Ointment is wonderfully soothing for painful cold sores—the discomfort vanishes immediately you apply it, and in a few days the sores disappear completely, without leaving a single blemish.

TREATMENT. Apply Resona Ointment generously and leave on overnight. Bathe next-day with warm water and RESONA MEDICATED SOAP. Resona Soap contains the same soothing properties as the Ointment—it has been specially made to assist healing.

### COLD SORES SOOTHED AT ONCE

"A few days ago some very painful cold sores broke out around my nose. I bathed the sores with warm water first, then smeared on a little of Resona Ointment. Next day they had almost disappeared—and that was after only one application."  
E. R. ROSEVILLE



**Rexona**

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT 1/4 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)  
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED  
S.172.30

## Combat the menace of 'flu

Fortify the tired and devitalised body, give the blood and tissues the nourishment they must have, and your chances of getting 'flu (or other serious illness) will be greatly lessened. Wincarnis, the fine old tonic wine, enriches the blood . . . tones up the tissues . . . and therein constitutes an effective defence against dread 'flu. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle to-day. Quarts 7/3. Pints 4/3.

**WINCARNIS**  
Puts Young Blood in your veins



# Rabbit Can Top the MENU



Do it surprisingly well and often if expertly cooked and served in a variety of ways as suggested here . . .

By  
**RUTH FURST**  
Cookery Expert to The  
Australian Women's  
Weekly

**A**N important item on the menu for the housewife who has to cater for a large family is rabbit. It is cheap. It can be cooked in many different and equally appetising ways, and if you take especial care it can be made just as delicious as chicken.

**T**HE secret of cooking rabbit appetisingly is to fry it first in butter before you add your other ingredients, but if your rabbit is very nice and tender and you fry it very carefully with onions, it makes a delicious meal in itself. But be warned! If it is a fairly mature specimen it will require some longer method of cooking to bring it to that state of melting tenderness which makes a rabbit a gift from the gods!

## RABBIT PIE

One rabbit, 1 lb. bacon, 2 hard-



"CAN'T STOP"  
Tasty dinner waiting!  
made with "GRAVOX"  
Oh boy—what gravy—  
what pies, soups & stews  
"GRAVOX" makes—and it  
SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS  
& BROWNS—all at once

**GravoX**  
The IDEAL GRAVY MAKER

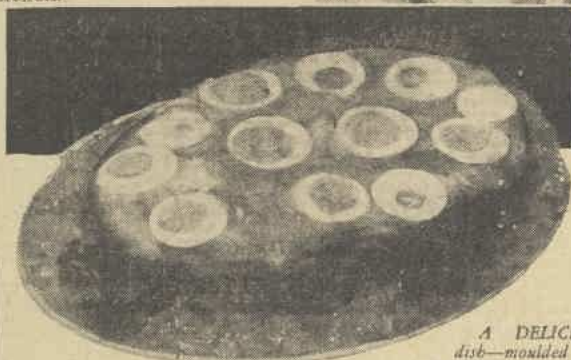
Send in Stamp for  
FREE SAMPLE  
ALBION PTY. LTD., MELBOURNE, VIC.



ONE CUBE MAKES A  
CUP OF DELICIOUS  
CHICKEN BROTH

Made by the makers of  
ANCHOVETTE

Harry Pack & Co. Ltd., London



A DELICIOUS  
dish—moulded rabbit.  
What is more, it  
is a decidedly inexpensive as well as  
a nourishing dish.

boiled eggs, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, flaky or rough puff pastry, 1 onion, water.

Put the jointed rabbit into a saucepan with the onion, bacon, salt, cayenne, and a little water. Simmer very gently till tender. Allow to cool, then arrange in a pie dish with layers of sliced eggs, and pour in a little liquid. Make the pastry and cover the pie dish with it. Ornament with rose and leaves. Make a hole in the middle to allow steam to escape. Glaze with egg. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve at once.

## HOT RABBIT CREAM

Six ounces uncooked rabbit, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons milk, 3 tablespoons cream, salt, cayenne, 2 slices bacon, mace, white 1 egg.

Put rabbit and bacon through a fine mincer. Put the milk on to boil, add the crumbs, butter, and mace. Allow to stand 5 minutes, add the rabbit, bacon, cream, salt, and cayenne. Stir in the beaten white of egg, three-parts fill a buttered mould, cover with greased paper. Steam 1 hour. Turn out and serve at once.

## COLD RABBIT CREAM

Four ounces cooked rabbit, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 8 tablespoons stock, 4 tablespoons cream, salt, cayenne, walnuts, salad vegetables.

Put the rabbit through a mincer twice. Mix in the cream, add the gelatine to the warm stock, stir till dissolved and cool, then pour slowly on to the rabbit and cream. Add salt and cayenne to taste. Pour into small wetted moulds. Leave on ice to set. Turn out and garnish with walnuts. Serve with salad vegetables.

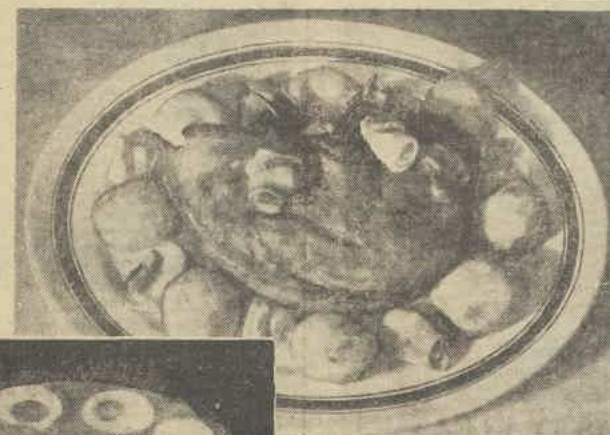
## MOULDED RABBIT

One pint aspic jelly, ham, tongue, 1 cooked rabbit, 2 hard-boiled eggs, parsley, salad vegetables.  
When the rabbit is quite cold, remove the flesh from the bones and cut into neat slices. Line a plain mould with aspic jelly, ornament with the white of eggs. Cut the white of egg into slices, then into diamond shape, to form a daisy-flower pattern, the yolk in the centre and the stems of parsley for the stalk. Place slices of tongue, ham, and rabbit in alternate layers, placing a small quantity of jelly between each layer, then add remainder of the jelly, and when mould is full place on ice to set. Turn out in the usual way. Garnish round the base with salad vegetables.

## RABBIT PUDDING

Suet crust, small pieces of rabbit, 1 onion, herbs, salt, cayenne, little water, forcemeat balls, slices of bacon.

Make the suet crust. Cut one-third



ROAST RABBIT prepared according to the recipe given on this page is savory as well as economical.

sew up. Place in a baking dish, lay the fat bacon on the rabbit, add the dripping. Place in hot oven. Lessen heat after 10 minutes and cook slowly from 1 to 1½ hours, according to the age. When cooked, remove the cotton. Place on a hot dish, garnish with rolls of bacon. Serve the gravy in sauce bowl.

## RABBIT BRAUN

One rabbit, onion, 2 hard-boiled eggs, capers, salt, cayenne, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, slices of bacon. Soak rabbit 1 hour. Put into sauce-

off. Line a plain pudding basin with the larger piece. Fill with the rabbit and onion. Add bacon, herbs, salt, and cayenne to taste. Then a little water. Cover with the small piece of pastry. Cover with floured pudding-cloth. Plunge in boiling water. Boil 2 hours. Remove the cloth. Turn out on to hot dish. Garnish with forcemeat balls. Serve at once.

## FRICASSEE OF RABBIT

One rabbit, 2 onions, water, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 pint milk.

Soak rabbit in salted water for 1 hour, drain, and cut into neat joints. Put into saucepan. Just cover with water, add sliced onions and salt. Bring to boil and simmer very gently till tender. Measure off 1 cup of liquid and add the milk to it; add blended flour and stir over heat till it boils and thickens; add the rabbit and onion; season if necessary. Reheat without burning. Add the finely-chopped parsley and serve at once.

## RABBIT CROQUETTES

Cold cooked rabbit, chopped ham, chopped parsley, 1 hard-boiled egg, salt, cayenne, 1 gill thick white sauce, egg glazing, bread crumbs, Frying fat.

Mince the rabbit, ham, and hard-boiled egg, add to the sauce with the parsley, salt and cayenne to taste. Mix well, stand on a plate till cold, then shape into pieces like corks, using a little flour. Dip in egg, then toss in the crumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain well. Serve on a d'oyley, garnish with sprigs of parsley.

## RABBIT CASSEROLE

One rabbit, onion, rashers of bacon, salt, cayenne, flour, water or stock, parsley, hard-boiled eggs.

Soak the rabbit for 1 hour. Dry well and cut into small, neat joints. Dip in flour, and lay in the casserole. Chop the onion and bacon. Sprinkle over the rabbit. Add salt and cayenne; then pour over the stock or water. Cover with lid. Bake in a slow oven till tender. Twenty minutes before serving add the hard-boiled eggs cut in slices. Sprinkle the top with parsley. Serve in dish in which it was cooked.

## ROAST RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 lb. breadcrumbs, 1 lb. mince, salt, cayenne, little butter, slices of fat bacon, 2 tablespoons dripping.

Soak the rabbit for half an hour, wipe thoroughly dry. Mix the breadcrumbs, butter, mince, parsley, salt and cayenne well together, fill rabbit with it.



WHY not rabbit pie? This is but another delicious way of serving rabbit.

pan with onion, bacon, and water, and cook slowly till soft. Remove from the liquid and cut the meat up finely. Rinse out plain mould with water. Put in chopped rabbit and slices of egg in layers. Sprinkle with capers. Strain stock from rabbit, add gelatine to it, then pour into mould, stirring it well through the rabbit. Leave till set. Turn out and serve with salad vegetables.

## CURRIED RABBIT

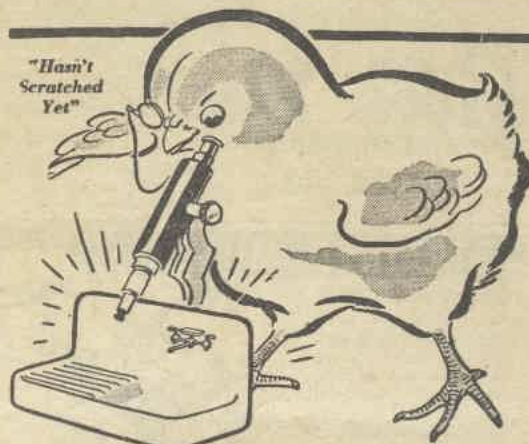
One rabbit, heaped tablespoon curry powder, lemon, 2 onions, 1oz. stoned raisins, 1 banana, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 large apple, boiled rice.

Chop the onions, apple and banana. Melt the fat in a saucepan, add the apple, onions, and banana and fry till a golden brown; add the flour and curry powder; add the liquid, stir till it boils and thickens; add the rabbit cut into neat joints, and the seeded raisins. Simmer slowly about 2 hours. Serve on a hot dish with a border of boiled rice, garnished with slices of lemon.

## RABBIT PATTIES

Cold cooked rabbit, 1½ gills white sauce, salt, cayenne, 3oz. chopped ham, chopped parsley, 1 lb. rough puff or flaky pastry.

Cut the rabbit and ham into very small pieces, put into the sauce with parsley, salt and cayenne and mix well. Make the pastry. Turn on to a floured board. Roll into a thin sheet, cut into rounds with a plain cutter, one two sizes larger. Line deep patty tins with the larger rounds, fill with the mixture. Wet the edges, cover with the smaller rounds, make a hole in the centre. Glaze with egg. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve very hot. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.



TRY to find a dulled spot where I have cleaned...

Bon Ami protects sinks . . . doesn't scratch and dull them as coarse, gritty cleansers do! Because Bon Ami is fine, white and gritless! And how quickly Bon Ami does clean—what a beautiful polish it gives at the same time—how nice it is to use. Try it for all your household cleaning. See for yourself how much brighter Bon Ami makes everything!

**BON AMI**

in either Powder  
or Cake . . .

Made in  
Australia





## "And so the beautiful Ivory Castle is saved"



Joan likes telling stories any-time . . . and she's simply loving it to-night, because she's chosen her special favourite—the story of the Gibbs Fairies, and of how they fight against Giant Decay to keep our Ivory Castles strong and shining. When the story's over, Joan and Brian both see to their own Ivory Castles—they bring out their Gibbs and give their teeth a really thorough brushing.

### GIBBS POLISHES AS IT CLEANSSES



Swirling antiseptic Gibbs foam goes searching into every corner of your mouth—dissolves film, removes dangerous germs, sweeps away tiny food particles—anything that might cause decay. And as it cleanses the teeth, it brings up their natural polish, leaving them gleaming white.

Your Teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

## Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN

At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/6, 37.41.25 large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTURE TABLETS 1/6 at all chemists.

## STRAINED MUSCLES

### AFTER THE GAME

That is the time to apply SLOAN'S. It brings comforting warmth to relieve pain from sore muscles, and keeps them from stiffening. In most cases SLOAN'S will prevent the appearance of disfiguring black and blue spots which follow a bruise. Apply SLOAN'S freely to the bruised spot, patting on gently.



SLOAN'S FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, SPRAINS, ACHES, PAINS

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

## THIS FASCINATING NURSERY SET

Comprising feeder, traycloth, and envelope in good quality huckaback, with "bunny" fast color applique



patch, and hollyhock design, traced ready for simple outline embroidery. Neatly bound with strong material. Only 2/- for the set.

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Name .....  
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Article .....



DAINTY LITTLE MARINA, the 10-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ferox, of Barabara, New South Wales.

## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

### Prevention of Dental Disease

By MARY TRUBY KING

The providing of well-developed jaws and strong, sound, resistive, long-lasting teeth for their children must always rest mainly with the parents—especially the mothers.

Therefore the mother should keep herself in the best of health before her baby's birth.

IF she takes plenty of outdoor exercise and is regular and sensible in her habits, as to food, drink, etc.—she may feel confident that the first set of teeth will tend to be sound and good.

The enamel is formed from the mother's own blood and tissues, and the enamelling of the portions of the teeth that need protecting is almost completed before the baby is born. Though these teeth only come through the gums much later, they are already built at the time of birth, waiting to take their places in due course.

### Exercise Helps

THE "permanent teeth" are also begun before the baby is born; but they are built mainly during the first three years after birth, and their form, quality and durability depend mainly:

- (1) On the perfection and soundness of the first set. If the first teeth decay it is a bad outlook for the second set.
- (2) On the health of the mother before baby's birth and during the nursing period—natural feeding for nine months being the best guarantee for sound building of the permanent teeth.
- (3) On training and habituating the infant to exercise and develop successfully his chewing and masticating powers, from six months of age onwards.

This may be effected by commencing with a bone at six months, and training the baby later to the successive use of a fair proportion of tough crusts, dried and crisped, crusty bread, raw, ripe apple, etc.—instead of restricting him to soft, mushy foods.

"Pap" gives the jaws, teeth, tongue and palate practically no work to do; it also leaves the salivary glands comparatively idle and thus restricts their proper growth and development.

### Restricted Growth

NOT only do the jaws, teeth and neighboring glands suffer from this idleness of the mouth and its organs, but the neighboring nose, throat, and tonsils are all prejudicially affected, more or less, so that the child is predisposed to sore throats, colds, adenoids, etc.

There is no region of the body where normal, healthy, all-round activity, and the ample blood supply which this ensures, tell so strikingly on the growth, health and strength of the whole body as in the case of the grinding, pulpings and insalivating apparatus of which the mouth and its organs are the central station.

Dental decay is always due to microbes making their way through the enamel

into the softer and less resistive interior of the tooth.

The enamel of normal, well-made teeth is hard, dense and thick, and is constructed by nature for hard work, and the more the teeth get to do the better it will be for them.

No microbes can possibly force a passage through good, sound, clean, hard enamel. It is only where the coating of enamel is originally deficient, or soft and badly formed, or where microbes are allowed to establish themselves and remain more or less undisturbed from day to day in particles of food lodged in crevices, in the crowns of teeth, or in cracks between them, that microbes can erode the teeth and form foul, poisonous, decaying pits and hollows in their interior.

### Nature's Provision

MICROBES live on food just as we do—they cannot live on nothing. The favorite foodstuffs of the germs which invade the teeth are sugars and soft, sticky, prepared starches.

As pointed out in last week's article, these microbes flourish and multiply in such material, form an acid which can gradually dissolve out the lime of the enamel, and thus cause the outside of the tooth to become soft and easily penetrated by the tiny invaders.

Fortunately, nature provides us with a fluid which counteracts and neutralises acidity, and which tends to keep the mouth pure and healthy. The saliva—of which about two pints should flow into the mouth every day—not only helps to digest our food, but also cleanses and helps to preserve the teeth.

Unfortunately, the sugars and starches, which are liable to cling to the teeth and give rise to acidity, are the very foods which have little tendency to promote the flow of saliva.

On the other hand, a very free flow is caused by fruits and salads—especially by more or less acid fruits, such as apples, which besides being acid call for plenty of chewing and masticating.

Of all the fruits grown in temperate countries, the apple is the most desirable, and its much more general use in the raw state at the close of meals cannot be too strongly recommended, especially in the rearing of the family, and for the sake of the teeth.

## how to "DAMP-SET" your wave

by YVETTE D'ELMONTE



Damp-setting is essential with these new "off the head" hats.

WHEN I recently discovered "damp-setting"—an amazing way to set any wave in four minutes! The movies thought my secret too good to be true. Now the same stars say it is *too good to keep*, and "damp-set" waves are soon on every movie-lover!

"Damp-setting" saves many shillings and many hours of time in beauty parlors. Holds even the lightest finger wave 4 or 7 days! Keeps hair naturally gleaming with all this healthy lustre that follows a fresh shampoo! And it's so easy!

All you need is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. (If you have no Velmol at home, any chemist has it for only 2/1 a bottle.) Then just brush the Velmol through your hair, and simply press your waves into place.

That's all you do! But do it weekly and "damp-setting" will always keep your waves as deep and firm as the day you stepped out of the hairdresser's chair! And never any grease—for delightful, crystal-clear Velmol liquid must not be confused with heavy, massy "brilliantines".

(If you usually set your waves or curls with "bobby" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)



JUST THREE STEPS IN "DAMP-SETTING"—(1) Comb hair with comb moistened in water until hair is damp (never wet).

(2) Pour a little Velmol into palm of hand, run hairbrush over head until all the bristles are evenly covered, and brush it right through hair. (3) Now press the waves in—just where you want them—using fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they melt in toward cheeks and forehead. In four minutes your wave is revived—set, your hair has a glorious new sheen you never believed possible. CUT THIS OUT SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

(Copyright)

## For Bronchitis Coughs, Colds

Canadiol Mixture Quickly

Loosens Things Up

It's different—it's faster in action—it's compounded on superior, medical fact findings new in this country.

Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple action) is the name of this amazing cough and cold prescription that "acts like a flash" yet is so pure and free from harmful drugs that a child can take it—and stop coughing.

One little sip and the ordinary cough is eased—a few doses and that tough old lung-on-cough is silenced—it's really wonderful to watch how speedily hard, lingering colds are put out of business.

Night away that tightness begins to loosen up—the bronchial passages clear—you're on your toes again—happy and breathing easier.

Get Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blisteringly cold Canada—10-day.

AT CHEMISTS—2/3 BOTTLE

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD Toronto, Canada—Kaiser, N.C. A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT



# WINTER COMES and Nights FALL CHILL!

But the glowing hearth radiates cheerfulness and is an invitation to friendly warmth

By.....  
Our Home  
Decorator

IN winter time, the fireplace, of all features within the house, is the most attractive. Or, rather, it should be. For it is the focal point of the room in which long evenings are spent in reading, in conversation with friends, or in homely occupations. Concentration of decorative interest on the fireplace, therefore, is not only reasonable, but also desirable.

I often lament the fireplace apologies that grace some of our modern homes and flats. In mid-winter I am not alone in my lamentations. Certainly, many are fitted with up-to-date heating arrangements that make otherwise cheerless rooms comfortable. But, a cosy seat by the blazing fire is most alluring and lucky are we who can boast an open fireplace.

## A Friendly Hearth

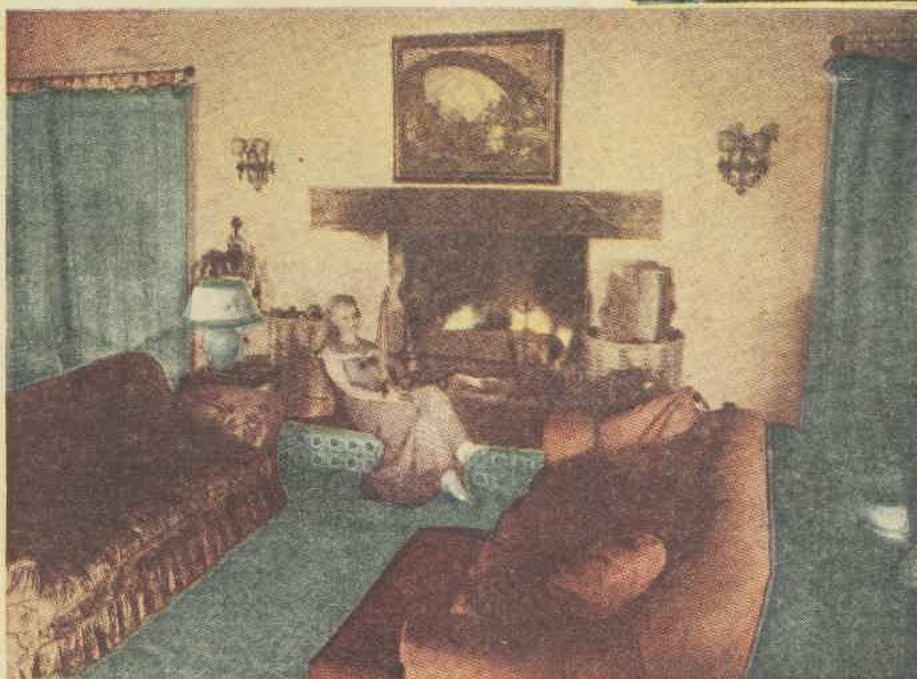
NOTHING can beat the warm fragrance of a wood fire with its leaping flames and cheerful crackling. To me, it possesses a friendliness which other fires lack, and worth all the trouble of making and cleaning away of ashes next morning.

A wood fire is not hard to manage if it is treated in the right way. Heed this, you who volunteer to "make the fire" and only fill the room with smoke and the hearth with distress. The foundation should be paper or shavings as with a coal fire. Over this place small twigs, or split deal, and gradually build up with larger pieces of wood.

Next step: When the fire is burning it should not be allowed to get too low. Pile on fresh wood, but do not poke it constantly. (Gracious, how some people like to poke a fire!) The best way to

WHEN the day is over and weary workers turn homeward, they do not mind so much the dripping umbrellas, the crowded tram trains, boats, the chilly, wind-swept night. Instead, they see a welcoming smile, a glowing hearth, a table laden with hot, savory, life-bringing food . . . and then an easy-chair facing cheery warmth.

Is yours the kind of hearth that is pleasant to look at, and as friendly and comfortable as it is possible to make it?



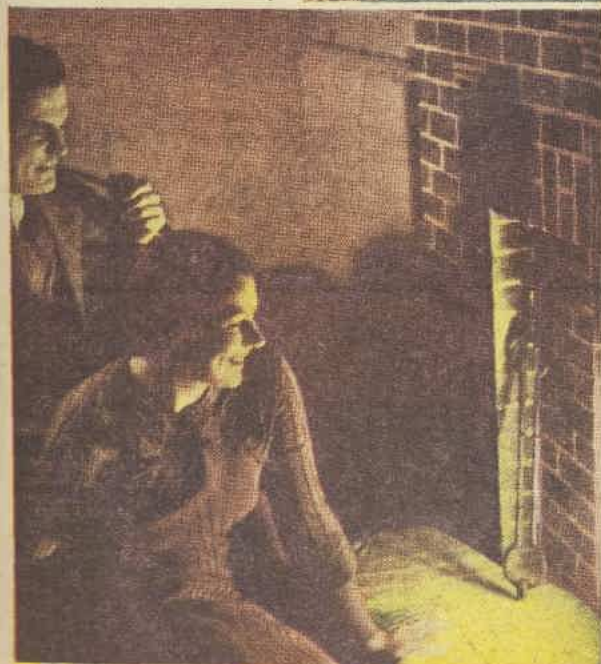
ABOVE: A FIRE that radiates cheerfulness. Note the gauze screen to keep flying sparks in place.

LEFT: AN attractive fireplace which might interest those about to build. Observe the basket for holding logs, the arrangement of furniture.

—Photo courtesy Warner Bros.

## Rhyme For a Fireplace

Stranger, now no more unknown,  
Let my comfort be your own.  
Friend, for whom my dwelling  
stands,  
Take your joy from both my  
bands.  
Love, for whom my hearth logs  
shine,  
Fill you heart with peace from  
mine.  
God, to Whom we make our  
prayer,  
Keep us warm within Thy care.  
—D.K.



## THE FIRESIDE HOUR

When wintry winds blow and night falls chilly what a haven of comfort and friendly cheer is that glowing hearth! It is the focal point of the room. Therefore, no matter how humble your home, make it pleasant to look at and as bright and cheerful as possible.

attain a cheerful blaze is by raising the wood from beneath, and then a careful rearrangement of the logs will get the desired result.

When putting on fresh logs place them at the back of the fire and let the sturdy logs support each other.

From the point of view of cheerfulness, have plenty of logs at hand; it's impossible to get a blaze with one piece of wood.

You see, I know how to make a fire! And another thing. In order that more than one or two may enjoy the cheerful glow of the hearth, give thought and attention to the arrangement and grouping of furniture.

## Charm and Cheer

IN the charming and colorful picture at the top of this page you glimpse an ideal arrangement. Lounges either side, or if you do not possess two lounges, place one at right angles and then place easy chairs in such a way that they do not entirely shut cheer away from anyone sitting in another part of the room.

Small tables with reading lamps or lamp standards should be suitably placed for reading or sewing purposes, unless, of course, the lighting fixtures are expertly arranged so as to radiate sufficient light. Don't put up with inferior lighting if you are sewing or working.

On the other hand, if conversation holds sway, there is nothing more fascinating than candlelight or to sit by the leaping or glowing fire with all lights out.

When fires are going, keep flowers away from the mantelpiece. Flowers are precious in wintertime, and the heat spoils them, fades them in double-quick time. A few charming pieces of pottery or brass and candlesticks (or, as some prefer, books) are more suitable as decoration. —E.E.G.

## MICHEL LASTS

In Fair Weather  
or Foul  
.. From Morning  
to Night



You don't know how truly permanent lipstick can be until you try MICHEL. It clings lovingly to your lips . . . stays with you through dining, dancing and sports . . . comes through rain and drizzle fresh and appealing.

Michel keeps lips soft and young. Its perfume is delicate and subtle. Its creamy base prevents dryness and chapping . . . helps to make mouths lovely. Avoid imitations.

## 5 APPEALING SHADES

Blonde Scarlet Vivid  
Raspberry Cherry

SIZES:—Large — Popular

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmétique.

Michel  
LIPSTICK





# Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

No styles smarter, more becoming, no patterns simpler, easier to follow—or cheaper!

**HOSE** of you who make your own frocks will find a charming variety of styles on this page to choose from. There are winter day dresses and costumes, modish evening gown, pyjamas, and lingerie.

Watch next week for some more smart winter styles.

## MODEL EVENING GOWN

**WW1201**.—A very modish, feminine evening style, gracefully shirred. Note shirring at bustline, and the quaint buck effect. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## GRACEFUL MATRON'S STYLE

**WW1202**.—Youthful and becoming frock for the matron or for a young person above average in weight. Flared collar is very soft. Style is specially designed to slenderise the figure. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## DOUBLE-BREADED COSTUME

**WW1203**.—A straight, simple, tailored costume, but suitable for all ages and all occasions, and we have cut it in six bust sizes, 32 to 42 inches. Imagine it with a smart contrast blouse. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## SMART, YOUTHFUL SUIT

**WW1204**.—This attractive little suit will be a splendid addition to your winter's wardrobe. Note the snappy little coat with pleats in the skirt, and the demure Peter Pan collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## IN THE MILITARY VOGUE

**WW1205**.—Very chic and dressy frock with its high, stand-up collar, military "frog," and full sleeves. Skirt is plain. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## LITTLE BOY'S SUIT

**WW1206**.—Charming attire for the small boy aged 1 to 6 years, and you may make several outfits for him by having several shirts of different colors and materials. Attractive, don't you think? Material required for 4 years: 1 yard, 36 inches wide for blouse, and 1 yard, 36 inches wide for trousers. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## DAINTY CAMI-KNICKERS

**WW1207**.—Delightful to wear—especially for evening—these sweetly dainty cami-knickers. This style is backless, with uplift bustline and fitting to the waist. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3½ yards lace. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## SMART PYJAMAS

**WW1208**.—Here is a sensible, attractive pyjama style, warm and comfortable for winter. Bind with contrast round neck, sleeves, and legs. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



## Attractive Winter Styles Free!

Fill in coupon at left as directed and send straight to our offices!

**PATTERNS** for the three sweet styles depicted at left are now available. They comprise this week's three-in-one, free pattern.

Pattern is cut to fit 34-inch bust.

No. 1 frock has a bow, and stitched pleats coming from a circular bodice yoke, and is sweetly simple. You will require 2½ yards, 36-inch wide material for this.

No. 2 frock, a trim, business-like style, with neat collar and buttons down the front. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide.

The blouse, No. 3, is very attractive and suitable for business girls, and requires 2 yards, 36-inch wide material.

**PLEASE NOTE!**

**TO ENSURE** prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 10 STAMPS to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

**ADLAIDE**.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2884, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
**BRISBANE**.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
**MELBOURNE**.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
**NEWCASTLE**.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
**SYDNEY**.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3077E, G.P.O., Sydney.  
**TASMANIA**.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mathers and Co., Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....  
Address .....  
State .....

Pattern Coupon, 30/5/36.



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN

## How to Banish Summer's Left-Overs!

Don't fret about freckles, coarse, patchy skin, or brittle hair, but do something about them

*Is summer's disenchanting gift—an outsize crop of freckles—still worrying you? Is the lovely tan fading out patchily? Is your hair still coarse and brittle from the salt water that would seep under your bathing-cap? Does your skin look coarse as a result of exposure to sun, sea, and wind? . . . Then, here is help for you.*

**T**HOSE of you who acquired a regular crop of freckles will welcome this simple remedy:

Squeeze the juice from one lemon and dilute with equal quantities of glycerine and rose water. Apply to individual freckles with a small brush.

A rather simple and effective remedy can be made by adding one-quarter of an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin to six ounces of olive oil.

Allow the skin to absorb as much oil as possible, then wipe off the excess and powder thickly.

Then again equal parts of lemon juice, peroxide of hydrogen and water used regularly will soon rid arms of freckles.

An old and recommended bleach for difficult arm freckles is as follows:

Put one and a half tablespoons of fine almond meal or ground almonds into a small basin and cover with the same amount of witch hazel. Allow to stand for two hours. Then stir well and strain through a fine sieve. Mix with an equal quantity of peroxide of hydrogen, a tablespoon of lemon juice, and four drops of tincture of benzoin. Keep in a covered jar. Rub nightly on freckled arms.

Then again, summer's glare has likely put a few lines under your eyes—or worse still, added to them. Get some of the best skin food you can buy and massage, or, better still, tap it in gently with the third finger of each hand. Gently massage, or tap out above the eyelids

and in under-neath, towards the nose. Do this for five minutes nightly, just before slipping into bed—don't miss, no matter how tired you feel.

I said to work gently. You must be very

careful how you apply anything below the eyes, for the skin here is very loose and stretches on the slightest provocation.

### Refining the Skin

**PLAIN** calomine solution, it is said, refines the skin texture and is marvellous for any slight eruption. But watch! It has a tendency to dry, so do not use it oftener than once a week, unless your skin is dry.

Lemon cream is really an excellent bleach for skins which look dull after summer's tan has somewhat faded. To make it, melt together two tablespoons of cold cream and one ounce of almond oil. Then, as the mixture cools, stir in a teaspoon of essence of lemon. This cream may be applied daily for a few weeks.

### Attention to Arms

**IF** your arms or back are blotchy and pimply, apply common salt—moistened—with your hands or flesh brush. Rub well until your back and arms are glowing, then wash off. I have a young friend who uses this salt treatment for the eradication of facial blemishes, and also for dandruff. Before the shampoo she gives her head a thorough rubbing, parting it in sections, as you would for an oil shampoo.

Now for a sensible shampoo for greasy, brittle, and coarse hair:

Into half-pint water beat two teaspoons of soft soap, half-teaspoon of eau-de-cologne, few drops essence verbena. Wet hair with hot water, then massage the shampoo into the roots with pads of fingers. Work with firm pressure to move scalp as the cleansing is given, and be careful to rinse away every particle of soapy water.



WHAT MOST of us long for—a perfect skin, smooth, satin-like and free from blemishes of any description. Here is another girl who can claim all this, Rita Cantino, the lovely Fox star. Note, incidentally, her hair. Straight, well-groomed, it falls into soft curls at the nape of the neck. Observe also the lilac decorating her tresses. Why not copy?

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

**PATIENT:** Is there any hope of cure for chronic nervousness? I have been suffering for years from this complaint, and lately I have had a lot of worry which, at times, makes me feel quite desperate.

**NERVOUSNESS** is a much-used and much-abused term. Everybody gets nervous at some time or other—that is, one shows a certain instability leading to anger or worry or confusion or fear or a thousand and one other possible things.

Such manifestations are not nervousness in the scientific sense of the word. In fact, such nerve manifestations are negligible.

Nervousness is only important when it seriously and more or less continuously

interferes with happiness or work or with one's general sense of well-being.

### Nerve Exhaustion

**IN** such cases of nervousness we often find obsessive ideas that harass the mind. People feel they may say something or do something they are ashamed of or afraid of—suicide, for example. Yet despite the insistence of the idea they never actually give way to it.

This particular form of neurosis is known as "compulsion neurosis." The compulsion may be to wash the hands after touching almost anything.

Another type is anxiety neurosis. Here the predominating nervous picture is a feeling of impending danger, that something dreadful is going to happen.

In neurasthenia nerve exhaustion is the outstanding trouble. Neurasthenics tire after the slightest exertion. In psychasthenia the same kind of weakness appears, only here the patients be-

come mentally fatigued rather than physically.

They cannot concentrate their attention. The slightest mental effort wears them out.

There are those who are afraid of high places like a tall building. Others fear closed places like an elevator, a small room, a subway. Some are fearful of open spaces, like crossing a plaza or a field.

### A Functional Disorder

**YET** in all cases of nervousness, from the "blues" to more serious mental depression, temper tantrums and other forms of emotional instability, the individual in question knows that his fears and compulsions are really foolish.

But fight it as he will, no relief is obtained. No exercise of the will nor any distraction permanently conquers the symptoms. No wonder, therefore, that so many nervous persons despair.

Nobody seems to understand them, and they surely do not understand themselves. They cannot figure out why they should be so different from others, nor how they developed that way.

Yet the real fundamental cause for all such nervous disorders lies in the mind. There is no organic nerve trouble. The structure of the nerves is intact, but the workings or functions of the nerves are at fault. Nervousness is a functional disorder.

Yes, nervousness is curable and often after it has persisted in a chronic form for years. It may take a specialist to do it, and it may take weeks and months to accomplish it, but nowadays methods are available to help those so sorely afflicted.

No nervous person should ever give up hope!

BY A DOCTOR

## Lost 25 lbs. Fat

REDUCED HIPS 5 INCHES AND DID NOT DIET!

Never felt so well or so full of energy in her life



The Charm of a Slim Figure

Keeps the system clean, wholesome, healthy. Gently expels poisons, acids, impurities. Especially recommended for Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Bad Skin, Pimples, Excess Fat, Lack of Energy. A powerful Uric Acid solvent and evacuant.

### NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES

Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce, not because of any dangerous or

other reducing properties in the Salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fat tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalco Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.



More Necessary Than a Daily Bath

1/6 & 2/9. All Chemists & Stores



"Regular" BUT NOT THOROUGH —Her TONGUE TELLS

Headaches, indigestion, lack of energy, pimply skin and other signs of constipation warn thousands that regularity is not enough. Bowel action must be THOROUGH as well as regular. But "regular" or constipated, you'll benefit by taking an occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS** they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.



# So that you may— HAVE FRUIT a-plenty for NEXT SUMMER

Prune and tend carefully your fruit trees in the month of May

.... Says the Old Gardener!

Fortunate is the possessor of the backyard orchard, especially when he, in the peak of burning summer, reaps a harvest of sweet-flavored, luscious, home-grown fruit. And it is during the dour wintry months—now, in the month of May—that you must assure your fruit crop, by pruning, digging, and generally caring for the trees, to prepare them for the fruit-bearing season. The Old Gardener this week gives some valuable advice on pruning and on the general care of the backyard orchard.

**SHORTER** days, crisp nights, painted trees, and fallen leaves tell us that summer has gone, and winter is with us again. The gardens look deserted, forlorn, and cheerless, but, still, there is work to be done.

Our backyard orchards will need particular attention now, for it is the work put into them through the cold winter days that helps them to give us summer's rich harvest. What I am going to say to you to-day applies, of course, too, to the large orchards.

First, we turn our attention to pruning, spraying, digging, and ploughing, and so give the trees and plots a general spring cleaning.

In the large orchards, where fruit is grown for the market, the picking and packing of all deciduous fruit is completed and the sheds closed down for the time being, all spare cases that may

have held fruit have been thoroughly cleansed with boiling water and stacked away. Packing benches and packing appointments have been cleansed, and all canvas or bagging used has also been dipped in boiling water to kill any insect or larvae that may be there. This careful attention keeps down all fungus diseases also, and so the trouble will be lessened ready for next season.

Generally speaking, it is unwise to prune deciduous trees too early for fear that a spell of warm weather may follow and cause buds to burst. However, if the weather is fine during May, and there are large areas to prune, it is more economical to start on stone fruit (cherry trees, of course, excepted), as soon as they have shed their leaves.

## Why We Prune

So let us get out our secateurs, and make sure that they are exceptionally sharp. This is imperative in order to get a good, clean cut.

We prune for various reasons—  
To keep the tree in such a shape and at such a size as to enable us to cultivate around it, pick fruit, and spray with the least possible trouble.

To spread the fruit evenly over the tree.  
To encourage regular annual crops by

preventing over-bearing.

To encourage fruiting or wood growth as desired.

To admit air and light, thus assisting fruit to ripen and reducing the possibility of fungus attack.

Young trees, of course, are shaped during their early years chiefly with the object of forming a strong framework on which to build the tree as it matures. Pruning of large and well-matured bearing trees will be adapted to the character and variety of the tree and to the locality in which grown.

Pruning cuts should be clean, without ragged edges. Cut boldly and surely, then there will be small fear of damage. Cut to a certain eye or bud. The line of cut should be parallel with the bud, and about half an inch above it, not less.

If the cut is made too near the bud, you may damage it; if too much wood is left above the life line, there is danger also of its dying back again and damaging the bud. All cuts should be made to an eye pointing outwards and with a slight slope, and in such a direction as will drain all water away from the bud. Any cut made with a saw should have the edges smoothed over, in order

## CERTAIN WEED KILLER

**SODIUM** chlorate is the gardener's friend where weeds are troublesome. Use 1 lb. to each gallon of water, but for footpaths where the growth is not very thick 1 lb. will do 4 gallons of water. Spray on by using the water-can with the rose attached. This solution not only kills all weeds, but also prevents further germination of seeds for several months, one application being sufficient.



**PRACTICALLY EVERY** portion of this vast land of ours is capable of producing some sort of fruit harvest. Then, why not plant a few trees, or even a grape vine? This is the planting season.

to give the living tissue an opportunity to heal the wound by growth of callus. Saw cuts should be covered with red paint or Stockholm tar.

See that all limbs are well spaced. They should not overlap but should be kept apart at even distances. All water shoots, soft, sappy branches should be cut out.

After pruning is finished, all prunings should be gathered and burned. Trees should then be sprayed with lime sulphur, using one part of lime sulphur to 20 parts of water.

## Spray Again in Spring

If the trees are given a thorough spraying during the winter months, whilst they are dormant, curly leaf and other fungus diseases will be kept in subjection, and probably will be eradicated altogether. It is also advisable to give them another spraying in the spring, when the leaf buds begin to burst, then still another when fully covered with foliage. Strength to use

for the two latter sprayings should be one part of lime sulphur to 40 parts of water. A little kerosene mixed in the solution will make it more adhesive.

When pruning apple trees, thin out the centre and prune heavily for wood during the first three or four years, to secure a good frame. After that, prune lightly annually for fruit.

Peaches and nectarines bear their fruit on the previous year's wood. The fruit appears on laterals, so cut the leaders to 5 or 6 inches and laterals to 5 or 6 inches.

Prune pears as you prune apples. For plums prune fruit on two-year-old spurs and older. Cut the leaders well back, cut laterals to spurs of three or four inches, and keep the centre well open.

Prunes should be pruned as you prune plums. Almonds are treated like nectarines until four years old. After that they can be left alone so long as the centre is kept clear. Citrus trees are pruned after the fruit is gathered.

Perennials should be shortened back annually.



## RADOX prevents perspiration odour

**STICKY** summer weather invariably brings the same old problem—perspiration odour. And it's needless merely to camouflage one unpleasantness with another by relying upon 'disinfectant' soaps and highly scented talc. You must remove the cause of perspiration odour before you can be perfectly safe. That is why fastidious people use Radox. Radox gives you sheer cleanliness of body; it leaves your skin as sweet and clean as the scent of fresh air, with every pore freed from impurities. Radox removes the need for disguise or protection, so that you may feel safe, and sure.

At all chemists: Box, Packet 2/6  
DOUBLE SIZE PACKET 3/9

**RADOX**

## A FREE GLADIOLUS

One full sized bulb of the sensational Gladiolus MARMORA is given FREE to every purchaser of to-day's set of glorious "Gladioli". Marmora bears huge spikes of tremendous sized blooms, indistinguishably beautiful. In color—a lovely lavender with potentia blotch. Like the rest of this set, Marmora wins prizes at shows, and admiration in gardens.

**F. J. MACCOY**, large pink, 1/-; MOTHER MACHIESE, lavender and salmon, 1/-; JERIE, pink, rose, and white, 1/-; CANDIDIA, glorious yellow, 1/-; SILVERSHIMMER, salmon, silvery sheen, 1/-; DOUGHERS OF YORK, unique shiny tawny, 1/-; GOLD HAZEL, large yellow, 6d.; BREAK OF DAY, pink and cream, 6d.; JON CORLEMAN, ruffled crimson, 6d.; VICTOR, scarlet and white, 6d.; PURSUIT OF ALL, white, 6d.; CHERIDEE ENLEY, salmon and shell pink, 6d.

**SPECIAL OFFER:** 6 at 1/- for 5/6. Posted 6/- 6 at 2/- for 2/9. Posted 2/2.

**EXTRA SPECIAL!** The set of 12 (with MARMORA FREE), 5/-, Post Free.

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Box 1005 RD, G.P.O. "Phone: BW1021-MOROS.



INTRODUCING Merle Spencer, of Melbourne.

## Doll's Day in Japan

By ANITA THOMPSON

I WONDER if any Pal knows what and when "Doll's Day" is? This is one of the quaintest and most beautiful of Japanese festivals. For about 1000 years Japan has kept the annual festival, the Feast of Dolls, on March 3, and to this day the ancient rites of the occasion are carried out with all the pomp and ceremony ever associated with the event.

Every Japanese community holds this festivity. In some hall or room in every town and village there is arranged a great reception for dolls, which are brought by girls of all years.

On one side of the room is a dais, on which stand two gorgeous attired dolls, representing Lord and Lady of Ceremonies, while other dolls represent ladies-in-waiting. All round the room, on three of shelves, are placed the doll's guests, which are received at the door by little girls chosen for that duty.

Dressed in their brightest and best kimonos and sandals, the children stand around refreshments, consisting of a specially baked cake and eggplant, cups of light wine.

Prize of 3/- to ANITA THOMPSON (15), Hill Range Crescent, Lithgow, N.S.W.

Politeness! You cannot catch fish here without a permit.

Boy: But I'm managing very well with a worm.

Prize Card to JACK KIRBY, Kishlen, Lower Bedford.

**ABOUT COMPETITIONS**  
Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney."

## Just Chatter

**SYD BLACK**, of Ascot Vale, Melbourne, likes pictures of aeroplanes and race-horses; **JOYCE SWAN**, of Warrnambool (Vic.), writes clever verse; **RON LUCAS**, of Croydon (S.A.), is another writer of good verse.

**PETER BILLS**, of Broken Hill (N.S.W.), lived in Glenelg for ten years; **JEAN PAWLEY**, of Gunnedah (N.S.W.), is ten years of age; **ANITA CUTLER**, of Telegraph Point, has two goats. Two dogs and two cats for her pets.

**K. BLANCHARD**, of Morildale (N.S.W.), is a new Pal and is thirteen years of age; **RAYLEEN RAINEY**, of Goodwood Park, Adelaide, is eleven years of age; **PATRICIA RYALL**, of Rockleigh, Daly St., Cowra (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a Pal living in New Zealand, Tasmania or Canada.

## Connie's Letter

**MY DEAR PALS,**  
Do you know what you are going to do to-morrow night—and the next night? Probably you think you are most boys and girls map out a plan in their minds for the week. It is a very good thing to have a plan, that is, at least, if you keep to it. Otherwise, it's no use to you at all. If you leave your Tuesday's shorthand to go to the pictures, your football—unless you can postpone the shorthand to another "pleasant night" in the same week. However, they are often forgotten altogether. So stick to your plan. Then you'll feel ever so pleased with yourself at the end of the week when you cast your thoughts back on what you've done.

The prize of 3/- for the best letter of the week goes to **MARGARET GOODWIN**, San-Roma, Heaton Street, North Adelaide, N.S.W. Margaret's letter, although a little on the short side, was neatly written, correctly punctuated, and a pleasure to read.

Good-bye for one short week.

From Your Pal,

CONNIE.

## Autumn

By MARIE DYMCK

THE winter days are drawing nigh,  
And autumn still is waiting by;  
The winter comes along.

But autumn days are cool and bright,  
The winds are fresh and free,  
The nights are calm and clear and light,  
As moonlight on a sea.

The day dawns with a brilliant red,  
And sets with a ruddy hue;  
At dusk the birds fly off to bed,  
Away from me and you.

Prize of 5/- to MARIE DYMCK, Alfred Street, Annerley, South Brisbane.

## The Polite Boy

"JOHNNY, where is that letter I left on your desk?" asked teacher.

"I posted it, sir."

"But it didn't have any address on it."

"No, I noticed that sir, but I thought that was because you didn't want me to know where it was going."

Prize Card to **NORMAN ATEENS**, Leadenhall St., Geelong, S.A.

When is a chair like a party frock?—When it is not in fashion!

What cannot move and yet often runs?—A tap.

What pie is sometimes seen in the sky?—A napkin.

Prize Card to **JOHN FIDCOCK**, 65 Major's Bay Rd., Central Concord, N.S.W.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

Fire Chief (putting recruit through his paces): We have only one fire engine. Now, suppose we are called away to a fire and you are left in charge at the station. Another fire breaks out several miles away. What would you do about the second fire?  
Recruit: I'd endeavour to keep it alight, sir, until you got back.

Prize Card to **EDNA RALPH**, 16 Dent Street, Morewater, N.S.W.

**WHAT HAS BEEN MOVED?**

HERE is a jolly game for you to play indoors. First of all, the players have a good look around the room, and note where everything is as far as they can. Then all the players, except one, shut their eyes or go out of the room.

The player who is left moves something in the room, and puts it in a different place. The other players come into the room, or open their eyes, and have a look round and find out what has been moved. The player who is the first one to find out which object has been moved is the winner, and is then the hider the next time.

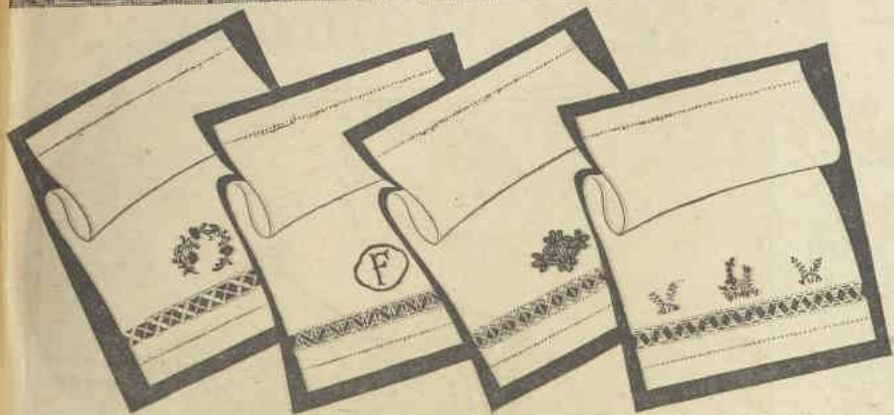
Prize Card to **JEAN PAWLEY**, View St., Gunnedah, N.S.W.



ON THE FARM. Prize of 5/- to Bronwen James, Brooks Street, Wallend, N.S.W., for this clever sketch in black and white.



# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE



"FLORAL CHAPLET"

"MONOGRAM"

"CONVENTIONAL"

"HOLLYHOCKS"

If you're looking for distinctive house linen, here's your opportunity to secure something really smart in the way of guest towels.

If you are getting your glory-box together you can't afford to miss adding a pair, or one of each of the designs illustrated.

Fashioned of good quality buckram in green, lemon, blue, apricot, or ecru, they feature hemstitched hems, and

## "We Are Begging To Be Used"

about an inch from the lower hem have two rows of spoke-stitching.

If you feel inclined, you cut between these two rows of spoke-stitching and crocheter the design illustrated in each instance. Full directions for this crocheter accompany each towel.

If you prefer your initial instead of the floral or conventional motif, please

state this. The motifs, floral or otherwise, are traced

ready for embroidery. If you want the towel shown first on left, ask for the floral chaplet, No. 2, monogram; No. 3, conventional; No. 4, hollyhocks.

The price of each towel in any selected color is 1/6. Please add 2d. for postage on each towel. Each towel measures 24 x 15 inches. Order by name.

## How To Acquire an Expensive Evening Bag For Trifling Cost of Materials Alone

Note: Pattern and transfer cost 6d. each from our Needlework Department. Directions herewith.

**Materials required:** Pattern, transfer, 1 yard of black moire silk 36-inches wide, 1 yard of white moire silk 36-inches wide, 1 yard of white buckram, 2 bundles of steel beads, 1 packet of No. 10 bead needles, 1 dozen claw-set brilliants, 1 upper fastener, and 1 small black silk tassel for zipper end.

Place the piece of pattern marked "front and back" on double black silk moire, chalk round edge of pattern

on the silk, and cut 4-inch outside chalk line. Do likewise with the same pattern on the white moire (black tailor's chalk will be helpful here).

The "inner bag" section is also cut on double white moire with 4-inch inlay outside chalk line. Cut 2 white moire gussets and 2 black moire gussets each with 4-inch inlay. Cut strap for back of bag with one edge to fold and a 4-inch turn on remaining edges.

**Cutting the buckram:** Lay each section of the pattern (with the exception of the gusset) on the buckram, chalk round edge of pattern, and this time be sure to cut to chalk line. Cut two front and back pieces.

Press transfer of beading pattern to one of the black moire pieces. Use black silk thread of good quality, and follow pattern line by back-stitching the beads into position, using one of the No. 10 needles.

**Fitting the brilliants:** When the beading is finished, take one of the brilliants, and, using scissors, carefully turn back the claws of the setting, allowing the stone to be free. On the wrong side of bag front force the claws of the setting through to the front at position desired. Place stone into this and firmly and carefully bend claws back

**The Gussets:** Take one black gusset and one white. Place right sides together, stitch round outside edge, leaving narrow end open for turning out. Turn out, tack, and press. Place the narrow end of gusset to face of "inner" bag. Tack and adjust sides of gusset to sides of bag. Allow the black facing of gusset to show to the outside.



Full directions are given on this page for the making of this smart evening bag. Pattern and transfer cost 6d. each at our offices.

on to stone. Quite clever and simple, isn't it!

Place one of semi-circular buckram pieces to the wrong side of this beaded front, tack and turn in moire to this stiff lining, tacking edge firmly. Press. Take one of the white moire pieces to fit this shape, turn in edge, fit, and tack into position, press and machine-stitch in black silk the outside edge.

Treat the side back section in similar method.

### Inserting Buckram

**THE Inner Bag:** Lay buckram interlining to wrong side of white moire, turn in edge to buckram, tack, and press. Place this back with other moire piece, turning in edge and tacking carefully. Press well. Stitch round outside edge in white silk (be most particular about the edges, as they become the feature of good assembly).

On the "inner bag" section there are positions marked "centre" and "fold here." Machine-stitch along these lines, then fold and press well.



Watch your complexion improve as mine did..

when you begin using these creams

Women who have tried many vanishing and foundation creams know from experience that no other cream can compare with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. It protects the most delicate skin from exposure to the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust. It is an ideal powder base because it lends a smooth finish to powder and make-up. It conceals skin imperfections and imparts a soft natural tone to the complexion. Start looking your best through the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.



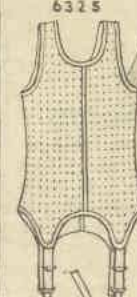
Daggett & Ramsdell

"So Mother has bought us Berleikins to train our figures in the way they should go"



6639

6326



6642

Joan, at fourteen, is just commencing to be "figure conscious." For her, Mother wisely bought Berleikin 6639—a delightful little corselette with brassiere top of soft silk jersey, and lightly-boned panel to control the tummy. For busts 24-32.

Judy—she's nearly eight now—is very proud of her own new Berleikin. It's 6326, of tea-rose broche, silk finished. No bones, but four suspenders. (Mother knows that garters restrict circulation.) For chests 24-36.

6325 is another Berleikin, of light-weight mesh fabric, with 4 suspenders. Boneless. For chests 24-36.

6642, for ten to twelve-years-old, has elastic at sides for freedom. 4 suspenders. For busts 24-32.

# Berleikins

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# FAIR GOLFERS—Pause a Moment . . .

This tailored sweater knitted in the new Avon-green has been designed for you!

*It will take you smartly over the most trying hazards, and bring you to the 18th hole with distinctive success. What matter your score card?*

**T**WO pairs of needles and nine skeins of wool cost little. All you need, in addition, to acquire this smart sweater (full directions are given below) is time. And even the busiest among you enjoy a certain amount of leisure. One thing about knitting it doesn't interfere with conversation, and it allows itself to be picked up at any old time.

**A** WORTHY point about this sweater is its full back which allows plenty of freedom. Because of this, the golfer will not experience any dragging or discomfort when swinging.

Another point in its favor: It can be worn buttoned to the neck (as shown in the colorful sketch) or worn open over a blouse.

Here are listed the simple needs for the making and complete knitting directions.

**Materials:** 9 skeins of 4-ply wool in Avon-green, pair each of No. 9 and 12 needles, 7 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length 19½ inches, bust 34 inches, sleeve seam 18 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; st.st., stocking-stitch; decr., decrease; incr., increase.

**Tension:** 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 inch.

## Back

WITH No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts., k. into the back of cast on sts., then rib k. 1, p. 1 for 3 inches, change to No. 9 needles and st.st., increasing to 150 sts. in the first row, work 9½ inches, then shape for armholes thus: Cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next two

## Tape Your Seams

**H**AVE you ever thought of taping the seams of your jumpers? It is an excellent plan, especially for men's and boys' sweaters; strengthened in this way they are much better fitted to withstand the hard wear required of them, and consequently will last longer. Try it and see.

rows, then decr. 1 st. at each end every row 3 times.

On next row, which will be a purl row, reduce the sts. to 100, thus \* p. 2 together, p. 2, repeat from \* to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

Work yoke in following rib pattern:

Row 1: K.

Row 2: K. 2, p. 2 to end of row.

Repeat these two rows throughout. When armholes measure 7 inches, shape

**SKETCH** shows the practical yet up-to-the-minute golf sweater, made in that delightful shade so suitable for the links, Avon-green. It can be worn buttoned to the throat, or open over a blouse, the full back allowing plenty of freedom for swinging.

Stocking-stitch is used mainly with the yoke in a neat rib-stitch, giving a very tailored effect. By the way, note sketch showing the very attractive back of this sweater.



for shoulders. K. to within 8 sts. of the end, turn, p. to within 6 sts. of the end, turn, k. to within 16 sts. of the end, turn, p. to within 16 sts. of the end, turn, k. to within 24 sts. of the end, turn, p. to within 24 sts. of the end, turn, k. to within 32 sts. of the end, turn, p. to within 32 sts. of the end, k. 1 row, and cast off.

arm, and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves.

With No. 9 needle pick up all sts. round neck, starting from centre of ribbing, work in st.st., keeping a border of 4 garter-stitch at each end, and incr. 1 st.

inside border every alternate row, at each end. When collar is deep enough, work 4 rows in garter-stitch and cast off. Press collar and sew on buttons.



## Keep Your Skin Clear & Radiantly Fresh

"Muddy" looking skin, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and burning irritations quickly yield to Cuticura.

The Cuticura treatment comprises Cuticura Soap, with occasional use of Cuticura Ointment. The luxuriant creamy lather of Cuticura Soap cleanses and purifies the pores, clears and softens the skin. Use it regularly twice a day.

And for pimples, skin outbreaks, rashes, redness or irritations apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected part before washing with the soap. Its antiseptic action kills germs, soothes and heals. After a few days your skin begins to look clearer and fresher; your complexion smoother, lovelier, more attractive than ever before.

# Cuticura

For Clear Healthy Skin

At all Chemists and Stores. Ask for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. And for powder use Cuticura Talcum—exceptionally fine and pure, exquisitely perfumed.

**TO MOTHERS.** To keep your baby happy and contented use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum regularly. Safest for baby's tender skin—prevents chafing, soreness, rashes and irritations.

## Left Front

**CAST** on 60 sts., k. into the back of cast on sts., rib as before, change to No. 9 needles and st.st., keeping a border of 8 sts. in rib for centre-front. Work for 9½ inches more, then shape armhole, cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge, then decr. 1 st. at same edge every row 3 times. Now start yoke ribbing, still keeping k. 1, p. 1, rib for the border.

Continue on these sts. until armhole measures 5½ inches, shape neck by casting off 14 sts. at neck edge, then decr. 1 st. at same edge every row until 32 sts. remain, at the same time, when armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulder thus: K. to within 8 sts. of the end, turn, p. to end, k. to within 16 sts. of the end, turn, p. to end, k. to within 24 sts. of the end, turn, p. to end, k. 1 row, and cast off.

## Right Front

**MAKE** the same as left front, but having buttonholes. Make the first ½ an inch from lower edge, the second 2 inches apart, the remaining 5 at equal distances apart.

To make a buttonhole, rib 3 sts., wool round needle, k. 2 together, rib 3, k. to end, on the next row work the wool round needle as 1 st., repeat for each buttonhole.

## The Sleeves

### BOTH ALIKE

WITH No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts., rib for 3 inches, change to No. 9 needles and st.st. and work for 2 inches, now incr. 1 st. at each end in the next and every 8th row until sleeve measures 18 inches. Shape top by k. 2 tog. at beginning and end of every row for a further 2½ inches, cast off remaining sts.

## To Make Up

**PRESS** work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, press ribbing very lightly, join shoulder, under-

There's an  
**EAGLEY OUTERWEAR  
GARMENT**  
for every occasion



**PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS  
and LUMBER JACKETS**

The "Eagley" brand on woollen outerwear is your guarantee of lasting satisfaction. Made only of the finest wool, of smart cut and first-class finish, Eagley garments although moderately priced, equal the best the world produces.

You cannot do better when buying woollen outerwear, than ask to see the range of Eagley pullovers, cardigans and lumber jackets—at your draper's or favourite store.

# EAGLEY OUTERWEAR

"Twice the wear in every garment"





**Ladye Jayne**  
SLUMBER HELMET

ALWAYS sleep in a LADY JAYNE after a Wave Set. There is no stretching—they fit exactly, and will keep your waves gently but firmly in position.

In net. Large 2/6. Art. Silk. 2/6 and 1/6. 2/6 to 6/6.

Sold by Hair Dressers and Stores, including Myers, Bookley's, David Jones, and Farmers. In difficulty, write to HAINSFORDS, Ltd., 418 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



THE MEMBERS of the American Curtis Cup team which recently defeated the British women golfers for the third time in succession. From left: Miss Patty Berg, Miss Maureen Orcutt Crews, Mrs. P. Goldbwaite, Mrs. L. Cheney, Mrs. G. Vane (captain), Mrs. O. Hill, Miss M. Miley, and Miss G. Glutting. In the British Women's Open Championship all the Americans were beaten. Mrs. Vane (who has held the American championship for six years), Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Cheney, have played in all three Curtis Cup matches against Great Britain.

*Upon Arising*



**—DON'T FORGET TO USE HINDS CREAM**

It will renew the beauty of your skin, make it more fresh and smooth... and besides protect it from the ravages of time and weather.

For the face, neck, arms and hands. Protects, Softens, Beautifies.

1/2- and 2/6 everywhere. Buy the 2/6 size and obtain 4 times the quantity.

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**HINDS CREAM**  
HONEY & ALMOND

Accept only HINDS—Refuse Imitations

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—**  
WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 1/2 and 1/4. Repeat a substitute.\*\*\*

**When Eczema Drives You Mad**

Get a Bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days—Guaranteed

This wonderful surgeon's prescription, now known all over the world as Moone's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is overcome, never to return.

In the treatment of discharging ulcers, abscesses and boils, it is supremely efficient.

Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practicing surgeon, and every penny of your money will be refunded if results don't completely satisfy. All good chemists keep it in stock, or can get it for you on short notice.\*\*\*

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## WHEN GOLFERS Missed in the Mountain MIST

### Game should have been Played with Aid of Theodolite

By RUTH PREDDEY

The Blue Mountains golf championship, with its attendant stroke and handicap events, proved a great success, on top of which associates enjoyed many thrills not usually associated with tournaments.

What with mist and rain, conditions were at times exceptionally trying, and if some of the associates missed and lost balls in the mist, some exceptionally good cards were returned.

AFTER a Canadian foursome had been fought out on the Katoomba course and won by Mrs. Glynn and Mrs. Nelson on the count back from Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Burt, the Blue Mountains championship, the Blue Mountains close championship, and a silver and bronze stroke handicap were decided at Leura.

Here local knowledge proved of great help, as the mist was so heavy that players hitting off from the first tee were unable to see more than 20 yards through the thick white blanket.

Many amusing and aggravating experiences were related by the players as they returned. At the ninth an associate, unable to see more than a few yards ahead, took her stance with her back to the fairway. Only a timely shout from her caddy saved her from sending her ball careering down the valley.

Another player on the eighteenth, which is only 124 yards, sent three balls on to the road out of bounds before she worked out the direction of the green. The conditions at this stage were such that, strictly speaking, a player would have been certain which way she was putting only if assisted by a surveyor with a theodolite.

## BASKETBALL Carnival

### Tentative Programme Arranged

A tentative programme has been arranged by the New South Wales Women's Basketball Association for the Australian Carnival to be played in Sydney commencing on August 25. It now awaits the approval of the other State associations.

THE teams are expected to arrive in Sydney on August 24, and the morning will be kept free for practice. In the afternoon the first Australian council meeting will take place, and the official welcome will be given at a dinner party that night.

All the matches will be played in the mornings, and the afternoons will be left mostly free for the players. The matches are as follows:—

August 25: New South Wales v South Australia; Queensland v Victoria; Tasmania a bye.

August 26: Tasmania v Queensland; New South Wales v Victoria; South Australia a bye.

August 27: New South Wales v Queensland; South Australia v Tasmania; Victoria a bye.

August 28: New South Wales v Tasmania; Victoria v South Australia; Queensland a bye.

August 29: South Australia v Queensland; Victoria v Tasmania; New South Wales a bye.

In the afternoon of August 29 a match between the Australian team and The Rest will be played. Last year when the Australian basketball carnival took place in Brisbane, the Victorian team which had won the premiership was selected as the Australian team.

Victoria was unbeaten in all the matches played. South Australia came second, New South Wales third, Tasmania fourth, and Queensland last.

## INDIGESTION

—The spoiler of Health and Happiness

THIS WRETCHED INDIGESTION AGAIN! I SHALL HAVE TO GO HOME. IT'S SPOILT MY DAY!

SORRY, JACK, I SHALL HAVE TO DISAPPOINT YOU.

MY SAD INDIGESTION. NO THEATRE FOR ME TO-NIGHT.

MOTHER, EVELYN IS GETTING WORSE AND WORSE, HAVING TO STOP HOME.

MY DEAR BOY, BUY HER SOME DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER. IT CURED MY DYSPEPSIA.

THREE WEEKS LATER, GO EASY ON THOSE CHOCOLATES!

I'M ALL RIGHT! I GET NO INDIGESTION TWINGES NOW. THANKS TO DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER.

In these days of strenuous work and strenuous play, health is a vital necessity if we want to take our share in the life and happiness of our generation.

Indigestion in its many forms (heartburn, flatulence, palpitation, gastritis, dyspepsia) is far too prevalent, especially when we know proper and prompt treatment will banish it.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has come to the fore as a first-class indigestion remedy because of its three-fold action. It neutralises the excess acidity, protects the inflamed stomach lining from further attacks, and directly assists in digesting your food. If you suffer from any form of indigestion buy a canister without delay. It costs but 2/6.

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Every day you put off using De Witt's Antacid Powder means a day of unnecessary suffering.

### Our Book Offers

**TOKEN BB18** Here is Taken BB18 in The Australian Women's Weekly

**"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER**  
CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

Here is Taken D35 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

**TOKEN D35** Here is Taken D35 in The Australian Women's Weekly "The Treasury of Knowledge" book offer.

**TOKEN K30** Here is Taken K30 in The Australian Women's Weekly "The Treasury of Knowledge" book offer.

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

### REDUCE SAFELY

with FORD'S PORPHEAL CAPSULES

A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone this is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks treatment. 5/6; six weeks 10/6; at all chemists or post free from FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Unit), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown, Tel. L1713.

### Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense. Just get a small box of Orlon Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from crease or rum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Richy dandruff. If you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."\*\*\* (Copyright)

### I'm INDIGESTION

Cut me out! I'M THE KILLER! I ruin I sleep, appetite, good meals—good homes!

I sleep, appetite, and good meals. I eat food and sleep sweet. I'm Indigestion! I'm not with Harrison-Maclean's Stomach Powder. I'll be glad to get this away from me! I'll be glad to get this away from me! I'll be glad to get this away from me!

De Witt's Antacid Powder has come to the fore as a first-class indigestion remedy because of its three-fold action. It neutralises the excess acidity, protects the inflamed stomach lining from further attacks, and directly assists in digesting your food. If you suffer from any form of indigestion buy a canister without delay. It costs but 2/6.

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER



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Miss Esme Scott from the London salons of Helena Rubinstein is here at Farmer's to advise you on beauty matters. . . . Third Floor



**Brushed Wool**  
for smart young cosmopolitans **29/6**

Smart young 18-25 year olds have always wanted a coat like this—very easy and correct, and with a big polo collar and revers, in these thrilling contrasting flecks you see in very EXPENSIVE coats. Fawn or brown. 42, 44, 46 inches. 2nd Floor.



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**500 HATS GO!**

Half price—yet every one of these special hats is an individual style. There's just about every shape, colouring and material under the sun included, so if you're early you should find one exactly to your liking. . . . No Mail Orders

Millinery—Third Floor. A lay-by?



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**Gussett Court, lizard,**  
import'd navy, black,  
brown skins **26/9**



**26/9**

**High-cut Derby** imported lizard. Black, brown, navy. Pumps.

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**5,000 prs. LIZARDS**  
**CROCODILES GO**

*At Sydney's lowest prices*

We bought enough genuine reptile skins for 5,000 pairs—that explains the amazing prices. Now these shoes—genuine lizards and crocodiles—are here for you at only 26/9 and 29/9. Ready for rainy days and long winter walks.

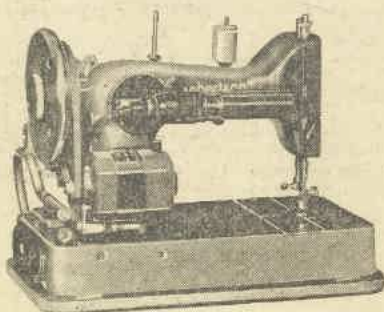
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All in half  
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**£18/18/-** £1 deposit, easy weekly payments

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Reversible. Sew in any direction without clumsy turning of material.

10 years' guarantee with every machine. All tools, etc., supplied. The parts easy to replace.

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you'll be in  
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Sets of 5 Pudding Bowls, 7/11. Or each 1/3, 1/3, 1/3, 1/11 and 2/6.

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**SCOOP! NEW APPLIQUE LACES**

*For lingerie and dress trimmings! Another amazing shipment!*

in georgette and satin  
Remember the easy lay-by!



**Needlerun, yard, 2/11**

Georgette applied on to fine quality net beautifully edged with needlerun. Colours are: White, Paris, oyster, rose beige, cerise. Straight edged types, 1 inch, yard, 2/11. 2 in., yd., 3/11. Shaped, 2 1/2 in., yd., 4/11.

**Leaf Design, yd., 5/11**

A wonder value! Satin applied on georgette in a popular leaf design. White, Paris, oyster, rose, beige. Straight edge, 2 in. wide, yard, 5/11. 4 in., yard, 7/11. Shaped edge, 3 in. wide, costs 4/11 yard.

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The true lovers' knot applique design in georgette on fine quality net edged needlerun. In White, Paris, oyster, cerise. Straight edged, 1 inch, yard, 2/11. 2 in., yard, 3/11. Shaped edge, 3 inch, yd., 4/11.

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You'll adore this charming apple design. Georgette applied on fine quality net needlerun edge. White, Paris, oyster, beige. Straight edge, 1 in., 2/11. 2 in., 3/11. Straight edge, 3", 4/11. Shaped, 2 1/2", 4/11.



1936

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# The Mystery of NORMAN'S COURT

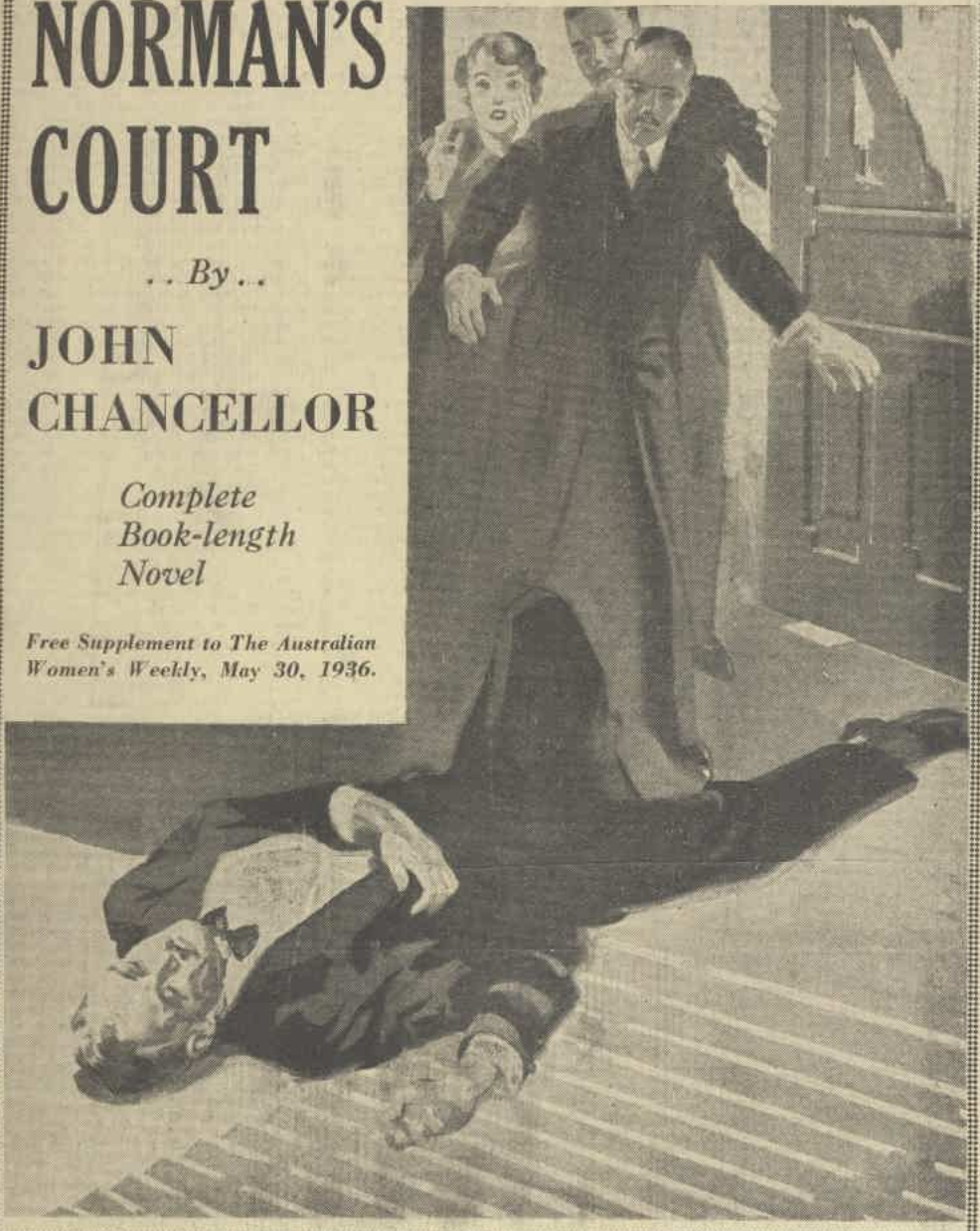
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JOHN  
CHANCELLOR

*Complete  
Book-length  
Novel*

Free Supplement to The Australian  
Women's Weekly, May 30, 1936.

This  
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Must Not  
Be Sold  
Separately.





# The Mystery of Norman's Court

## By JOHN CHANCELLOR

## CHAPTER I



THE Jeffersons' car met me at the station, and despite that the chauffeur drove along the Sussex lanes at a speed well over the prescribed twenty miles an hour I was fretting all the time for him to accelerate.

Now that I was so close to Helen, now that it was a matter of minutes only before I would see her again, that odd foreboding of something sinister and grim which I had experienced in Cairo when I opened her cablegram, and which had persisted ever since, grew stronger than it had ever been.

"Come at once if you can. I am afraid, Helen."

That was all the cable had said, and I remember now that as I read it my mind leapt back two years, and I saw again a glamorous Egyptian night, with Helen and I standing together in the sequestered peace of Henry Jefferson's garden. It was on that occasion that Helen gave back to me the ring which, for a few short months, she had worn on the third finger of her left hand.

"I always want to be your friend, Helen," I had said. "We've been very sensible. I think. You're such a young westerly, and they say that I'm an old forty-one. Double-harshness might not suit us, but we know that friendship does."

The way she laid her hand on my arm then, and looked into my eyes, with tears glistening in hers, was a treasured memory which I had carried through the empty years.

"You're such a dear, Davy," she had answered in that soft voice of hers. "And I'm so sorry."

"Why are you sorry?" I had demanded gruffly. "We're both in agreement about it." Repenting instantly of my gruffness, I had added: "I'd do anything for your happiness, Helen. I want you to know that. If ever you should need a friend—for whatever reason—just send out a call, and I'll answer it wherever you are."

She had nodded and turned away, drawing her lingering fingers slowly out of mine; and then we had both gone up to the terrace and the house.

Ever since that night I had sought consolation in the reflection that I was cut out for a bachelor; but somehow I never quite got myself to believe it.

I am sure that she did not guess then or later that I really cared—that I took my ring back because I knew that she wanted me to do so. With pitiful unconsciousness she had tried to hide from me that Martin Greig had come to loom large in her life.

I watched through the windows of the car for sign of Norman's Court, the Elizabethan mansion which Henry Jefferson had purchased when the ascension of King Fuad to the throne of Egypt, with the approval and protection of Great Britain, had brought the banker's abnormal prosperity to a sudden end.

Knowing as much about Jefferson and his

affairs as I did, my first thought on receiving Helen's cablegram was that she was afraid for some reason connected with his past.

Jefferson had been a big man in Cairo, the sort of man that people had to know whether they liked it or not; but, nevertheless, none of the social set had disguised the fact that they would not have associated with him had they been able to avoid it.

As was a natural consequence, Helen bore the heavier burden. Few hostesses of Cairo received so poor a response to their invitations as she; and, strangely, she seemed never to fathom wholly the reason for it. By some miraculous means her father managed to keep hidden from her the unworthy secrets of Jefferson's Bank.

IT was because of this cold-shouldering that Helen became friendly with Selma Fairburn. I remember my amazement and apprehension when I first heard about it. Selma Fairburn was a woman of reputation, an adventuress—one of the band of many such who drift up and down the world, getting admittance to the best houses under the patronage of their well-placed male friends, but rarely gaining the trust and friendship of the womenfolk.

That Helen, well-knowing Selma's reputation and way of life, yet made a close friend of her—a friendship which was sincerely returned—had always been a matter of mystery to me, and while Helen was in Cairo I wondered more than once why her father did not put a stop to the association.

I had never made up my mind about Henry Jefferson. He was a man of colossal interests and intrigues, and it was said that most of the troubles in Egypt were engineered from the offices of his bank. He played a clever and a crafty game—using the political melting-pot of the world as his arena, and pitting rival factions against each other that he might steal the spoil while they fought over the quarrels which he had sown for them.

He was a power, was Jefferson, and a danger to those who stood in his way. He could make and break men—and he often did. It was common knowledge that the late Khedive had been like a child in his hands, and I had known times when Governments and Kings were forced to alter their plans to his direction. Even after the ending of his political activities, Jefferson's Bank in Lombard Street commanded a respect that was not wholly without fear.

Nevertheless, I always had the idea that such dishonesty and unpatriotism as he practised he did for Helen's sake alone, feeling, no doubt, that the means was justified if the end was all right, and she was left with a large legacy. It was an odd way of looking at things, but most men have a mental twist of some sort. On the other hand, I was probably quite wrong in my judgment of him.

As I have said, I thought that somewhere

here I would find the reason for Helen's call. But immediately my mind started along these lines I remembered that Orme Jefferson, her brother, and Martin Greig, the inseparables of the Kar-el-Nil Barracks, had gone home on long leave a month before I received her cablegram. With her brother and the man who was to become her fiancé so close at hand to give her help and advice, why should she want me, who was merely he who had loved and lost her?

On the morning I left Cairo I received a letter from Orme Jefferson, and one sentence in it had lingered in my mind and added to my doubts and fears.

"That hound of a man, Hugh Bowden, is here. Heaven knows why Dad sticks him. And . . . worse than anything . . . he's brought Selma Fairburn."

I had an inkling of the reason for Orme's agitation. When he left Cairo he hoped never again to cross the path of Selma Fairburn. He was contemplating retirement from the Army, in order to marry some English girl whom I did not know, and settle down to the life of a country gentleman on an allowance from his father.

When Henry Jefferson began meddling with Egyptian politics and finance a web started to spin around him, and in course of years it bound him fast. The spider was Hugh Bowden, who had filled the position of Jefferson's tout and go-between ever since Jefferson had found that the financing of revolts against the Khedive's authority was a paying game.

ISAW the gables of Norman's Court rising out of the trees on the left of the road, and recognised it from the photographs which Helen had sent me. My heart gave a leap and began to thud against my ribs in a strange, unusual way. I told myself that my nerves had gone to pieces.

A few moments later the car entered through an iron gateway into a carriage-drive lined with chestnuts. It was spring, and the fallen blossoms spread a white carpet of petals on the gravel.

I looked for Helen on the wide lawn in the front of the house, but she was not there. However, I saw two people whom I recognised, and as I stepped out of the car Orme Jefferson and Martin Greig left their chairs and came up to greet me.

"Davy!"

Orme Jefferson gripped my hand in a boyish, impetuous way, and seemed determined to wrench it off. Despite his weaknesses, his scarcely-excusable excesses—all of which he justified by the remark that a young man must sow his wild oats—there was no one, so far as I knew, who really disliked him.

He was twenty-five, and I judged that he looked a great deal better in uniform than in mufti, which latter garb he favored now. Uniform lent to him a certain degree of manly dignity which he did not in reality possess. I smiled down into his blue eyes, and remarked the tanned



fair hair, which in Cairo had always been kept plastered close to his head—apparently with a view to displaying one lone strand of the scrupulous neatness which is supposed to be more than rubies to an officer of the British Army. Leave in England had made Orme Jefferson a boy again.

When he released my hand, Martin Greig took it. But there was a vast difference in the two grips: the one was careless and excited, the other firm and calm.

Martin Greig was the strangest man I ever met, and one of the best of good fellows. He had the face of a Cromwell, the build of a heavy-weight boxer, and the manners of a gallant of Elizabeth's Court. There were few who could bow over a woman's hand with the grace and ease of Martin Greig; there were still fewer who could give that same quality of courtesy to a fellow-man and not be marked down contemptuously as effeminate. But somehow he could do it.

"Glad to see you, Forrester," he said, in his quiet voice, and his lean, clean-shaven face crinkled into a smile as he looked down at me from his superior height.

Helen and father are playing tennis with Bowden and Sir Ambrose," said Orme. "Of course, you don't know Sir Ambrose Rowland, Forrester; but I think you're acquainted with everyone else in the house."

I shook my head. "He's a queer cuss," said Orme, "but I suppose he's not a bad old stick really. He's a scientist with umpteen degrees, and he seems to spend most of his time thinking about butterflies and such things. Helen's made a great pal of him, and he's nearly always over here. The adjoining estate is his property."

Before I could say anything a butler appeared out of the house, and Orme sent him off to tell the host and hostess of my arrival.

"You're just in time for tea," said Orme. "And for the meet in the morning." Martin added, "We're all going to it."

"All except Bowden," said Orme. "I saw him give Martin an odd, side-long glance."

"Yes," Martin said quietly, "all except Bowden."

"Why," said I, "what's happened to Bowden?"

MARTIN GREIG studied my face with his grey, calm eyes. I had the impression, suddenly, that he was trying to read if I knew anything about Selma Fairburn and him, and it occurred to me then that perhaps he, as well as Orme, was uneasy that Bowden had brought her to the house.

"He's going away in the morning," he answered. "He's got some business to do in London. He's catching an early train so that he can get back in the evening."

Orme turned away from me, apparently to look for Helen and her father, and I, following the line of his gaze, saw that there was a man sitting on a chair on the lawn with his back towards us. He was so quiet and unobtrusive that, though subconsciously I had been aware of his presence when I first arrived, I had quite forgotten about him while I talked with Orme and Martin.

"That's Doctor Bannister," said Orme, glancing at me again. "I said just now that you knew everybody in the house except Sir Ambrose. But I was wrong—unless, by any chance, you do know John Bannister?"

"I knew a man of that name in Delhi

years ago," said I, "but I don't suppose it's the same."

"It may be," said Orme. "I believe he was in India at one time. You've got an uncanny way of knowing people, Duty."

#### CHAPTER 2

HELEN had altered very little. She had perhaps grown more mature than she was when last I saw her but her eyes were still instinct with that gentle sympathy which was a part of her, and her whole being gave one an impression of childish innocence and trust.

"I'm so glad you came," said Helen. That was all, and yet I read in it more than I can express. I knew that she was glad to see me again because we were friends. But, more than that, there was a great relief in her voice, and a note of fear. I felt that she was longing to give her confidence to someone, and I was a proud man that she had chosen me.

Greig, for some reason—a sixth sense may have warned him that neither of us wanted him there at the moment—left us suddenly, and went up to meet Henry Jefferson and Orme.

As soon as he was out of earshot, Helen said to me in a quick whisper:

"Don't let them know I sent for you. They think you came home unexpectedly, and that three days ago I met you in town and invited you down here."

I nodded. Henry Jefferson came up and took my hand. He had changed a great deal from the Henry Jefferson who was feared and hated in Cairo.

"You'll stop a few days, I hope," he said to me. "We've got quite a house-party here, and all the fun of the fair is in full progress. There's a meet of the hounds in the morning and we thought of going to Epsom on the next day."

I thanked him, and all of us began to walk across the lawn in the direction whence the three Jeffersons had come.

I had known each of these people for years, and it struck me that my reception by them was not so enthusiastic as it might have been. I did not doubt their friendship towards me, but I could feel that there was some subtle restraint upon them all, bending them to seriousness and introspection.

The commotion attendant on my arrival had the effect of waking the man in the chair out of his reverie. He got up as we passed him, and approached us. Henry Jefferson introduced me.

I took an immediate dislike to John Bannister. He had not spoken a dozen words before I summed him up. I put him down as a cynic of the most disagreeable and sour type. His whole appearance seemed to epitomise his character. He was a small man, with black-rimmed hair. His face was pallid, and creased in lines which suggested that his habitual expression was one of smothered contempt. Even as he smiled in greeting me I could imagine that the look in his little eyes meant that he thought there were too many people in the house-party already, and he wished I had not joined it.

I did not say much to him, and in the few moments that he held my attention I tried to remember if he were the Bannister whom I had known long ago in Delhi. But I could not be sure of it, though he seemed vaguely familiar.

We continued on our way, and when we reached the lawn at the back of the house, I saw that the tennis-courts lay beyond it, and I perceived Selma Fairburn—tall and

dark, and seductively-beautiful as ever—leaning over one of the nets and talking with Hugh Bowden. A man whom I took to be Sir Ambrose Rowland was seated in a chair by a small garden table, on which a neatly-clad maid was in the act of placing a tea-tray with a white cloth that fluttered in the breeze. The butler was superintending the placing of another table in a suitable position for the afternoon meal.

Sir Ambrose Rowland rose from his chair at our approach, and Henry Jefferson presented me.

"Mr. Forrester, an old friend of mine from Cairo—Sir Ambrose Rowland, my nearest neighbor."

Sir Ambrose and I bowed to one another, and while the others chattered he began to talk to me about Egypt.

"It's one of my ambitions to go there again," he said. "I was in Alexandria in my younger days, but somehow I've never had the chance to take another trip."

I surmised that sixty or thereabouts was his age, and I did not wonder at Helen's friendship for him. He possessed a great charm of manner, a mellow cordiality and warmth of sincerity which attracted one to him irresistibly and immediately.

MY short conversation with him was interrupted by the arrival of Hugh Bowden and Selma Fairburn. Bowden looked exceedingly well in his flannels. There was little about him to suggest that he was a master of political and financial intrigue, that he had stirred up more tribal risings in Egypt than probably anyone else had ever done. His appearance was in no way extraordinary. Most people would have nummed him up as a keen and prosperous City man.

There was a sort of patronising arrogance in the way he greeted me. I had come into contact with him many times in Cairo. Probably he would not have given me the freedom to do so; men of his profession make few friends, and those they make are as a rule tarred with the same brush as themselves.

"Is tea ready?" he said suddenly to Helen, and I was so amazed at the tone he employed in addressing his hostess that for a moment I stared blankly at him.

"It'll be here directly, Bowden," said Henry Jefferson, suavely. "Are you hungry and thirsty?"

"Rushing about in the sun all the afternoon makes a man that," said Bowden.

I looked at Helen. She was standing between her father and Sir Ambrose, and I saw that her face had gone very pale. Orme Jefferson and Martin Greig, who were behind them, appeared nervous and ill-at-ease. Everybody was silent for a second or two, and I knew that for some reason each of them was unwilling to say anything in the nature of a reprimand to Bowden.

Suddenly Bannister laughed, in a thin, high-pitched note.

"Why do you rush about in the sun, Bowden, if you don't like it?" he demanded. "It's the same with all you sportsmen. You tear about and waste your energy, then grumble because it's gone."

Luckily, the tea arrived then, and what had threatened to become an unpleasant incident was passed off lightly by Henry Jefferson. We took our places at the tables. Sir Ambrose, Selma Fairburn, Orme Jefferson and Bowden sat together, and Henry Jefferson, Helen, Martin Greig, Bannister and myself made up the other party.

By this time Muhamed, Martin Greig's Egyptian servant—without whom he would



never move a mile—had appeared and taken up his place behind his master's chair. I don't know how Martin could stand it. I am quite sure that it would get on my nerves to have that sallow-faced and sinister-looking Egyptian, with his incongruous mixture of European dress and tattered red fez, constantly standing over me like a shadow.

I had said a word or two to Selma before we started tea, and found her very much her old confident and bewitching self. It was strange, I reflected, that she should be here—of all places on the earth. I presumed that Bowden had brought her from India.

I went up to my room—which was situated between Bowden's and Martin Greig's—to dress for dinner, and there I found a sheet of note paper, folded into a triangle, lying on the floor inside my door.

"Meet me in the sunken garden before dinner," was the message, and the signature was: "Helen."

As may be imagined, I hurried over my toilet, and as soon as I was ready contrived to leave the house without attracting the attention of the others, who were gathered in the drawing-room.

"Davy!" she whispered, and a sob choked her voice. "Oh, Davy!"

I put my arm about her shoulders, and looked down into her face. She appeared so frail to me, so ill-armed to battle with the harshnesses of the world; and my mind fled back to the afternoon, when I had become aware of a vague unrest affecting the people in the house and had felt that some unknown drama was being silently played out amongst them.

"What is it, Helen?" said I. "Why did you send for me?"

"Oh, Davy," she said again. "I'm afraid—I'm afraid, and I don't know what it is that frightens me. It's something in this house. It's Bowden, and father, and Orme—and Martin, too. That's why I sent for you. I—I feel that they're all in it. I can't explain, and you're sure not to understand, because you're a man. But a woman has instincts that a man doesn't possess, and I know—I'm certain—that something awful is going to happen. It's like a shadow on the house. . . ."

She paused here and swayed against me. She had turned her face up so that the moonlight shone upon it, and I saw how pale she was and how filled with dread her gentle eyes appeared.

"You must tell me more about it," said I. "You've probably been imagining things."

I began to lead her towards a stone seat built into the wall of the sunken garden.

"Perhaps I have," she whispered.

Yet when she sat down by my side there was something in the way she held my arm with her little hand that told me, as plainly as words could do, that it was no imaginary terror which had made her send for me. I seemed to know that she was going to speak of a thing that was real, and strange and threatening.

## CHAPTER 3

IT was so quiet and peaceful there that one could scarce imagine violence, or even the thought of violence finding a place in it; yet it was in that garden on that night that I, for the first and only time in my life, was seized with a passionate, primeval desire to kill a man.

It was Hugh Bowden whom I wished to kill. When Helen had told me her story, and I had learnt from it that he alone

was responsible for her fear and mental suffering, I became possessed by a longing to feel my fingers on his throat, savagely crushing out his despicable life.

Little did I know at that time how soon the substance of my wish would be fulfilled!

Helen began to weep in a quiet, pitiful way when we were seated on the stone bench, and the sound of her doing so cut into my heart with the keenness of a knife-thrust. She leant her fair head on my shoulder, hiding her face against my coat, and I, with such awkward words of comfort as I could call to mind, did my best to soothe and compose her. But it was some minutes before she was able to speak coherently.

"I was quite happy until Selma Fairburn and Bowden came here, about six weeks ago," she said. "I didn't even know they were in England, until one day a telegram arrived from Bowden saying that Selma and he were coming down on the afternoon train. I know it was a great shock to father; from that moment he seemed to alter. He was so carefree and content before—much happier than he ever was in Cairo. And it's since then that all these things have happened."

"But what things?" I asked her.

She shook her head in a helpless sort of way, and gazed out across the garden. "You'll think I've brought you from Egypt without cause," she murmured.

"Of course I won't, my dear," I protested. "But you haven't told me anything that's tangible and reasonable. . . ."

THERE'S nothing about it that's tangible and reasonable," she interrupted. "Oh, Davy, you must trust my instinct. Don't imagine that I sent that cable without thought. I want you here; I must have you here. Now—now you're the only one whom I can wholly trust and rely upon."

"My dear," said I. "I'll stop with you until you tell me that I'm free to go."

She stared into my face with her tear-misted eyes, and I fancied that she was trying to gauge the depth of my sincerity. She had stopped weeping now, but she was obviously in a highly nervous state; I had never seen her so distressed. The vague, untranslatable things she said served to increase the strength of the odd foreboding which had fretted me since I left Cairo.

"Now try to tell me what it's all about," I said, after a silence.

"Do you remember what good friends Selma and I were in Cairo?" she asked suddenly then; and went on, in a quick, low tone: "Why has she changed, Davy? Why is it that she won't let me get close to her—if you know what I mean by that? And what is it that has come over Orme and Martin?"

"What has come over them?" said I.

"I don't know," she answered. "But they're different. They've become reserved, and nervous and moody. They were never like that before. It seems to me, Davy, as though they have some secret which they're afraid may come to light at any moment and—cause dreadful things. . . . Oh, you'll think this is all fancy; but there's something—something—at the back of it all. And Bowden knows what it is. It began when he came here, and he's the only one who doesn't seem to be disturbed. The others appear almost to stand aloof from me—as if they don't trust me—and they're my father and my brother and the man I'm going to marry!"

"But this is so vague," said I. "It could all be put down to an attack of nerves,

or to the influence of Bowden in the house. You've never liked him, and so far as I know, neither has anyone else. . . ."

"That's just it," she said. "It's Bowden's influence. It seems to have got into the souls of everybody else. They're not so frank and honest as they used to be. In some way he seems to be making them like himself—secretive, and unwilling to trust each other. And he's such a slow, crawling creature. . . . Ugh! . . ."

## CHAPTER 4

WE left the sunken garden by way of the worn stone steps down which I had come to her, and started slowly across the lawn. The gabled house loomed out in front of us, massive and grim, and the moon's ghostly radiance, broken and tessellated by the interruptive trees, shone coldly on its many unlighted windows, making them appear like dead men's eyes.

We walked in silence, and my mind was filled with a press of agitated thoughts. I kept glancing at Helen, and wondering what manner of reflections her bended head and tight-set mouth portended, and by the time we had taken a dozen paces I was cursing myself for having told her so much. It would probably have been better for her, I considered then, if I had borne her reproaches and held my tongue.

Of a sudden she hesitated, and her hand leapt up from her side and gripped my arm. I came to an abrupt stop. She drew her breath in with a sharp sound, and I saw her staring in front of us.

"Who is that?" she whispered.

There was a thrilling quality in her tone, and it had its effect on me. The condition of my nerves had not been improved by the events of the day.

"What's the matter?" I asked in a low voice.

"Look . . . look!" she said, with a quick sob of fear, and pointed her finger.

We were standing in the moonlight, but fifty feet to the right of us was the long, broad shadow of a clump of trees. Helen's finger indicated something in this dark patch, and as I gazed my heart gave a leap and started to pound thunderously against my ribs, for I saw the silhouette of a man's head and shoulders—grotesquely malformed by the angle at which the moonlight caught him—loping silently along the edge of the large shadow.

"Oh, who is it?" she whispered. "Why is he creeping about like that? . . . Is it . . . is it Martin?"

There was a suggestion of Martin Greig's height and bulk in the shadow, but I could not be sure that it was made by him. Nevertheless, on the impulse I called, "Martin!" and as the echoes of my voice died in the prevailing silence the moving shadow disappeared.

We stood rigid, Helen and I, staring at the spot where this had taken place; and then I laughed in a strange way, I dare say, for the incident had startled me.

"It's nothing to worry about," I said, for Helen's benefit. "It's just someone taking a turn before dinner. I wonder who he is? Certainly not Martin, or he would have answered. Wait a moment; I'll hunt him out."

She would not let me do this, but urged me forward again, all the time keeping her eyes fixed on the spot where the shadow had gone.

"Why didn't he answer . . . whoever he was?" she asked nervously.

"I don't know," I muttered. "Perhaps he didn't hear."



I decided that I would tell Henry Jefferson about the matter as soon as I got inside the house; but I did not allow Helen to think that I considered it at all serious. As a fact, I did not do so, though the sight of that misshapen figure lopeing silently along the grass had sent an unpleasant chill down my spine.

Despite this, however, I was inclined to the opinion that my explanation of it was correct.

"But people only creep about like that," she whispered as we drew close to the house, "when they don't want to be seen."

I was trying to find some assuring thing to say to her when the sound of footsteps startled me, and I turned to find Martin Greig coming up to us from a direction at right-angles to that which we had taken.

"Hullo!" he said, and I thought there was something queer in the way he spoke.

"Hullo, Martin," Helen whispered.

"I've been hearing all the home-news," I said.

He fixed his eyes on me, and I could have sworn there was hostility and suspicion in them. I realised then what must be the truth, and hot anger blazed within me. He had seen me leave the house, I thought, and jealousy had made him follow me to the sunken garden—to hear what Helen had to say to him who had been her lover. It was assuredly his shadow which we had seen.

"What are you doing out here?" I demanded. "Taking a walk?"

"I was looking for Mohamed," he said. "I saw the fellow leave the house about ten minutes ago, and I've been wondering what he's up to."

I grunted, and made Helen go past him into the house. He had given his explanation without any hesitation, but I did not believe him.

He followed us in, and we three walked silently down the wide, oak-paneled hall in the direction of the drawing-room. But before we reached the door of it I saw Mohamed walking down the stairs in front of us.

We came to a dead stop and stared at him. Helen gave a little gasp, and the sound of it broke a sort of spell which had come upon me. I swung round to look at Martin Greig, and found him scowling up the stairs.

"Where have you been, Mohamed?" he demanded.

THE Egyptian reached the hall, and extended his long-fingered, yellow hands in salamm. His soft, greenish eyes lingered for an instant on each of our faces as he bent his body forward.

"I have been in your bedroom, effendi," he answered.

"But I saw you leave the house!" Greig retorted angrily.

Mohamed shook his head, and the black tassel of his red fez swung gently from side to side.

"I have been here all the time," he said. Martin glared at him, and I thought we were in for an explosion of wrath; but he remembered that Helen was present.

"All right," he growled at last. "I don't believe you . . . that's all."

"I am sorry, effendi," Mohamed murmured, and salamm himself out of our sight.

Martin stared after him, and then fixed his attention on Helen and me. I had rarely seen his bulldog face so grim and stern, nor his eyes so coldly furious.

"That fellow's lying for some reason," he said. "It's the first time I've known it of him. But I'm certain I saw him leave the house."

I was so sure of myself that I was able to meet his angry eyes unflinchingly and fling my challenge at him.

"We saw the shadow of a man creeping about outside," I said. "We thought it was you."

There was a second of silence, during which he regarded me intently, in a curious, wondering way. Then he answered quietly:

"I don't creep about in the darkness, Forrester."

When Helen had left me and gone upstairs, I took a turn or two along the wide hall, inwardly fuming at myself and Martin. I was ready to pick a quarrel with anybody at that moment, and Fate had it that I passed the open door of a small room, and saw Hugh Bowden sitting there alone.

He was the cause of all this, I thought; he alone was responsible for Helen's fear and anxiety. Had it not been for him Martin would not have lied to me. There would have been happiness in the house, instead of unrest and distrust, if he had kept away from it.

I paused in the doorway, and, though he had his back towards me—he was sitting in a large arm-chair, with his square head resting on the scroll-top of it, and a spiral of cigar smoke going above to the panelled ceiling—he sprang up suddenly and swung round.

"O H . . . it's you, is it?" he said, after staring at me for a second, and I was certain that my sudden appearance had scared him.

"Yes," I said aggressively. "It is I."

I went forward into the room, and he watched me intently with his little black eyes.

"Did you have a good trip?" he asked.

"An average one," I answered shortly.

"What boat did you come on?" was his next question.

"The Saint Grace," said I, without thought.

He put his hands into his trousers-pockets, and began to swing himself to and fro on his heels. I saw that he was smiling at me in an odd way.

"What's the joke?" I growled.

"Just a little thought of mine," he said. "It seems so curious that Helen met you in London three days ago, and yet the Saint Grace didn't come in until this morning!"

The realization of my mistake fanned the flame of my anger into a more furious blaze.

"Well?" I retorted. "You mean, I suppose, that you think I'm lying."

"It's quite obvious that either you or Helen is," he said.

He puffed calmly at his cigar, the while he swung himself back and forth. He was evidently enjoying himself.

"I'd like you to say that again," I said. "Certainly," he answered. "Either you or Helen is lying. I'm inclined to think it's Helen."

I cannot be sure of the exact details of what followed. I know that I found my hand fastened on the lapel of his dress-coat, and my right fist raised to smash his smirking face. Then his hand shot up and gripped my wrist.

"Cut it out, Forrester," he said, in a voice that was like a snarl; and the fact that he

proved himself to be a stronger man than I, and, furthermore, apparently unafraid of me, served to increase my savage hatred of him.

"My God!" said I, as I struggled with him in the little room. "I'll smash you for saying that of Helen!"

VAGUELY to my ears came the sound of the voices in the drawing-room; but it seemed to be utterly apart from us—a thing of another world. I forgot that I was a guest in the house, that I was insulting Henry Jefferson by brawling in this way; I forgot everything except that I wanted to kill Bowden.

With a sudden dexterous twist he got clear of me, and pitched me into the chair he had vacated. He stepped back a pace, breathing heavily and straightening the lapel of his coat.

"So you'd do that, would you?" he said. "But if there's any smashing to be done in this house, I'm going to do it."

His easy repulsion of me had the effect of cooling my hot blood a little, and when I got out of the chair I had a stronger grip of myself.

"So you admit that you're here on some dirty business," I said. "I tell you now that if I can stop you I won't attack at much. Helen means a great deal to me, and there's nothing I wouldn't do for her."

He laughed derisively.

"So the rejected lover takes the heroic line—I know I'm not good enough for you, darling, but I'll be an angel to you and your husband for the rest of your lives!"

This was more than a man could stand. I swore at him and raised my fist again; and as I did so an interruption brought the incident to an end.

Bowden started, and looked beyond me. I swung round on my heel to see what had attracted him, and perceived Selma Fairburn, dressed in a pearl-grey evening-gown, standing in the doorway, staring at us. I had no idea how long she had been there, for ever since I entered the room my back had been towards the door.

"What do you want, Selma?" he asked, brusquely.

"Nothing," she said. "I heard you talking as I came downstairs, and I wondered who was with you."

"I was just having a little chat with Mr. Forrester," Bowden said, with another laugh, and he glanced at me out of the corner of his eye. "By some miraculous means he arrived in London three days ago on a boat that didn't get in until this morning."

Selma looked at me, and I met her dark eyes defiantly. Then I bowed to her, and nodded to Bowden.

"I don't see that any good purpose will be served by continuing this discussion," I said. "If you don't mind, I'll join the others in the drawing-room."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Bowden. "As a matter of fact, I'm glad you're going. . . I want to have a talk with you, Selma."

It was his final dig at me, and I had the strength of will to let it pass unheeded. I was conscious that I had not shown up well in this affair, and when I left the room—first standing aside for a moment that Selma might enter it—I was in a thoroughly disagreeable mood.

On the way to the drawing-room I wondered how much Selma had heard.

It must have been almost three o'clock when I first became aware of the sound of movement on the landing outside my bedroom-door. At first I could not be sure



what it was, and I sat up and remained rigid, listening. My heart began to thump like a trip-hammer on my ribs as I recognised the sound as a stealthy footstep.

I waited for a moment or two, and got a firm hold of myself. I rose quietly from the bed after that, put on a dressing-gown, pushed my feet into slippers, and noiselessly opened the door.

I could distinguish nothing at first, but when my eyes grew accustomed to the different darkness of the landing I descried a form standing close to me.

"Who's that?" I demanded, in a low voice.

I heard a sound like a gasp of breath.

"Is it . . . Surely not Miss Fairburn?" I said.

"Yes," she whispered. "I couldn't sleep. So I—I came out here. I've been walking up and down. I—I hope I didn't wake you?"

"No," said I, rather gruffly. "But you'd better go back to bed. You'll be catching a chill if you don't."

I saw that she was dressed in a light-colored kimono, with her long black hair hanging in two plaits down her back. She turned her face a little and the nebulous glimmer of the night, coming through the stained glass of the landing-window, shone upon it. Her cheeks looked grey, and her expression strained and tense.

I heard her sob, and try to stifle it.

"What's the matter?" I asked, in a changed tone.

After a second's hesitation she came quickly close to me, and took my hand. Her warm body swayed against me, as though she were faint.

"You love Helen," she breathed. "And you're a friend of Martin and Orme. But—but . . . Oh, you may not have the strength or the courage . . ."

She sobbed again, and swiftly drew her hand away. Before I could do ought to stop her she had fled across the landing. An instant later I heard the click of her door closing.

#### CHAPTER 5

**I** WAS late for breakfast, and when I got down I found the meal almost ended. As was natural in the circumstances, when I had made my apologies to Helen and Jefferson I gave my full attention to Selma. She smiled at me with no expression save that commensurate with a morning greeting, and it was impossible for me to see behind the mask which she presented for my view.

"I hope you slept well, Miss Fairburn?" I could not help saying, as I took my place at the table.

"I was rather restless for the first part of the night," she answered immediately, "but after that I slept like a top. I came down late, I'm afraid, but I'm longing to start off for the meet."

"You'll have to curb your impatience for another half an hour, I'm afraid," Henry Jefferson laughed.

I buttered a square of toast, and turned to Sir Ambrose Rowland, who sat by my side.

"I'm not gifted with your energy," I said. "The mere prospect of walking the shortest distance an hour ago would have appalled me."

He laughed and made some light reply, which I forgot now; but I have often looked back on that breakfast, and reflected on the grim irony of it. Everyone seemed to be in great good spirits—even Bannister

was less disagreeable than his wont—and until the whisper of fear came amongst us there was laughter at the table and merry talk.

The butler entered the room, and paused beside Henry Jefferson's chair.

"Do you know, sir, that Mr. Bowden didn't catch the early train?" he asked.

We ceased our chatter and listened. Involuntarily my eyes strayed to Selma again, and I saw her staring at the butler in a way which made me think she was going to scream. Then suddenly she turned her head and looked at me.

"No, I didn't know that," Henry Jefferson answered slowly. "Did he go on the later train?"

"No, sir, he must still be in bed," the butler answered, and he was plainly agitated. "His door's locked, and I can't get any reply."

**I**T was then that a vague, untranslatable fear stirred us. Helen gave a little gasp, and raised her hand to her mouth as though to prevent a greater sound escaping her. Everyone else was silent and still.

Henry Jefferson, who had been regarding the butler in surprise and alarm, was on the point of putting another question to him when I recollected something which seemed to bode such dread significance in the circumstances that for an instant the awful thought of what it might mean held me dumb.

I had leant forward quickly, and Jefferson, who had noticed this, turned and stared at me.

"Bowden's light was on till five o'clock this morning," I said. "I saw it through my window. But I didn't look to see if it was on when I got up."

Jefferson started and bit his lower lip. "I'll go up to his room and see what's wrong," he said. "He may be ill."

He rose from his chair, and took a pace in the direction of the door. Then he turned back and glanced at Bannister.

"Will you come with me, Bannister?" he asked. "You may be needed."

"All right," said Bannister, and got up as well, dropping his table-napkin on to the seat of his chair.

The two of them followed the butler out of the room, and we all watched them go. A second before they passed beyond our sight I heard Jefferson say: "Fetch the duplicate key of Mr. Bowden's room, Horseshoe," and the butler set off towards the kitchen, while Bannister and our host went up the stairs.

"Oh—I wonder what's the matter?" Helen whispered, when the sound of the footsteps had grown faint.

Sir Ambrose smiled into her troubled face, and patted her hand.

"I don't suppose it's anything very serious," he said, in an attempt to still her fears. "Even the best of us oversleep ourselves sometimes."

We began to talk constrainedly, choosing another topic than that in the forefront of our minds—as people often do when they are awaiting something which they know may be terrible—but when there came to our ears the sound of Henry Jefferson calling Bowden's name loudly and a moment later a dull thud, as if someone had crashed his shoulder against the door of the room above, we abandoned all pretence and listened with bated breath.

A single pair of footsteps came hurrying down the stairs, and we all stared at

the door. Orme started to get to his feet, and hesitated.

Henry Jefferson appeared. His face had taken on an odd grey tinge, and as he came into the room I noticed that his fingers were twitching.

"Will some of you men come upstairs?" he asked, in a low tone. "I'm afraid there must be something seriously wrong. Bowden's door is locked on the inside and the key's turned, so we can't open it with the duplicate. We'll have to break in somehow. Bannister and I have tried to force the panel with our shoulders, but it's too tough for us."

I remember how extraordinarily loud seemed the scraping sound of my chair as I pushed it back from the table.

"What do you think's the matter?" I asked.

He shook his head. "He must be ill."

All the others had risen with me; yet so quietly, with such unnatural calmness, that they were on their feet before I noticed they had moved.

"I want strong men," Jefferson said. "Come quickly, please. You, Forrester, and Martin will do."

"I'll go with you," said Orme. "Those doors are as firm as rocks."

"Have you anything to batter down the door with?" Sir Ambrose asked, speaking for the first time since Jefferson had re-entered the room.

**J**EFFERSON shook his head. I surmised that he was relieved to find in the scientist someone with cool, practical ideas about what ought to be done.

It seemed quite natural to me, and it must have done to all of us, that Sir Ambrose took complete charge. He was the man most suited to do so. I could not imagine his being flurried or nervous, or anything but utterly logical and matter-of-fact.

He left the table, and turned towards us. His eyes rested on me.

"Mr. Forrester," he said, in his quiet tone, which seemed to lend to each of us a greater degree of calmness, "I saw a piece of sapling-trunk lying on a path near the tennis-courts yesterday. It ought to suit our purpose admirably. Will you fetch it?"

I nodded, and went to obey. As I left the breakfast-room, by way of the French-window which led on to the lawn, I heard him say to Helen:

"Don't meet trouble half-way, my dear. It's possibly nothing at all."

I found the length of sapling-trunk—it was about four inches in diameter and five feet long—and re-entered the breakfast-room with it in my hands. But nobody was there. I remember how cheerfully the coffee-pot was steaming in front of Helen's place when I passed the table.

Everybody was on the landing outside Bowden's door when I went up. Helen and Selma were clinging to each other, and Helen was sobbing in a low frightened way. Orme and his father and Martin were standing together near the head of the stairs, and a few feet distant from them were Mulhamed and the butler. Sir Ambrose and Bannister were close to Bowden's door, and at the moment I arrived they hammered on it with their fists.

"Bowden!" Sir Ambrose shouted.

Everybody listened. I stopped, with my right foot on the top step and my left



on the one beneath it. But there was no response from inside the room.

Sir Ambrose seized the sapling-trunk from my hands, and he and Bannister swung it to and fro between them, then crashed it against the left top-panel of the door. The old oak shuddered, but did not give.

"Is the light still on?" I whispered to Orme, next to whom I stood.

"Yes," he whispered back. "Bannister saw it when he tried to get into the room through your window just now."

I nodded, and was silent as I watched Sir Ambrose and Bannister poise the log to aim another blow.

Three assaults on the panel had the effect of making a longitudinal split in it. A dreadful fascination gripped us, and drew us forward. Almost without realising it we, who had been standing back, moved up until there was scarcely room for the two men to swing the log.

The fourth blow burst half the panel away. The detached portion of it was sent flying into the room, and we heard it fall on the carpet.

Sir Ambrose peered through the aperture, and Bannister strove to do the same.

"He's lying on the floor—by the fireplace!" Sir Ambrose cried. And shouted again: "Bowden!"

One of us shouted something excited and unintelligible. I think it was Orme.

Sir Ambrose surrendered the entire weight of the sapling to Bannister, and in doing so moved from in front of the broken panel. For an instant each of us had a clear view of a section of the room, and each of us caught a glimpse of Bowden's body lying there.

I expect I cried out. I recall that I heard Helen's voice, and a startled exclamation from Martin.

"QUICK—we must get the door open!" Sir Ambrose said; and he added something in a lower tone to Bannister which I fancied was: "There's blood about!"

A cold chill went over me, and I was glad that Helen had not heard those last three words. We pressed forward again, now that the swinging log was not there to endanger us, and Sir Ambrose turned his head for an instant to say to me:

"Keep those others back, Mr. Forrester. And you Bannister."

He had not room to move with us so close about him. But it was Henry Jefferson who gripped my hand, and helped me make a barrier across the landing. I realised afterwards that Bannister had made no apparent effort to obey Sir Ambrose's orders, though no one else questioned the fact that he was in charge.

Sir Ambrose thrust his hand and arm through the broken panel, and groped to find the key. I could see his face, serious and set, with his eyes turned on the landing-floor. His left hand, pressed against the door, was quite steady.

"Can't you find it?" Orme whispered.

"Yes—yes! . . . Here it is."

We heard the lock click. Sir Ambrose drew his right arm half-out of the aperture, and with his left turned the handle of the door. But it did not open.

"It must be bolted!" Henry Jefferson exclaimed.

"Where's the bolt?" Sir Ambrose demanded, without looking at him.

"There's one just over the lock," Jefferson answered.

How silent we were, and breathless!

Even the two women had ceased their little sobbing noises. I thought of them again suddenly, as I watched Sir Ambrose groping, and was on the point of whispering to Martin to take them downstairs when I heard the bolt shoot back into its socket.

But still the door held, though Sir Ambrose twisted the handle about and thrust his weight against the heavy wood.

"Is there another bolt?" he asked.

"I suppose there must be," said Jefferson, in his low tone. "It will be on top."

Sir Ambrose altered his position and reached upward. He had to stand on tip-toe, and for an instant I thought he would call on Bannister—who was a taller man—to aid him. But he managed to get his fingers on the top bolt and force it back.

"Now!" he breathed.

He withdrew his arm quickly, and gripped the door handle. Then he turned the handle, and the door opened.

Involuntarily I released my grip of Jefferson's hand, and he of mine. We went quickly up to the door, and followed Sir Ambrose and Bannister into the room. There I paused, on the threshold, and Jefferson, after taking a step farther, paused as well.

The horror of death laid hold on me, numbed my body and seemed to set each individual nerve jumping and tingling. The sudden contrast between the bright sunlight, which poured on my face from the window opposite, and the comparative gloom of the landing, with its single stained-glass pane, made my sight temporarily dim.

VAGUELY I saw Sir Ambrose, with Bannister some distance behind him, hurrying across the room towards the fireplace, in front of which Bowden's body lay, spread-eagled on the carpet. Although I was conscious at the time only of these two moving figures and the still form on the floor, I have a recollection that about me could be heard the odd little breathing noises which one hears when many people are excited or afraid.

"Come on—come on!" I recollect saying to Jefferson, when once more I became aware of his presence at my side.

I clutched his arm. I felt an urge to go forward with those other two, but the horror was too strong upon me to let me go alone.

We made a hesitant move, and there came immediately the shuffle of many feet behind us. The people on the landing pressed into the room. Somebody—I think it was Martin Greig—sent me reeling into Jefferson. I cried out in alarm, for my nerves were on edge, and I leant my hand on the panelled wall to steady myself. Jefferson had slipped past me.

My eyes had grown used to the sunlight by then, and I fixed all my attention on the dead man, and on Sir Ambrose and Doctor Bannister who was kneeling beside him. Of a sudden, utter silence had come in the room. There had been little noise before, but the movements, and the little breathing noises of the many people, and the thundering of my heart, had given me the impression that the place was filled with confused sound.

Helen, not far from me, gave a low wailing cry, and I turned. Martin Greig swung round as well, but it was I who caught her in my arms as she fell fainting. I fancied that a look of resentment flashed from Martin's eyes to mine, and I remember thinking it odd that such should be in the circumstances.

As I began to help Helen walk across the

room with my support, I saw Selma cowering against the wall, her hands raised and pressed to her cheeks, her face dead-white, and her eyes wide with horror and panic.

Then Sir Ambrose's quiet, calm voice broke in upon me. My back was towards him so I could not tell to which of us he spoke.

"We must get the women out of the room," he said. "This is no place for them."

I lifted Helen in my arms, as if she were a child, and carried her through the doorway out on to the landing. Sir Ambrose followed, leading Selma.

"I think—I think I can walk alone, thank you," Selma whispered.

At that instant we heard a startled exclamation in Henry Jefferson's voice, Selma and Sir Ambrose turned quickly. I, with Helen in my arms, caught only a glimpse of the room, over their shoulders, but I saw Jefferson standing beside Bowden's body, with Martin Greig at his side.

"Stabbed!" Jefferson said. "Stabbed to the heart!"

I seemed to feel the air thrill. I looked at Sir Ambrose.

"Is that right?" I asked.

He nodded grimly, and plucked at Selma's sleeve.

"Come away, Miss Fairbairn," he said, softly.

I SAW the terrible stain on the dead man's shirt-front; I saw his clenched hands, his rigid features and closed eyes. A feeling of physical nausea came over me.

"My God!" I whispered. "My God!"

Bannister, very self-possessed and professional, was still on his knees at the side of the dead man. He had his coat-sleeves turned up, and I watched him open Bowden's shirt. I shuddered as his steady fingers unfastened the stud in the blood-stained linen.

When he had bared Bowden's chest, Bannister cleaned his fingers on his handkerchief. Then he took a second handkerchief from his pocket, and used it to wipe the blood away from the wound, at which he stared in silence.

Sir Ambrose had not paused, as I had done, on re-entering the room, but had gone straight up to the body. He stood at Bannister's side as the doctor made his examination.

"What do you think about it, Bannister?" Sir Ambrose asked.

The fascination of horror which gripped me rose superior to the inborn fear we all have of death, and while Bannister was considering his answer I went to where the others were grouped by the window.

"It must have been done with a knife, of some sort," Bannister said. "A long and narrow-bladed one. He was killed instantly."

"Then—then . . . ?" I whispered.

"It looks like murder!" Sir Ambrose said, gravely.

Those four words had a deep effect on all save Bannister, who merely said:

"It might be suicide."

"But if he killed himself, what did he do with the knife?" Jefferson asked.

Bannister sat back on his haunches, shook his head and wiped his fingers again. "I don't know," he answered. "It may be about somewhere. We haven't looked yet."

"Be careful not to touch anything," Sir Ambrose said. "There may be finger-prints about."

We nodded; and Orme suddenly said: "But how can it be murder? The door



was locked on the inside and doubly bolted.

He swung round towards the window behind him. His face was deathly pale—as were the faces of all of us—but his voice was fairly steady.

He had put out his hand as though to touch the window, but Sir Ambrose's voice broke in again and stopped him.

"Remember what I've said," Sir Ambrose told him, warningly. "We mustn't touch anything."

"All right," Orme muttered.

The rest of us, including Sir Ambrose, moved up behind him and stared at the window.

"It's fastened on the inside," said Orme, pointing his finger at the metal attachment which was fixed where the two casement-windows met. "And that catch can't be opened from the outside. Don't you remember, father, the insurance people made you have them put on?"

**H**ENRY JEFFERSON nodded, and indicated the two side-windows with a shaking fore-finger.

"They can't be opened at all," he said. "And they haven't been broken."

There was a moment's silence. All our attention was fixed on the three windows, and it seemed certain to me that no one could have entered the room that way—if it was a fact that the catch could not be operated from the outside.

"How long has he been dead, Bannister?" Jefferson asked.

"That's difficult to tell," Bannister answered. "Apparently it was done some time in the night."

"And his bed hasn't been slept in!" Martin exclaimed.

We turned and looked at the bed. The counterpane was perfectly smooth; there was no dent in the pillows.

"It's—it's supernatural," Orme muttered. "I'm afraid we're wasting time," Sir Ambrose said. "We must send for the police at once. You're master of the house, Jefferson; perhaps you'd better call them on the phone."

"Yes, I'll go now," Jefferson agreed. "Is there anything else I ought to do at this stage?"

Sir Ambrose nodded.

"You must give orders that no one must leave the house," he said.

"But we haven't made sure that it isn't suicide," I said aloud, when I had reached thus far in my reasoning.

Bannister shook his head, but did not say anything. He turned on his heel abruptly and walked over to Bowden's body. There he stood, frowning down at it and caressing his blue chin with his thick-fingered hand.

"We'll take a look around the room," Sir Ambrose said, in answer to me. "But whatever we do we mustn't disturb anything." "There may be a sliding panel, or something like that," Orme remarked.

"There may be . . . anything," said Sir Ambrose.

"Or nothing," said Martin Greig.

I regarded him keenly as soon as he said this, and I don't know what made me give him so much of my attention at that instant, unless it was some inflection of his voice. I noticed that he was the most palpably nervous of any of us there, and I considered it odd that he should be so.

Sir Ambrose began to tour the room. He walked slowly, and his keen eyes seemed to rest on every inch of the place and every object; yet his hands touched nothing. Orme

and Martin and I watched him closely as he made the grim survey, and presently even Bannister looked up and took some interest in it.

"There's a little dust on the window-ledge, which shows that it can't have been opened since yesterday morning," Sir Ambrose said to us, pausing and turning when he had reached thus far in his examination. "We must leave the police to ascertain that the catch is as impregnable as Jefferson thinks."

"There's no doubt about it," Orme put in. "When father had those catches fitted I spent nearly an hour trying to force one of the ground-floor windows."

"But you're not an expert housebreaker, Orme," Sir Ambrose remarked quietly.

"If it was done by somebody in the house," Martin Greig said, in a low voice, "the window won't tell us anything. We ought to concentrate all attention on the door."

"You heard me tell Jefferson that I have no idea who's done it," Sir Ambrose answered, as he bent over the dressing-table which stood in front of the window and carefully regarded the articles upon it. "I'm working round to the door, but at the present moment I'm looking for the knife."

"I don't think you'll find it on the dressing-table," said Bannister. "I'll lay you ten to one that it's not in the room."

"We won't bet about it," Sir Ambrose answered.

**D**OCTOR BANNISTER seemed to be on the point of making some remark, but the expressions on our faces evidently acted as a deterrent, for he bit back whatever it was he was going to say, and remained silent.

It was a large room, this place of death, probably eighteen feet long and fourteen wide. The walls and ceiling were panelled in oak which was contemporary with the house, and a thick pile carpet almost entirely covered the polished oak floor. There was a hearth in front of the fire, and there was a rug on each side of the undisturbed bed, which was set against the wall on the left of the door. Directly opposite the door was the window, and in the corner on the left of this was a mahogany wardrobe. Between the fireplace—which was modern—and the wall where the window was situated was a writing-table, and a washstand stood on the right of the door. Some chairs were placed about the room, and there was a small table at the side of the bed. The electric-light switches were close to the door, and the light was shining palely from above as it had done all through the night.

For some minutes no word was spoken, but almost every instant the eyes of one or other of us would leave Sir Ambrose and stray fearfully to Bowden's body on the floor, with the bright, warm sun streaming upon it. The only sounds were those made by our breathing, and the quiet tread of Sir Ambrose's feet on the carpet.

I stared at the door. It had been swung back to the full extent of its hinges and I could not see the bolts, but the iron sockets in the frame told me that they were of the same pattern as those in my own room—heavy, powerful fittings which would defy the strength of a giant to break them.

"Why did Bowden lock himself in like this?" Orme asked suddenly.

"Wasn't it his custom to lock his bedroom door at night?" Sir Ambrose inquired.

"I don't know," Orme answered. "But whether it was or not, don't you think it strange that he fastened the bolts as well?"

"I do," Sir Ambrose agreed, and came over to us. "It seems to point only to one thing."

He was silent, staring reflectively at the broken door.

"And that thing is—what?" Martin asked.

"That Bowden was afraid of somebody in the house," Sir Ambrose answered.

Each of us started visibly. I could not deny the logic of Sir Ambrose's reasoning, yet it was too horrible to believe that one of the people who had talked and laughed with me yesterday was a murderer—probably at that time decided on his hideous crime.

"Oh, but there might be a dozen reasons for his fastening the door!" I exclaimed.

"I agree," Sir Ambrose answered. "There might be. Can you name one?"

I shook my head. "I've never been in a house with him before," I said. "But I expect we'll find that it was his habit to lock and bolt his bedroom door. I'll warrant he's lived in places—as I have done—where it's not only wise but necessary to do so."

"The police will be able to ascertain that," Sir Ambrose said.

"Where's Jefferson?" asked Bannister abruptly. "He seems to be taking a dickens of a time calling up the police."

"I shouldn't be surprised if he's taken the opportunity to be alone for a little while," Sir Ambrose said. "Thinking things out, you know. Poor fellow! This must be terrible for him."

I recalled Selma and Helen.

"Couldn't Bannister go to them now?" I asked Sir Ambrose. "He may be able to do something for them."

Bannister looked at me curiously. I knew that he was wondering why I had not put the question to him instead of to Sir Ambrose. I wondered about it a little myself.

"Of course," Sir Ambrose said. "I ought to have asked you before, Bannister, but I must confess that in the stress of all this I had forgotten them."

Bannister nodded, and went towards the door.

"I'll see what I can do," he said.

But before he reached the door we heard the sound of Jefferson coming up the stairs, and Bannister stopped. A second or so later Jefferson appeared.

"There's something wrong with the phone," he said. "I've been trying all this time to get on to the police, and it was only a moment ago that I remembered, I was told about it last night—by Bowden."

I, too, had forgotten the incident, but now a new thought regarding it occurred to me.

"Perhaps the wires were cut by the murderer," I cried. Memory flooded back upon me. "And that sinking shadow which Helen and I saw last night. . ."

**I** STAMMERED and came to a stop. Involuntarily my eyes sought out the face of Martin Greig.

Sir Ambrose's calm voice burst upon my fevered recollections with the startling unexpectedness of a thunderclap.

"A sinking shadow, Forrester? What was this?" I hesitated, and he regarded me keenly.

"It was when Helen and I were coming in from the garden just before dinner," I said. "We saw what we took to be the shadow of a crouching man creeping towards the house. But the shadow was



misshapen, and we couldn't recognise who it was.

"You didn't tell us about this," Jefferson said.

I had difficulty in meeting his dark eyes steadily. I was aware that Martin Greig was watching me closely all the time.

"No," I answered. "I forgot about it."

"Forgot?" Sir Ambrose echoed, with the slightest hint of incredulity in his tone. "It's curious that you forgot such a startling incident so quickly."

An awful fear entered my heart, which seemed to leap up into my throat and choke me, and I felt something in my brain give and release the tightness of the grip I had upon myself.

"Look here," I cried, "I didn't kill Bowden, if that's what you're getting at!"

My hands were trembling, and I expect my face was furious and white. I took a swift step forward and glared at the scientist. I was filled with a sort of fear-begotten panic which made me want to shout.

"Steady, old chap!" I heard Jefferson say, and felt his strong hand on my arm. "Your nerves are all to pieces—it's the same with the rest of us. I'm sure Sir Ambrose wasn't accusing you."

Sir Ambrose took a step towards the door.

"We'll go down now," he said. "But first we must lock the door. Do any of you realise that it is only thirty-five minutes ago that we were breaking in here?"

"It seems like thirty-five hours," said Orme, with a shudder; and I agreed with him.

"Everything must be left as it is," Sir Ambrose said. "We have found nothing ourselves, but from the materials in this room it's possible that the trained eyes of the police will be able to form a case."

It was I who made the one discovery of any interest, and that was made by accident. I nudged the door as I followed Sir Ambrose and Orme out of the room, with the result that it swung forward on its hinges, closing the way in front of me. I saw, lying on the floor by the wainscoting, an unaddressed white correspondence envelope which had evidently been swept behind the door when we first entered.

I MADE some exclamations, and Sir Ambrose and Orme returned to the room. I pointed out the envelope, and Jefferson made to pick it up, but Sir Ambrose gripped his arm.

"Leave it where it is," he said. "Perhaps that letter, and the fingerprints which are probably upon it, will give the police the clue needed to clear up the mystery."

Jefferson obeyed him; and Bannister bent double and stared at the envelope in silence.

"Somebody must have pushed it under the door," Jefferson said.

There was a draught-lath screwed to the floor outside the door, but I guessed that there would be sufficient space when the door was closed for so thin an object as the envelope to be pushed into the room.

"Whose envelope is it?" said Orme. "That's the question!"

The elder Jefferson shrugged his shoulders, and led the way out of the room. I stood with him and Bannister, while Orme and Sir Ambrose and Martin pulled the broken door shut and locked it. "You had better keep the key," said Sir Ambrose, handing it to Henry Jefferson. "You're the master of the house."

Jefferson slipped it into his waistcoat

pocket, and we moved to the head of the stairs. There Sir Ambrose paused again and turned to Bannister.

"Will you go in to the ladies now, Doctor?" he asked. "Perhaps you will be able to do something for them."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Bannister. "I was on the point of going when Jefferson came up."

#### CHAPTER 6

I HAD been sitting in my room for about a quarter of an hour when I was attracted by a slight sound outside my room. At any other time I would probably have let it pass unheeded, but then—with the constant subconscious realisation that my room was in juxtaposition to that in which Bowden lay, stark and stiff and horrible—and my nerves on edge, everything startled me.

I rose from my chair, and went quickly to the door. Softly I opened it. I cannot think what made me use such caution, unless it was some sixth sense that governed me; but what I saw made me stand rigid.

Doctor Bannister had his arm through the hole in the panel of Bowden's door, and he seemed to be groping inside the room with some sort of implement. I could hear the scrape of it on the carpet.

His back was towards me, and for a second he did not know that he was watched. But then he swung round, dragging his arm quickly from the hole, and I saw that he held a walking-stick in his hand.

"Bannister!" I exclaimed.

I was so completely taken aback at finding him there that I knew not what else to say for an instant.

"Well?" he asked, defiantly.

His dark-skinned face had paled a little, I thought. He put the walking-stick behind him and leant on it.

"What's the game?" I asked, leaving my door and going towards him. "What were you doing with that stick?"

"I don't think it's any concern of yours," he retorted. "Why should I make excuses to you? We're both on an equal footing in this house."

"Yes," I agreed. "But murder has been done here, and I've just found you in circumstances that need some explanation."

"Perhaps so," he answered. "I may give an explanation later, if I am asked by anyone who is authorised to do so."

We regarded each other hostilely. The supercilious smile which he usually wore when talking with me had gone from his face. His expression was very hard and grim.

"The police will be here before long," I said slowly. "I might consider it my duty to tell them about this."

"Oh—you might?" he answered, in a very low voice; and then he came quite close to me, and stared into my eyes. "Two can play at that game, Forrester. Suppose I told the police of what occurred between you and Bowden last night in the little room downstairs?"

I was startled, and he saw it. His aggravating smile came slowly on to his face.

"How did you know that?" I demanded.

"Does it matter?" he asked. "I do know it, and I have an idea that the police would be extremely interested to hear about it."

"No more interested than they would be to hear what I could tell them about you," I retorted.

"There you're wrong," he answered. "The fact that you have seen me here does not prove anything. I don't mind telling you

now what I was doing. I was measuring the distance from the floor to the bottom of the panel, in order to prove a theory about the crime."

"Really?" I said sarcastically, knowing he was lying. "Did you prove your theory?"

He shook his head. "No, the facts don't fit in with it."

He leered at me. By this time he had quite recovered from the nervousness which I had remarked at first, and I perceived that he was rather enjoying pitting his wits against mine.

"I think you are lying, Bannister," I said.

"Is that so?" he answered at once, without giving any indication of how the accusation affected him. "Well, as far as I am concerned you may think what you like."

"It's not what I think that counts to you," said I, "but what the police will think."

"I thought you'd made up your mind to let the police do their work by themselves," he said.

"You thought nothing of the kind," I retorted. "I'll admit that I quarrelled with Bowden last night. . . ."

"And threatened to kill him," he interrupted.

I was aware of an uneasy thrill going through me. But I kept myself in hand. "Yes," I said. "I threatened to kill him. But one doesn't always carry out one's threats."

"But sometimes one does," he said.

We gazed at each other challengingly. The smile was still upon his face, and his eyes were steady.

"Look here," said I, suddenly. "Why don't you be frank and tell me what you were doing here? You must be able to comprehend my position. With everybody in the house suspect, it's obviously the duty of each of us to give what information he can—however painful it may be to do so."

He laughed quietly.

"Would you have said all that if you'd found someone else here instead of me?" he asked. "For instance—Miss Jefferson?"

"YOU'RE just trying to dodge the issue, Bannister," I answered, and I was able to keep my voice at its normal pitch, despite that I was stung by what he said. "I asked you a plain question, and I'm waiting to hear what you have to say about it."

"I've given you my answer," he said. "I've told you what I was doing."

"I can't accept that," said I. "If it was only a measurement you wanted you could have taken it outside the door."

He had evidently overlooked this point, and he made no reply.

"I've said all I'm going to say about it," he muttered, at last.

"All right," I answered. "I'm not afraid of confessing about that quarrel with Bowden, and if, when the time comes, I feel it my duty to inform the police about this affair, I warn you that I shall do so."

"Then we'll leave it at that," he said, easily. "But I think that when you have considered the matter you'll come to the conclusion that the best thing you can do is to keep quiet about me—in order to assure that I shall do the same for you."

Having said this, he tucked the walking-stick under his arm and dropped his hand into the side pocket of his coat. I watched him silently, unable to decide whether to continue the futile argument or not. There was stalemate between us. He had as strong a hold on me as I had on him.

"Have a cigarette?" he asked, and ex-



tended his case to me with a sort of insolent bravado that made my smouldering anger blaze. It was perfectly plain, from his gesture and the tone of his voice, that he considered himself to be the winner of our tussle of wits.

"No, thanks," I snapped. "And I want you to understand, Bannister, that I'm not at all deterred by what you've threatened."

He laughed again, struck a match and surveyed me over the top of the yellow flame. Then he lit his cigarette, and threw the match away. It fell, still burning, on the rug which was laid across the landing-floor, and I bent down, quickly and instinctively, to prevent any damage being done. As I did so, I saw the end of his walking-stick, and noticed that a darning-needle had been spliced to it with stout black thread.

"So you were trying to pick up something from inside the room," I said, as I straightened my body again. "As a matter of interest, I'll just see what it was."

I turned in the direction of Bowden's door, but before I reached it Bannister's hand shot out and gripped my arm. I had half-expected him to do something of the kind, and was prepared for it. I twisted my wrist and made him release me.

"I won't forget this," I said.

Before I could say more, or he could reply, the door of Selma's bedroom—on the other side of the landing—came open and Henry Jefferson, and Orme and Martin appeared.

THEY stared at us, and we at them. Then Jefferson shut the door behind him with a decisive snap, and moved forward, Orme and Martin following him.

"What's all this?" Jefferson asked, looking hard at Bannister and me. "What are you two fellows doing here?"

"We were just testing a theory of how Bowden was killed," Bannister answered. "But it won't do."

He did not even glance at me. He was taking the big chance that I would remain silent; and he won his gamble, for at that moment—almost as I was on the point of giving him the lie—I was seized with the fear that if the story of my quarrel with Bowden were disclosed, and viewed side by side with the fact that I had slept in the next room to him on the night he was killed, the police might discover other scraps of evidence and form a case to prove that I had murdered him in order to protect from unhappiness the woman I loved.

"I'd leave theorising about it to the police, if I were you," Jefferson said. "Come downstairs with us, you two. I think it would be as well to keep away from this part of the house for the time being. Helen and Miss Fairburn will be joining us in a minute or two."

"All right," I said.

Bannister fell into step beside Jefferson, and we three others followed, I making the last of the party.

I walked close to Bowden's door, and glanced through the break in the panel as I passed. I saw a wide stretch of empty carpet, with Bowden's legs lying stiffly upon it; and suddenly I paused, and looked again. The white envelope which I had discovered was now almost in the middle of the floor. Evidently this was what Bannister had been trying to pick up. No doubt he had captured it on the needle when I surprised him, and the sudden jerk of his arm had sent it flying from its former place.

Martin Greig, who was the last of the four going down the stairs, stopped and glanced back at me.

"Anything—else?" he asked.

"No," I said, "nothing."

How bitterly I felt my cowardice was known only to myself. But my fear held me in a cold vice, and I could not struggle free of it.

As I walked down the stairs behind Martin I realised the futility of my silence, for Bannister was not the only member of the household who knew about Bowden and me. Selma was also a witness of our quarrel, and I recalled that Muhamed had been in the hall a few minutes before the incident occurred. It was more than likely, I considered, that he was as well acquainted with the details of the affair as I. My experience of him in Cairo had shown me that little ever happened in Muhamed's immediate neighborhood that was not known to him. It must have been from him or from Selma that Bannister obtained his knowledge of the incident.

I gave close mental attention to Muhamed, and when we reached the hall I asked Martin what had become of him.

"I don't know," he said, and looked at me queerly. "He may be up in my room. He usually goes there after breakfast to do my valeting."

"But surely he wouldn't carry on with his duties in such circumstances as these?" Jefferson exclaimed.

Greig smiled faintly. "I have never known Muhamed to be disturbed about anything," he answered.

We went into the drawing-room, and found Sir Ambrose standing in front of the window looking through the glass.

We came to a stop, and stared at him. His whole bearing and attitude portrayed keen and absorbed attention.

"What is it, Sir Ambrose?" Jefferson asked.

Sir Ambrose, after another moment at the window, turned and came over to us. "One, at least, of the household has not obeyed the order you gave," he said. "I have just been watching Muhamed coming in from the garden."

Jefferson swung round to Greig.

"With your permission, Greig," he said, "I'll ask why he disobeyed me."

Greig hesitated, and I noticed he did not meet Jefferson's eyes. He was obviously worried about Muhamed, and ill at ease.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll talk to him about it myself. I can manage him better than other people can, and he's a funny customer."

"Very well," Sir Ambrose said, answering for Jefferson. "Perhaps you had better meet him as he comes in, Greig; then he will be unable to deny that he has been out of the house."

Martin nodded, and left the room. We listened to his footfalls in the hall, and when they had died away Sir Ambrose went over to the window again, and we, drawn by curiosity, followed him.

He pointed his finger.

"He was coming from that direction," he said, "round the side of the hedge."

"The road's beyond there," Jefferson remarked. "I wonder what the devil the fellow's been up to?"

We stood in a silent group, and though the room was warm and brightly furnished, it seemed chill and drab to me. The horror of death was upon us all: one

could almost feel his grim presence hovering overhead. I don't think any voice save mine had been raised above a whisper since Bowden's body was discovered, and I had spoken loudly only for a moment—wildly and hysterically, I know—when Sir Ambrose's questions to me about what Helen and I saw in the garden on the previous night had given me the instant appalling fear that he and the others imagined I was guilty of the crime.

My mind leapt from one suspicion to another as we stood there. I realised I had seen and heard enough to implicate three people in the house.

I recalled Orme's white face and obvious terror at the breakfast-table—when none of us knew that Bowden was dead. It was true that each one of us—at least, so I thought—was possessed of that dread premonition; but Orme had shown a greater degree of panic than the rest. I wondered if the elder Jefferson and he had united against their mutual enemy, and crept together up the darkened stairway to send him to his death.

At that time I did not possess an atom of proof that Bowden had been a menace to Orme as well as to his father, but I did not doubt that such was the case. In the few hours I had been at Norman's Court I had become convinced that Selma and Martin and Orme were bound together by some common fear, and that fear had centred in the man who lay dead in the upstairs room.

PRESENTLY we heard foot-falls in the hall. So far as I was able to detect only one person was approaching the room, but when the door swung open Martin and Muhamed entered together. The Egyptian made no sound as he moved forward.

"Muhamed says he did not hear your order," Martin said to Jefferson. "He was not present when you gave it."

"Where were you, then?" Sir Ambrose demanded of Muhamed.

Muhamed spread his hands in front of him, and made a deep salaam to the scientist.

"I was in the hall, effendi," he answered, and he spoke in a way that made one think his tongue curled lovingly over every word he muttered.

"What made you come down here?" Sir Ambrose persisted.

Muhamed stretched his shoulders up very slightly and stiffly.

"The sight of blood made my stomach cringe," he said.

I was struck by the expression, which aptly described the feeling of physical nausea which had come upon me when I first gazed on Bowden's dead body.

"I don't believe you," Sir Ambrose said, bluntly. "You had better tell us the truth: this is a serious matter."

Martin Greig looked strained and anxious. I thought that I had never seen his face so gaunt and white, nor his square chin so prominent and rough-hewn. But Muhamed was in no such condition. I could swear that in the moment of silence that followed Sir Ambrose's words, the Egyptian's eyes flashed an odd, untranslatable smile to his master.

"I am sorry that the effendi thinks I lie to him," Muhamed answered. "There is no more for me to say."

"Oh, yes, there is," Orme burst out, unexpectedly. "What were you doing out-



side?" Muhamed looked at him carelessly, but made no attempt to answer.

"I should be glad if you would leave this matter to me, Orme," Sir Ambrose said. "Now, Muhamed, speak the truth. Where had you been when we saw you coming into the house just now?"

"In the garden," said Muhamed.

"I know that," said Sir Ambrose, irritably. "But what were you doing there?"

"It is my humble custom, effendi, to take a walk each morning round the house."

Sir Ambrose glanced at Martin Greig, who stood a foot or two behind his servant.

"Is that a fact, Greig?"

"Yes, I think it is," Greig answered, and there was a growing note in his voice. "But surely, Sir Ambrose, this sort of thing—I mean this cross-questioning—could be left to the police?"

"Jefferson asked your permission to question Muhamed, Greig," Sir Ambrose answered, "and you said you'd do so yourself. I gave a reason why it should be done now. As you brought Muhamed in to us I naturally thought you wanted him to make his explanation before us all."

"The explanation he gave me was quite satisfactory," said Greig. "It doesn't seem extraordinary that he left Bowden's room and went outside. I was of a mind to do so myself, but I stayed long enough to hear the order about staying in."

"I am ready to answer all questions," Muhamed murmured, in his silken tone. Jefferson, who was standing apart with Bannister, spoke for the first time since Greig had entered the room with the Egyptian.

"You swear that you have told us the truth, Muhamed," he asked.

Muhamed appeared to hesitate for a fraction of a second.

"I have spoken the truth," he answered. "Then I expect you can get along," said Greig, quickly. "But remember this time, don't leave the house."

Muhamed salaamed to us and to him, and retreated from the room as silently as he had entered it.

"Did any of you notice that he didn't swear to the truth of what he told us?" Bannister asked. "An Egyptian doesn't consider a lie to be an untruth unless he is bound by oath."

"Yes, I noticed that," Sir Ambrose answered.

Martin swung round on his heel, and walked over to the window. He had his hands folded behind him, and I saw him pulling at his fingers nervously.

#### CHAPTER 7

IT was past noon when the car returned. In the back seat was a police-constable, and a man in a bowler hat and a dark grey overcoat. He held a black Gladstone bag on his knees, and I took him to be the police-doctor.

"I thought they would have sent more than one man on a case like this," Jefferson remarked, as we went into the hall. "I was looking for an inspector and half-a-dozen constables."

"It's a popular fallacy that the police despatch a troop of men to the scene of a murder as soon as they hear about it," Sir Ambrose said. "It is very probable that this constable has been taken off his beat to come here. At a small country police-station there are as a rule few men to spare."

Despite the announcement Jefferson had made when he found Bannister and me

upon the landing, neither Selma nor Helen had elected to come downstairs, but the entire male complement of the house-party was in evidence when the butler opened the door to the constable and the doctor.

The constable stood on the step for a second or two, and looked at us. He was a stolid, wooden-faced individual of the type one often finds in a country village. His tall, broad figure completely hid the doctor, of whom we did not get a proper view until he had crossed the threshold.

"Good-morning," the constable said, and removed his helmet and stepped inside. I had the impulse to laugh in a very loud and raucous way.

"A man had been murdered in this house," said Sir Ambrose. "We discovered it shortly after ten."

The constable gave him all the attention of his unemotional eyes. The fellow had red cheeks, and a brown, drooping moustache. On his collar was the number: 731.

"Are you the master here?" he asked.

"No, I am," said Henry Jefferson. "These other people are my guests. The gentleman who spoke to you is Sir Ambrose Rowland, my next door neighbor."

The constable looked faintly interested, and contemplated Sir Ambrose.

"I have heard of you, sir," he said; and turned to Jefferson again. "Will you take us to the scene of the crime, Mr. Jefferson? In the meantime I should like everybody to remain downstairs."

HE glanced back at the doctor who came forward, disclosing himself as a man of small stature, with a long head and thin cheeks.

"This gentleman is Doctor Cranley," said the constable. "I understand one of the guests in the house is a doctor . . ."

"Yes, I am," Bannister interrupted.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to come with us, sir?" the constable asked.

Jefferson and Bannister led the way to the stairs, the doctor and the constable following. They had only just vanished from our sight when we heard them stop, and the murmur of their voices rose into the silence. A few seconds later a single pair of footsteps sounded, coming down again, and Jefferson reappeared on the square landing which topped the flight of stairs leading up from the hall.

"Perhaps you had better come with us, Sir Ambrose," he said. "You've had charge of the household since the discovery was made."

Sir Ambrose gave some reply in agreement, and left us quickly. Jefferson stood fidgeting on the landing until the other joined him when the two of them moved up together, leaving Martin and Orme and me in a group in the hall.

While this was in progress, claiming our attention, Muhamed had arrived from somewhere or other. I saw him when I heard the click of the front door closing. The butler had been out on the step, talking with the chauffeur—who was apparently thirsty for details—and had only just come in. Muhamed was standing by his side.

I said abruptly to Martin Greig:

"Where does Muhamed sleep?"

"On the top floor," he answered, after a second. "He's got the room over yours, I think."

"No," Orme corrected, "his room is over Bowden's."

"Is it?" said Martin, quietly, and looked at Orme in an odd way. "Let's go back into the drawing-room."

We stood about awkwardly and self-

consciously, in the room, and each of us tried—for some unaccountable reason—to give the others the impression that we were not listening for sounds from above.

I was close to the window, and from here I had a good opportunity to watch my companions, and I did so assiduously. They made an interesting study. I had rarely seen such swift and complete change in men as that which had come over them.

It may be thought that I am trying to find excuses for my own nervousness—of which I am compelled to tell—by dwelling upon the state of my companions; but I firmly believe that such is not the case. I think that I kept my feelings well hidden from the others in the house; and of these others I fancied Orme and Martin showed the strain more noticeably than any.

Orme kept staring at Martin in a helpless, appealing way; and Martin stood in front of a French print on the wall for upwards of five minutes, never turning, and I could wager that at the end of the scrutiny he had no more idea of the details of the print than had I, who had not looked at it.

I strove to be fair to the others in the house—many of whom were my friends—and tried to think it was the grim circumstances which made me imagine each of them to be acting in a suspicious way.

To this end I made myself recall how, through the long period of their association, Orme had gone to Martin for the help and advice of which he was continually in need; and Martin had never failed to give it.

Might it not be, I asked myself, that those odd, meaning glances which passed from the younger man to the elder, signifying some understanding between them, were born in Orme by the natural terror which the crime had put upon us all? Might it not be that he with a clear conscience so far as the murder was concerned, yet felt afraid, as each of us did, and turned to Martin for moral strength and courage?

I was sixteen years older than Orme, and he had always looked on me as something of a sage and a man of wide experience. I made up my mind to put this reputation to good use.

"I'd like a word or two with you, Orme," I said.

Before he could make any protest, I took his arm and marched him out of the room.

WE went into the hall, and as I looked about for some place in which to talk without risk of disturbance, I saw the butler, through the open door of the dining-room, laying the table for lunch, in an absorbed, mechanical sort of manner.

"This will do . . . here," I said, pausing by the open grate of the hall. "We can see anyone who comes along. Our conversation won't be overheard."

He stared at me with flickering blue eyes.

"What do you want, Dave?" he asked, with a kind of desperate defiance.

"What's between Martin and Selma and you?" I asked him bluntly.

I thought he was going to cry out, but he did not do so. He just remained staring at me, with such an expression on his weak face that I was constrained to grip his shoulder and say:

"Buck up, old man. I don't mean any harm; I want to help you, if I can. But it's obvious that there's something binding you three together—and you may be sure



that the police will discover what it is sooner or later. I've known you a long time, Orme. Don't you think it might be wise if you told me about it; then we can see how serious it is . . . If it's serious at all . . . and decide on some plan of action?"

"You're quite wrong," he muttered. "I don't know where you got this . . . about us. There's nothing . . ."

"Tell me the truth about you and Selma and Martin in India," I persisted. "I never heard the details of the affair."

He tugged himself free of me with a quick, unexpected movement.

"You've no right to cross-question me in this fashion, Davy," he said, almost piteously.

"Tell me the truth," I said relentlessly. He seemed to be on the point of turning on his heel and leaving me, but there must have been some expression in my face that deterred him.

"Why do you want to know?" he asked. "It's no business of yours, and it all happened a long time ago . . ."

"Did Bowden know about it?" I demanded.

Here he showed such palable fear that I was no longer in doubt that the dead man had been aware of whatever it was Orme sought to keep hidden from me.

"Bowden!" he whispered. "Oh, God, Davy! You don't mean that you think I . . ."

"Any one of us might have done it," I said. "It's in your interest, Orme, that I'm questioning you."

**T**HE murder of Bowden is a mystery at the moment, and I dare say it will remain one for a while. In that case the police will drag the history of our lives from each of us in an effort to find amongst us one with a motive for killing Bowden. Those of us who hold back secrets—disgraceful secrets—will have them brought to light . . . Did Martin order you not to take me into your confidence?"

"I can't tell you," he whispered. "I can't. It would ruin me if it became known!"

I did not speak for an instant after that, and in that instant I had a shadowy, incomplete realisation of the grim and tremendous drama which had been building up relentlessly around his young and foolish life, and around the lives of Martin Greig and Selma; a drama, which had begun, perhaps, with a mild flirtation beneath an Indian moon, and would end—God knew where.

"I've got something tangible out of you, at any rate," I said. "So it would ruin your life if the truth became known?"

He made a fist of one of his hands and beat it in the open palm of the other.

"I can't tell you another word," he said. "I'm sorry I told you so much. You mustn't ask me . . ." He changed his tone abruptly, and gripped my hand. "You're a good chap, Davy. Don't think I'm unappreciative. I know you mean well for me. But I just can't tell you—that's all."

He turned then, and walked away. After momentary hesitation I started after him, with the intention of making him tell me more, despite his determination not to do so; but as I moved I saw Selma standing on the landing at the top of the stairs.

Involuntarily I came to a stop. Orme was apparently unaware that I had made to follow him, or that she was watching us, for he went back into the drawing-room without once turning his head.

I remained where I was, and kept my eyes on Selma. She watched Orme out of

sight. She seemed to be unconscious of my presence until he had disappeared, and then she turned and looked at me.

She was in the shadow, and her dress, which was of dark material, made it appear that her pale, olive-complexioned face, and the oval of her beautiful throat disclosed by her low-cut bodice, hung suspended in the semi-opacity of the stairway.

We stood together at the bottom of the stairs. "You were talking to Orme?" She had one slim hand resting on the carved scroll of the balustrade, and she kept her large eyes upon my face. They were quick with a little leaping light.

"Yes," I admitted. "I was talking to Orme."

I expected her to press me further about the subject of our conversation; but she surprised me by nodding and walking past me to the grate. The swishing sound of her skirts impinged upon my consciousness and fascinated me—for some unknown reason.

I followed her; and when she stopped she turned inquiringly in my direction.

"Do you know the police are here?" I asked.

She nodded. "I saw them in his room as I came downstairs."

"They'll be asking us a lot of questions, I expect," I said. "They'll want us to give an account of every minute that passed between the time Bowden left the dinner-table and when we found him dead."

"Yes," she said, listlessly. "I suppose they will."

"Before the constable comes down," I added firmly, "we must arrive at some understanding. I want to know what you were doing on the landing outside Bowden's room at three o'clock this morning."

I looked for fear upon her face, but saw only wonderment—a vague disturbance.

"I," she said. "On the landing at three o'clock in the morning? Why, what are you talking about, Mr. Forrester?"

"My dear Miss Fairburn!" I exclaimed, a little angrily. "Surely you don't deny it?"

"Of course I do," she said. "Why—why . . ."

**S**HE smiled wanly, creased her brows and put out her white, long-fingered hands in a gesture of bewilderment.

"I'll try to refresh your memory," I said. "At about three o'clock this morning I found you outside Bowden's room. I spoke to you, and you came up to me and took my hand. Then you said: 'You love Helen and you're a friend. . . .'"

She leant towards me quickly, and clasped my arm. She raised her free hand to her brow and pressed it there.

"Oh, don't—don't!" she muttered.

For a second I had not the heart to persist with my interrogation of her. There was something about her which was very pitiful and wistful; she seemed to be at once very strong and very weak. She exerted a queer spell upon me. I did not wonder that men of far greater account in the world's affairs than I had risked everything for her—sacrificed everything.

She did not make any sound, but just kept close to me, with her dark head bent. The convulsive clutch of her fingers, and the warmth of them, was oddly appealing.

"So you admit it?" I said, in a little while.

"You don't deny that . . ."

I heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs. She broke free from me, with a sudden deep gasp of breath, and went back a pace or two.

I watched the stairway, and in another

second saw the constable and the police-doctor, with Bannister and Jefferson and Sir Ambrose behind them, coming down to the hall.

Orme and Martin appeared, evidently attracted by the footfalls. They advanced a little way and stopped. We all looked up the stairs.

Jefferson and his companions paused by the balustrade-head and conversed in low tones. The constable held a notebook, and with a short stub of pencil he wrote rapidly. I guessed he was making his notes in shorthand.

Presently Jefferson looked up, and the constable turned towards Selma and me, who must have been the most conspicuous of the four people in front of him.

"Constable Farmer wishes to ask each of you a few questions," Jefferson said. "I have already given him a list of the people in the house, and told him briefly what each of us was doing last night—so far as I know it—but he would like to have my information supplemented by yourselves."

**C**ONSTABLE FARMER cleared his throat. "There are some others in the house, Mr. Jefferson?"

"Yes," Jefferson answered. "The servants, Muhamed, Mr. Greig's personal servant, and my daughter, Helen."

"I should like to have them all brought here, if you please," Constable Farmer said. "Will you send for them?"

Jefferson rang the bell.

"My daughter has been very upset since the discovery," he said. "I hope she will be able to come down."

"I'll go up for her," said Selma, and started forward from my side.

The constable's eyes seemed to leap to her face.

"I would rather one of the servants went, Miss Fairburn," he said, glancing at his note-book to find her name. "I want to ask you one or two questions while the other lady is being brought down."

Selma appeared to brace herself. She was standing in front of me then, and I saw her back become strained and square.

"Yes?" she said.

"You took dinner in the dining-room last night with the other people in the house?" the constable asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Mr. Jefferson has told me that you were absent from the room when a thud was heard on the ceiling."

"Yes—that is so."

She had put her hands behind her. They were trembling. The constable's dark eyes, in his curiously immobile face, seemed never to blink.

"Did you hear anything of that thud, Miss Fairburn?"

"No."

"Perhaps you were in a distant part of the house?" he suggested.

"I didn't hear it," she said.

Muhamed appeared amongst us—gilding silently over the polished floor. The constable nodded to him to take his place behind Selma. He was evidently the next to be questioned. I moved closer to the group of three, and so did Jefferson.

"Tell me, Miss Fairburn," the constable said, "where were you when that thud was heard?"

There was a tense, expectant silence. Selma kept her eyes fixed on his face, showing an untranslatable expression on her own, and I, in fascination, stared at both of them.

"Where was I?" she said, slowly. "I—I couldn't say exactly, because I don't know



when the thud was heard. This is the first time I've been told anything about it."

"It was heard a few seconds after you left the dining-room," the constable told her. "Where did you go?"

"To my bedroom."

"And where is your bedroom?"

"It's one of the rooms that opens on to the first-floor landing."

"Then it must be on the opposite side to that on which Mr. Bowden's room is situated," the constable said. "Mr. Forrester and Mr. Greig have the rooms beside his."

"Yes," she agreed, steadily. "My door is opposite the broken door."

"And you did not hear anything unusual—although you were on the landing, or near it, when the people in the dining-room were startled by the sound of something heavy falling on the floor of the room above?"

There was a challenging note in his voice. It was obvious to me, and it must have been equally obvious to Selma, that he was keenly suspicious of her. But she did not flinch.

"I heard nothing," she answered. "And I don't think it's strange that I did not do so, for this thud you talk about could not have been very heavy or startling, or someone would have gone to see what it was."

Her cool defence of herself seemed to be a rather wonderful and courageous thing to me, and it was with a certain savage satisfaction that I perceived the constable to be momentarily taken aback by her retort.

"The full circumstances will be gone into later, miss," he said. "I am just making preliminary inquiries."

Henry Jefferson broke in.

"We were all engaged in a rather heated discussion at the time, constable," he said. "The thud interrupted us, but we were so interested in our talk that we took little notice of it."

**C**ONSTABLE FARMER half-turned, and looked at him.

"What was the subject of this conversation?" he asked.

I am certain he would never have put this question had Selma not wounded his vanity. I dare say he felt he had lost prestige amongst us by allowing himself to be bested by the woman against whom he had so obviously levelled an attack. He set out—as many like him might do—to restate himself by pouncing on and demanding an explanation for every word that was spoken, in the hope that we would regard him as a keen and clever man.

For a perceptible time Jefferson did not answer. My memory leapt back to the grim conversation which had held the dinner-table on the previous night, and the expressions on the faces about me told that the same thought was in the mind of each of us.

"We were talking about the ethics of murder," Jefferson said, at last.

The constable became interested.

"Murder?" he said. "So you were talking of that?"

His dark eyes glanced from face to face.

"Surely, constable," I said, "you don't imagine that our dinner-table conversation could have anything to do with the case? It was only a grim coincidence."

He regarded me. "And what might your name be, miss?" he asked.

"I'm David Forrester," I said.

He nodded, and turned back abruptly to Selma.

"You had known Mr. Bowden for some time, Miss Fairburn?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"For how long?"

"Oh—for a great number of years."

"You were close friends, I take it?"

She hesitated, then proudly tilted her chin a little and met his eyes.

"No," she said. "I did not like him."

**H**E studied her for a moment, after which he looked down and wrote something in his note-book. She transferred her attention to the moving stub of pencil in his thick fingers, and stared at it as if it represented, in itself, something of vast moment to her.

"Thank you, Miss Fairburn," he said, when he had finished writing. "That will do."

Without a word she walked away from him, into the shadows by the fireplace, and Martin watched her go.

By this time the servants had come up from the basement, and were standing in an awed and frightened group apart from us. It was grimly ludicrous, I thought, that they should now be on the same plane with Henry Jefferson, whose name in Cairo had been the simile for all that is powerful, and Martin Greig, and Bannister—all men of moment in the world—while the country constable filled the place of commander of everybody in the house.

He began to question Muhamed.

"You also were out of the dining-room last night when the thud was heard?"

"I went out of the dining-room soon after the effendi Bowden left it," said Muhamed.

"Where did you go?" the constable demanded.

"To my master's room."

"What for?"

"To get cigarettes for my master."

The constable looked at Martin Greig.

"Did you send him, sir?"

Greig was gnawing at his upper lip, and staring at Muhamed.

"No," he muttered. "I didn't send him."

"I did not know that you had cigarettes with you," Muhamed said, quickly. "When I returned again I saw you open your case. It was full, so I did not give you the cigarettes which I had brought."

The constable again turned his attention to the Egyptian.

"Did you hear anything of the thud?" he asked.

Muhamed shook his head.

"But you must have been in the room next door?" the constable persisted. "I warn you—it's best to tell the truth."

"I heard nothing," said Muhamed.

I glanced at Greig. He was a couple of yards distant from me, and the warm sunlight fell full upon his face, showing me its strained and anxious expression.

"You must have followed Miss Fairburn out of the dining-room," the constable went on. "Did you see her?"

"Yes," Muhamed answered.

"So both you and Miss Fairburn were close to Mr. Bowden's door," he said, "and neither of you heard a sound?"

"I heard nothing," Muhamed repeated, monotonously.

"It seems unlikely to me," said the constable. "You will have to tell that to the Coroner . . . and perhaps to the Magistrate . . . Probably everybody in the house will have to make a signed statement regarding his movements."

He fixed his dark eyes menacingly on Muhamed, and the Egyptian seemed to become suddenly afraid. There was a threat in the constable's voice.

"I saw something!" Muhamed muttered.

"What did you see?" the constable demanded. "Tell me that!"

"I saw the lady Selma Fairburn outside the door which has now the hole in it!" Muhamed said.

A hoarse cry rang out thrillingly, and Martin Greig sprang like a panther past me, gripped Muhamed by the shoulder and sent him spinning into the wall.

"You lie!" Greig shouted, as the Egyptian fell in a heap against the panelling.

Martin was almost mad for a moment, and it was as much as the constable and I could do to force him back from Muhamed and hold him still.

The hall was in uproar. People kept jostling against me, and running past. I retain a vivid memory of Selma's hair brushing my cheek, and of the scent she used rising through my nostrils to my brain.

**I**N the midst of those insane, hysterical seconds Helen appeared on the landing at the bend of the stairs and looked down at us. I have no idea why it was we all became quiet and orderly, and stared up at her, for I am certain she did not speak; it was as if her presence gave some signal to our subconsciousness and bade us calm ourselves.

"What is the matter?" she asked steadily. And then she paused for an instant, and said, with a new note in her voice: "Martin!"

She began to descend the stairs, keeping her eyes fixed all the time on Martin, whom the constable and I were holding between us. We were surrounded by a group of the other men and Selma.

Martin Greig whispered to me to let him go.

"I won't kick up any more fuss," he said. "I must have been insane."

I released his arm and the constable followed suit.

"Muhamed's a lying rascal," Martin said to the constable, "and about as cowardly as they're made. You scared the life out of him when you talked about the Magistrate. I'm sorry I caused a commotion, but I just couldn't bear to stand still and listen to his lies about Miss Fairburn."

Constable Farmer nodded; he seemed to be in a state of utter confusion.

By this time Jefferson had left us and gone to the foot of the stairs to meet Helen. The others had moved away with remarkable speed, leaving only the constable and myself in the group in the centre of the hall.

"This is going to be a long job," the constable muttered. "I'll send for the Superintendent. The doctor will fetch him for me, and I'll continue the questioning when he's gone."

I went over to Jefferson and Helen. Orme and Sir Ambrose had joined them, and it gave me pleasure to see how eagerly she looked over their heads at me when I approached.

"Constable Farmer is sending the police-surgeon for the Superintendent," I said to the elder Jefferson. "So the questioning is suspended for the time being."

"I expect the doctor will want to go back in the car," said Jefferson. "Will you excuse me for a moment? I'll go and see about it."

He left us, and Helen put out her hand to mine. I gripped it.

"You're all right now?" I asked.

She smiled at me. How brave she was! I thought.

"The constable doesn't want to speak to me now?" she whispered.



It was Martin who answered her. "No," he said. "Why not come into the drawing-room, Helen, and sit down?" She turned her eyes from my face to his, and her hand slid out of mine. I stood back a pace. A quick ache had come into my heart as I found myself compelled to take second place to Martin Greig where she was concerned.

I muttered something and turned away. Helen and Martin and Orme went into the drawing-room. I walked down the hall and found Jefferson talking with the constable and the police-doctor. Selma and Muhammed had disappeared. Bannister was staring at one of the pictures which hung on the panelled wall.

"I'd like to have a longer talk with you, sir," Constable Farmer was saying to Jefferson as I passed. "There are a number of things that have occurred to me."

I met Sir Ambrose Rowland's kindly eyes, and they smiled at me hopefully. I tried to return the smile, but I don't know if I did or not.

I wandered out of the hall, along a corridor, and made my way towards the library.

## CHAPTER 3

THE library of Norman's Court was a long, low-ceilinged apartment, the walls of which were lined with mahogany book-shelves packed tight with the many hundreds of choice volumes which Henry Jefferson had bought at one time or another in almost every city of the world.

I went in there to think, and as soon as the door had closed behind me I looked about for the most comfortable and secluded corner in which I could seat myself until Constable Farmer decided to continue his postponed inquiry.

I found such a place. It was a deep, curtained alcove. A comfortable easy-chair was set behind one of the curtains, and, closed in with my thoughts, I settled down to sort out the occurrences of the past hour.

My mind dwelt on Selma first, and on Muhammed. It was very plain that one of them was lying, and despite my natural bias in Selma's favor I discovered it difficult to convince myself that she was the innocent member of the two.

Martin's attempt to prevent Muhammed from telling the constable what he had seen served only to strengthen my suspicion that Selma had not told the truth about herself. And this also showed—at least, so I thought at the time—that Martin Greig had her confidence, or in some way knew what she did when she left the dining-room on the previous night.

I became so engrossed in these reflections that I did not hear the door of the library open and footsteps cross the floor towards me. It was not until a voice sounded close at hand that I awakened abruptly to the fact that I was no longer alone.

It was Selma's voice that spoke. "No, Martin, no!" she whispered. "Oh, don't ask me that..."

I peered round the side of the curtain. She and Martin Greig were standing close together, and he had his hand upon her arm.

I was on the point of rising to disclose my presence to them when Martin said: "You've got to tell me, Selma. That fool of a constable can't be taken as a model of the rest. When the Superintendent comes everything will be dragged out of us..."

"Oh, I know... I know!" she moaned. "But I'm not going to..."

"You must answer me," he interrupted. "Did Muhammed speak the truth?"

"Muhammed lied about me!" she said in a voice grown suddenly and strangely calm.

I guessed that she stared straight into Martin's eyes as she spoke.

"I don't believe you, Selma," he answered. "I blackguarded Muhammed out there in the hall on your account..."

"...not because I thought he lied, but because..." I don't know...

"Of course!" she whispered. There came the rustle of her silken dress, and her soft footsteps. "You said that because you love me, Martin!"

My heart seemed to leap into my throat. My face went quickly hot, and then cold. It was as much as I could do to prevent myself making some cry.

"Don't... don't!" he said. "All that is past, Selma... dead."

"You may think it is dead," she whispered. "But it isn't. It lives in my heart..."

Like a blazing fire that will not be quenched, or a pain that gnaws at me...

"Don't talk about it, Selma!" he broke in savagely. "It's gone. I tell you... done with. I have put it all out of my life."

"You put it out of yours, perhaps," she said. "But you could not put it out of mine..."

Can you look into my eyes, Martin, and tell me that you have forgotten? Do you not sometimes, in the still nights, live again those passionate hours when you and I walked arm-in-arm in the Gardens of Shallmar...

...the very brooding-place of love and passion..."

A SOB choked her. I ventured to peer round the side of the curtain. I saw her standing close to Martin, with her two slim hands clasped about his shoulders, her dark head flung back and her eyes gazing into his. She was then more tragically beautiful than I had ever seen her.

"I have forgotten it all," Martin said. His bulldog chin set like a steel vice. He raised his hands, and tried to force her to let him go. But she held so tightly and resolutely that he could not release himself without hurting her, and he abandoned his attempt at resistance almost immediately.

As she spoke again I drew back into the shelter of the curtain. I realised that I could not disclose myself to them now; I would have to remain where I was until they went away.

"You're not telling me the truth," she said. "You can't be."

He drew in a deep breath.

"Don't you realise, Selma," he asked quietly, "that I am engaged to marry Helen?"

She laughed, in a low-toned bitter note. "Hasn't it been forced upon me every day?" Her voice rose suddenly. "Each word she speaks to you, each smile and glance she gives you—they're like knife-thrusts in my heart. I'm your woman, Martin, I'm your mate..."

"You're mad, Selma—mad! Our affair began in nothing—and in nothing it ended. You've no right to talk to me as you're doing. You've never been anything to me."

There was a dead, terrible silence. She caught her breath, and sobbed.

"You can say that—to me, Martin? You, who used to press me against your breast until I thought my body would break in your strong arms. You—you can..."

"Yes," he said. "I can." Then he became tender. "I'm sorry, Selma, to have to say this to you, but you make me do it. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but—but... Oh God, why did you ever come here?"

"I came because I loved you," she said.

came tender. "I'm sorry, Selma, to have to say this to you, but you make me do it. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but—but... Oh God, why did you ever come here?"

"I came because I loved you," she said.

WHEN he answered, the tenderness had gone from his voice.

"You ask me to believe that? You must think I'm a fool, Selma. All Dehli has been gossiping about you and Bowden for months. And he brought you here..."

"In what other way do you think I could have got here?" she demanded. "Do you imagine that Jefferson would have invited me to his house party—even if Helen had asked him to? Orme would have done all he could to stop it."

"So you came here as Bowden's ally?" Martin asked. "To ruin my life and Orme's for whatever profit it might bring you?"

There was a silence again. After that I heard her move away from him, with a listless step.

"How blind you are, Martin," she whispered.

I took another look at them. She was standing at one end of the large table which filled the centre of the library floor. She had her back half-turned to Martin and me, and was looking down at her hands, which were clasped in front of her. He had not moved.

"Blind?" he said.

She turned to look at him, and I drew back quickly lest she see me.

"Do you think I told him about the past?" she said. "About you and Orme?"

"Of course I do," he answered. "How else could he have known?"

"There isn't much he didn't know about," she said.

"And he made profitable use of his knowledge!" Martin muttered.

"He would have ruined you and Orme and me—if he had lived!" she whispered. An ice-cold thrill went through me.

"Selma!" Martin breathed.

No sound came from her.

He took three quick steps across the polished floor. I heard the beads she wore tinkle, and when I looked I saw that he had grasped her wrist and was staring down into her up-turned face.

"You've got to tell me the truth now, Selma," he whispered. "Did you see Bowden when you left the dining-room last night?"

"No," she moaned.

"Was it you who put that note under his door?" he demanded.

"No," she repeated.

Before I drew back I saw her away against him, and saw her eye-lids droop.

"You're lying to me, Selma," he said, savagely. "Lies—lies!"

Her silken skirt rustled as she tore herself free of him.

"Are you a coward, as well as a brute, Martin?" she cried. "God—God, I came here with Bowden because you are my man—mine—mine! I've got to have you for myself..."

She broke off, and began to sob hysterically. "He knew too much. For love of you, Martin, I set out to sacrifice myself... But there was no necessity for that. You killed him yourself!"

I believe I raised a cry, but if I did neither of them noticed it.

"What do you mean?" Martin whispered.

Never before had I heard him speak in



such a voice. It was thin and colorless—utterly unlike that which I knew as his—and at every word I expected it to crack. Yet, though it was so low, it seemed to make the air shake and echo.

She became convulsed again with her hysterical tears. I looked, and saw her clinging to him, kissing his cheek; and saw him standing stiffly in front of her, his back towards me, making no attempt now to rid himself of her caressing.

"Don't be afraid, my love—my love!" she sobbed. "He deserved to die, and you were brave to kill him. . . ."

"You must be insane, Selma!" he exclaimed.

"Don't lie!" she sobbed. "Oh, let's be honest with each other for once. Can't you believe that I shall keep your secret safe?"

"But I didn't do it!" he thundered, fear making him raise his voice. "You can't prove that I did!"

"Helen told me about that shadow which she and David Forrester saw last night, and about what happened afterwards between you and Muhammed. The man who killed Bowden cut the telephone-wire! It was you, Martin, who did that: it was your shadow they saw!"

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "I didn't kill Bowden!"

"Didn't you, Greig?" came Sir Ambrose Rowland's quiet voice. "Who said you did?"

I ALMOST leapt out of my chair. Selma screamed sharply, and Martin cried out something or other. Footsteps advanced into the room, and when the first moment of shock was past I peered round the side of the curtain and saw Sir Ambrose walking towards the table.

"Why didn't you knock?" Martin demanded, roughly.

"My dear Greig," the scientist said, "I would most certainly have done so if I had guessed you and Miss Fairburn were here. But I'd no idea of it; and, after all, we're both guests in the house."

"Yes—yes, of course," said Martin, uneasily.

"What I heard," said Sir Ambrose, "requires some little explanation, I think, Greig?"

Martin made an attempt at a laugh. I could still hear Selma's little sobbing noises.

"The dreadful affair has rather got on Miss Fairburn's nerves," Martin said. "One can't wonder at it."

"No," Sir Ambrose agreed. "And so she accused you of murdering Bowden?"

"Oh, I didn't mean it!" Selma cried. "I was mad. I didn't know what I was saying. You—mustn't take any notice of it; you must forget what you heard."

"You make a request which is difficult for me to fulfil," Sir Ambrose answered. "There must have been some cause for you to say what you did."

"I rather think you are taking too much upon yourself," Martin said angrily. "A moment ago you reminded me we are both guests in this house; it seems to me that now I must remind you of that fact."

"The circumstances are rather different," Sir Ambrose answered. "You must admit that, however innocent an explanation you may have to offer, the words I heard spoken as I came into this room are—significant, shall we say?—in the present state of affairs."

"Perhaps so," said Martin. "But I don't

feel disposed to make my explanation of them to you."

"I won't press it, if you feel like that about it," the scientist said, "but I consider it is my duty to inform Constable Farmer of what I have seen and heard—and I warn you that I shall do so."

"I can't prevent your doing that," came Martin's immediate reply.

#### CHAPTER 2

CONSTABLE FARMER was coming down the stairs when I went out into the hall, and as I looked at him, and thought of the many curious things which I could tell about the people in the house, he made me start by sharply calling my name.

I went to the foot of the staircase, and waited for him to reach me. I saw him unbuttoning the pocket in which he kept his notebook.

"I've been looking for you," he said. "I've got the brief particulars about everybody else."

He began to question me. It was obviously a task to which he was unused, and when he had written down my name and address, particulars about my profession and business at the house, he assumed a pseudo-confidential air, and asked:—

"Now, Mr. Forrester, can't you tell me something about this affair?"

"No more than the others," I answered. "Mr. Jefferson has told you, I expect, that I was at the dining-table when the thud was heard, and that I was one of the party that played poker afterwards."

"That thud!" he muttered. "It gets me down properly."

"Why?" I asked quickly. He contemplated me with his dark, bovine eyes.

"Because," he said, at last, and he was evidently not at all sure he ought to tell me, although he was bursting to confide in someone, "it doesn't seem to have anything to do with the business—and yet it must have. Then there are the doctors . . ."

He paused.

"What about them?" said I.

"Doctor Bannister said he had been dead about six hours," he answered. "And Doctor Cranley insisted that four was the limit. Yet the dead man's body was heard to fall to the floor fourteen hours before he was discovered!"

He was silent after that. I fancied he was just realising that I was as much under suspicion as anyone else in the house.

"You haven't found the weapon, I suppose?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Not a sign of it. And nobody could have got into that room. The window and the door are impossible, and the smallest monkey that ever lived couldn't have got in through the fireplace. It's a gas-fire, with a small flue and a grating at the top of it to keep the soot from falling into the burners. . . ."

Attracted by the sound of footsteps, we looked up the stairs and saw Henry Jefferson and Sir Ambrose coming down.

"A cold lunch has been laid in the dining-room," Forrester, Jefferson said. "Would you like some? I'm not taking any myself, and none of the others seem to be either."

I shook my head. "I don't feel like food to-day," I told him.

We talked together constrainedly for a few seconds, but presently stopped on hearing the hum of tyres on the gravel of the carriage-drive outside.

"This will be the Superintendent," said Sir Ambrose.

The constable went forward and opened the front door. A heavily-built man in a blue uniform and a flat, peaked cap stepped out of the car.

I shall always remember Superintendent Redarrel coming up the hall towards us, the sunlight streaming through the door behind him and showing in silhouette his great bulk to our steadfast eyes. He walked with a slow, measured gait, and kept his head bent downwards that he might hear the better what was being said by Constable Farmer, who moved in step with him. The Superintendent had fair hair, and steel-blue eyes. A pair of straw-colored, crisp moustaches, of extraordinary length, stuck out like rapiers each side of his red face. The breast of his tunic was decorated with a row of medal-ribbons, among which I recognised the South African ribbon, the D.C.M., and the Mons Star.

He came to a halt in front of us. "Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Jefferson?" he asked.

"I am he," Jefferson answered. "I have heard of you, Mr. Jefferson," said the Superintendent. "It's strange I have not seen you before."

He had an odd booming note in his voice, which gave the impression that the sound rolled towards one like a billow.

Jefferson smiled—with an effort.

"Happily," he answered, "I have never before had reason to ask your aid."

Redarrel nodded, looking towards the constable, and at the same time took his peaked cap from his head and tucked it under his arm.

"You've got the key of the room, Farmer?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the constable answered.

"Right. Go up and unlock it. I'll follow you in a moment."

Constable Farmer touched his forehead with his fingers, and we made way for him to pass us and go up the stairs.

"I should like you to get everybody in the house gathered in one of the rooms down here," Redarrel said to Jefferson. "I include the servants in that. Ask them to think hard about every minute of yesterday and to-day, and try to remember anything which may have a bearing on the case. Also, could you provide me with a small room, furnished with a table or a desk, and a low chair and a high chair?"

The calm certitude of his manner in giving these orders had its effect on us.

"Yes," Jefferson answered. "I'll see to all that. Do you want me to come upstairs with you?"

"No, thank you. Constable Farmer will have learnt enough from you to tell me all I should want to know at present."

HE glanced at Sir Ambrose and me once more, then moved past us and started up the stairs. Involuntarily we turned and watched him.

"He seems to be a capable man," Jefferson muttered as he moved in the direction of the bell-push.

When the butler appeared Jefferson sent him off to find the occupants of the house and bring them into the hall.

"And take the high chair from the library into the smoke-room," said Jefferson.

"What is this business about the low and the high chairs?" I asked. "I can't fathom it."

"Neither can I," Jefferson admitted.

"I think I can elucidate the mystery," said Sir Ambrose. "It's an old trick of the habitual interrogator. He seats himself in



the high chair, and makes the person he's questioning take the low one. For some subtle psychological reason this has an extraordinary effect on the man—or the woman—in the low chair. It's difficult to be convincingly, and meet steadily the eyes of someone whom you know has all the power of the law behind him, and who seems to be towering above you."

Jefferson laughed shortly.

"It must be very awkward if one has anything to conceal," he remarked. "I'd go and have a word with Helen if I were you," I said to him. "Before the others come down. She's in the drawing-room, and when I saw her a few minutes ago she was very upset."

"Poor child—poor child!" he muttered. "Yes, I'll go to her now."

His love of Helen might have been an incentive for him to commit the crime, I thought. Exposure of him by Bowden would have meant inevitable disgrace and shame for her.

"Will you see that the butler is doing what I told him to do?" he asked Sir Ambrose. "And get the others to wait in the hall while I'm talking to Helen. I must warn her of the ordeal of cross-examination which is before us all."

"Certainly," Sir Ambrose answered. "Don't worry, Jefferson. I'll see to things for you."

Jefferson went off and Sir Ambrose followed on his heels. They seemed to have forgotten about me, and I was quite glad of it. I went into the dining-room and mixed myself a whisky and soda. As I drank I heard footsteps outside the door, and found Martin Greig looking in at me. We regarded one another for what seemed a long time.

"Come in here, Martin," I said. He hesitated, and then came slowly into the room.

"Well?" he asked. "Have you forgotten that we're pals, Martin?" I asked.

"We used to be," he said. "You're talking childishly," I said. "Can't you see that I could not have gone into the library on purpose to overhear what you and Selma had to talk about?"

**H**E was stung by my tone, and his face flushed.

"I don't know what you went there to do," he said. "But a decent man would have shown himself at once."

"If you're trying to start a quarrel about it, Martin," I told him, "you won't succeed. I gave you my explanation. I think if you put yourself in my place and reflect on the circumstances—remembering particularly the first few words which were said between you and Selma—you'll realise that it was a bit of a problem what to do."

He made no answer, but looked quickly behind him. He had left the door open, and I could hear the footsteps of the others who were gathering to await the Superintendent's cross-examination.

Suddenly he stepped back, and shut the door quietly. Then he advanced again until he stood close to me. I held my ground. "Look here, Forrester," he said, in a low tone, "you've got to swear that you'll keep quiet about what you heard."

"Have I?" I said. "Why?"

"Because if you don't," he answered, watching me keenly, "I shall tell something that I know about you."

"Indeed?" I said. "And what will you tell?"

"About the quarrel you had with Bowden last night."

I laughed at him.

"My dear chap," I said, "I've come to the conclusion that the best thing I can do is to tell the superintendent about that unfortunate incident on the first opportunity. I should imagine that Selma has told almost everyone in the house about it by this time."

He regarded me silently.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Bannister threatened me with it," I said. "And I am perfectly sure that if Selma thought I was likely to expose some secret of hers she would attempt to use the same persuasion to prevent me."

He swore suddenly. He did not often swear, and I looked out for something to happen. When his hand shot forward to grip my arm, I was able to avoid it.

"I'm not going to hide anything from the police, Martin," I said, as I held him back. "I shan't go out of my way to tell them what I heard take place between you and Selma in the library, but I've made up my mind that the only thing for me to do is to give truthful answers to whatever questions may be asked of me."

"Do as you damn well like," he said. "But remember that you're up against me."

"I'm not afraid of you," I answered.

He turned abruptly and opened the door. I followed him out into the hall where the others were about to be questioned by the superintendent.

## CHAPTER 10

**I** WAS absent from the hall for a few minutes, and when I returned, Henry Jefferson was walking from the smoking-room in the direction of the drawing-room. The door of the smoking-room was open.

"Superintendent Redarrel would like to see you now, sir," Constable Farmer said to me.

Instinctively I squared my shoulders, and as I followed him I knew that everybody in the hall was staring at me.

"Ah—Mr. Forrester," Superintendent Redarrel said. "Would you mind closing the door?"

He was seated at a table in the middle of the room. On the right of him was a low chair. The chair he occupied was much higher than this other, and his great body appeared to me to be too heavy a burden for the seat it occupied. He had his elbow on the table, his fingers twisting his moustache, and he stared at me in a disconcerting fashion.

"Sit down," he said, nodding to the low chair. "Now I just want to ask you one or two questions about this terrible affair, and I think you will agree that the best way to get the matter cleared up quickly and properly is for you to co-operate with me—by you, I mean as well as everybody in the house—and tell me as much as you can."

"Yes," I answered, "I'm sure we feel that way about it."

He seemed to be hanging over me, like some huge bird of prey, clumsy of movement, but crafty and bold, that might drop on me at any moment. I shifted uneasily in my seat, and wished he would not lean so far forward.

"I've got the brief particulars about you," he said. "Those you gave to Constable Farmer. So we'll get right down to business. What do you know about it, Mr. Forrester?"

"Constable Farmer started off in the same way," I said. "I'm afraid I know as little as the rest of them."

"No," he answered, "I think you know a little more than the rest of them. Mr.

Forrester. When did you last see Hugh Bowden alive?"

"When he left the dinner-table," I said.

"Did anyone else leave the table?"

I hesitated.

"Yes," I said. "Miss Fairburn went upstairs a moment afterwards to get her handkerchief, and Muhamed, Mr. Greig's servant, followed her."

He put ticks with his pencil at the end of two written names in his notebook. I guessed they were the names of Selma and Muhamed.

"How long was Miss Fairburn absent?" he asked.

"About five minutes."

"And it was while she and Muhamed were away that the thud was heard in the room above?"

"Yes."

He put down my answers in a sort of abbreviated shorthand, but rarely glanced at the book.

"You were sitting next to Miss Fairburn at the table," he remarked. "You would therefore have a good opportunity to observe her demeanor when she returned. Did you do so, and if you did was there anything strange about her?"

"She seemed to be a—little breathless," I said.

"Are you sure that 'breathless' is the right word?" he asked. "Perhaps 'excited' or 'perturbed' might be a better one."

"I did not take much notice of her," I answered.

For a moment or two the scratching of his pencil over the page was the only sound in the room.

"You were talking about the ethics of murder?" said he, presently. "Who started that conversation?"

I cast my mind back to the previous night—which seemed to be years distant. "I think it was Doctor Bannister."

"And when this thud occurred you were so engrossed in your talk that you didn't take much notice of it?"

"That's so," I agreed.

"Didn't anybody seem to take it seriously—seem to want to go up to find out what was wrong?"

**I** THINK Mr. Jefferson did," I answered, "and Orme Jefferson. They were the only two, so far as I remember."

"And why didn't they go?" he asked.

"I don't know. Even they didn't seem to think it was serious, and somebody began talking again, and we forgot all about it."

"Ah!" he said. "That was shortly after nine o'clock, wasn't it? When Miss Fairburn returned, did anything else occur?"

"She and Miss Jefferson left us and went into the drawing-room. The rest of us remained in the dining-room, and talked for a good half-hour longer."

"About murder?"

"Yes," I said.

"Who was leading the conversation then?"

"Doctor Bannister."

"What was he saying?"

"He was telling us of an experience of his."

"What sort of experience?"

He leaned a little nearer to me. I drew back into the low chair.

"Am I forced to answer that question?" I asked.

"No, not now," he said.

"Then I would rather you got the information from Doctor Bannister," I replied. He regarded me suspiciously, and wrote something in his book.

"You know most of the people in this



house, don't you, Mr. Forrester?" he asked. "I mean, intimately."

"I've been acquainted with them all for years," I said. "Some of them I knew intimately. . . . Oh, I must exclude Doctor Bannister and Sir Ambrose Rowland. The latter I met for the first time yesterday, and I'm not sure that I've had a previous meeting with Doctor Bannister."

"And they all knew the dead man?" "Apparently so," I said. "Presumably Sir Ambrose made Bowden's acquaintance only a few weeks ago, when Bowden came here. I can't say if Doctor Bannister knew him ahead."

# SUPERINTENDENT RE-

DARREL nodded. "You were one of the party playing cards last night?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What time did you go to bed?"

"It was about one o'clock."

"Your room is next to Bowden's. Did you hear anything or observe anything unusual in the night?"

"Yes," I said, "as I undressed I noticed that the light was on in Bowden's room."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Jefferson told me about that. Did you notice the light go out at any time, and then go up again?"

"No," said I. "It was on until past five this morning."

"Five o'clock!" he echoed. "You didn't sleep well, Mr. Forrester. You were worried and nervous perhaps?"

"Yes," I answered, without thought. "I had a rotten night."

"What was it that made you worried and nervous, Mr. Forrester? Had you any thought last night that Bowden might be killed? Had you any reason to believe there was to be a tragedy in this house?"

I started half out of my chair, and then sank slowly back into it.

"No, no, of course I hadn't," I said. He was twirling his moustache with terrific energy.

"What made you come to England?" he demanded.

"I was given leave," I said. "I felt I wanted a holiday."

He lifted his note-book, and picked up a folded sheet of colored flimsy paper which had lain beneath it. I recognised it, and felt still more uneasy.

"I took the liberty of searching your room, Mr. Forrester," he told me quietly. "As it is the room next to that in which Bowden was killed it was perfectly natural that I should take that course. I wonder you didn't anticipate it."

He unfolded the cablegram, and stretched it taut between his fingers.

"This is a cablegram sent from Miss Helen Jefferson to you. I'll read it: 'Come at once if you can. I am afraid, Helen.'"

I lunged forward, making a grab at the cablegram; but he flicked it out of my reach, and gripped my wrist.

"Steady, Mr. Forrester!" he said, warningly.

"You had no right to search my room!" I cried.

"Don't be silly!" he retorted. "You seem to have forgotten that a man has been killed in this house, and that I have been brought here to discover who killed him. Sit down, please."

I obeyed.

"Now tell me why Miss Helen Jefferson was afraid," he ordered.

"That," I said, "is another question which I must refuse to answer."

"I expected that you would," he said.

"The law won't allow me to press you to do so at this stage, but I advise you to reflect a moment. You must realise that your refusal makes me very curious to know why Miss Helen Jefferson sent that cablegram."

There was a good deal more in his words than the superficial meaning of them, and I was quick to see it. I took his advice and reflected.

"She was afraid of Bowden," I said, carefully. "I arrived yesterday afternoon, and she told me last night about it. There was nothing tangible—it was all very absurd. But you know what women are."

"If that's all it was," he said, "just an absurd idea, I'd like to know why you didn't want to tell me about it."

"Because," I answered promptly, "I saw that you were suspicious of her—on the strength of that cablegram. I'm quite sure in my own mind that she would never have done anything—anything even remotely connected with the crime."

"That's a very gallant thought," he remarked, and I could not tell if he were being sarcastic or not. "To shift back a bit—was Bowden's light still on when you returned to your bedroom?"

"Yes," I said. "I remember seeing it as I closed the door. The window's opposite."

He brought his fist down with a bang on the table.

"So you left your room in the early hours of this morning—after you had gone to bed!" he fired at me. "Why did you do that?"

"I didn't say that I did," I cried.

"Don't lie, Mr. Forrester. I have made you admit it. I can see in your face that my theory is the correct one. Tell me the reason."

"You've already said that you can't force me to answer," I reminded him, keeping myself in hand with an effort.

"I CAN'T make you answer now, but I shall be able to do so later on. It will be better for all concerned if you tell the truth at once."

"I decline to," I said. "I refuse to say anything more about that until you have the power to force me to do so. And I want you to understand that I have not admitted that I left my bedroom."

He leant back in his chair, and glared at me.

"I've got a little theory about what happened," he said, quietly. "You'll like to hear it, no doubt. You heard footsteps outside your door, and got up to see who it was—you at that time half-suspecting that Hugh Bowden was to be killed."

"That's absurd!" I exclaimed.

"And when you opened the door," he went on, "you saw Miss Helen Jefferson on the landing outside the dead man's room."

"No, no," I cried. "It wasn't Helen!"

"I tell you it was!" he roared at me. "You're mad!" I exclaimed. Momentarily I was mad myself—mad with anxiety. "It was Selma Fairburn!"

"Thank you," he said. "That's just what I wanted to know."

I stared at him blankly, and realised how neatly he had led me into his trap. I swore, but he merely looked up from his book for an instant to smile at me.

"You'd better tell me the rest, Mr. Forrester," he said. "You'll comprehend that your admission places Miss Fairburn in a somewhat unfavorable light. But no doubt you know enough about the affair to convince me that she had a very innocent

reason for being on the landing at that time of the morning."

"I can give you the reason she gave me," I answered. "She said that she had been unable to sleep, and went out on the landing to walk up and down."

"I should have thought her bedroom would have been large enough for her to do that in," he remarked. "Didn't that occur to you, Mr. Forrester?"

"I didn't think much about it," I said.

"No?" he queried, and made a few more notes in his book.

"You're very friendly with Miss Helen Jefferson?"

"Yes."

"Might I go so far as to suggest that you're in love with her?"

"No," I said; but I added: "I was engaged to marry her once—a long time ago. We broke it off by mutual arrangement."

"And now she's engaged to marry Mr. Greig?"

"That's so," I agreed.

"F"ROM what you knew of Hugh Bowden, do you think that there was anybody in this house who had cause to desire his death?"

"That is another question which I must refuse to answer," I told him steadily.

"Well, what do you know about Hugh Bowden?"

"I knew enough to dislike him intensely."

I answered. "As a matter of fact, I quarrelled with him in a room along here last night—just before dinner."

I saw a new light come into his steel-like eyes.

"Oh," he said. "What made you tell me that?"

"You've asked me to be frank," I countered.

"Yes," he said. "But did you tell me that because you were afraid that if you didn't somebody else would?"

"Not afraid, perhaps," I said. "But there was a witness to this quarrel of ours, and I thought it would be better for me if you heard about it from my lips first."

"Who was that witness?" he asked.

"Miss Selma Fairburn," I said.

He did not speak for some minutes after that, but sat studying his notes and twirling his moustaches. I had begun to hope that the inquisition was at an end as far as I was concerned, when he looked up at me and asked:

"It was you who found the envelope behind the door of the dead man's room?"

"Yes," I agreed.

"I suppose you have no idea who put it there?"

"How could I know that?"

"You didn't recognise the style of envelope, or paper, or note anything about it which was familiar to you?"

"No," I said. "Nothing at all."

"Miss Fairburn might have slipped it under his door?" he said, and looked at me out of the tops of his eyes in a most curious fashion.

"She might have done," I said, cautiously. "Has anything occurred which might lead you to think that she did so?"

I shook my head.

"Or that Miss Helen Jefferson did it?"

"I'm afraid that you can't catch me twice like that, Superintendent," I said, and smiled at him.

It gave me a certain satisfaction to observe that I had stung him a little.

"As I've told you before, Mr. Forrester," he said presently, "I have come to the con-



elusion that you know a great deal about this affair and the people in this house that you're not telling me."

"I've answered most of your questions," said I blandly. "And you have tricked me into answering two."

"Tricked isn't a nice word," he said. "Suppose we say instead that I have got your answer to one question in the answer to another."

"As you like it," I returned. "Do you want to ask me anything else?"

"No, thank you," he said. "I think what you've told me will do for the present. The Coroner's Officer will be round here soon, and he'll want to know a few things as well."

I nodded and rose from my chair. But he motioned me to sit down again.

"I don't want you to go for a moment. Mr. Forrester, if you don't mind, I'd like you to be present when I ask one or two questions of Miss Helen Jefferson."

My heart beat a little faster.

"I have to obey," I said, "whether I like it or not."

He leant back and pressed the bell.

"But you don't like it?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I hope you will be as gentle with her as you can," I said.

"I have my duty to perform," he answered gruffly.

Constable Farmer opened the door. "Please ask Miss Helen Jefferson to come to me," the Superintendent said.

The constable withdrew, and the Superintendent and I sat in silence. I did not look up at him, but I knew that he was staring at me all the time.

We heard the sound of the constable returning with Helen, and I rose from my chair. Redarrel remained seated and watched the door.

"Miss Helen Jefferson, sir," the constable said, and stood aside for her to pass him. She came forward very quietly and gracefully, with her little hands clasped loosely in front of her, and her eyes fixed steadily on the Superintendent's face.

"Will you sit down, Miss Jefferson?" he asked, indicating the chair which I had just vacated. "I should like you to answer a few questions."

She sank into the low chair.

I MOVED to a place at the side of the Superintendent, and waited. I saw him turn over a leaf of his notebook, and at the top of the new page write: "H.J."

"Now, Miss Jefferson," he said, "I want you to tell me what you did between eight o'clock last night and ten-thirty this morning. Where were you at eight o'clock last night?"

"I was in the sunken garden with Mr. Forrester," she answered.

"Ah, yes," said the Superintendent. "It was then that you saw the shadow which Mr. Jefferson told me about?"

She nodded. "We both saw it . . . Mr. Forrester and I."

"And neither of you recognised it?"

"No."

"When you returned to the house did you see anybody whose situation or manner suggested that he or she might have been the owner of the shadow?"

She glanced at me, hesitating.

"Come, Miss Jefferson!" he said sharply. She started. "I . . . I don't remember," she answered.

He wheeled round to me.

"In your memory any better on that point, Mr. Forrester?"

"We met Mr. Greig entering the house," I said. "But beyond that fact there was nothing to suggest that he was the owner of the shadow."

"Do you recall that now, Miss Jefferson?" he asked. "Did Mr. Greig say anything to you?"

"Yes. He told us he had been looking for Mohamed, his servant," she answered.

"Did it seem that Mohamed might have been the owner of the shadow?"

"Muhammed was coming down the stairs when we entered the house," she said.

The Superintendent made some more notes.

"What did you do when you entered the house?" he inquired.

"I went up to my room."

"Where were the rest of the guests at that time?"

"I don't know. I think most of them were in the drawing-room."

"I have a cablegram here," the Superintendent said, holding it up between his finger and thumb, and staring into her eyes. "You sent it to Mr. Forrester, asking him to come to England because you were afraid. Of what were you afraid, Miss Jefferson?"

SHE looked at me again, and I saw fear in her eyes, and reproach for my folly in leaving the cablegram in a place where it could be found.

She laughed nervously. "You won't be able to understand, Mr. Superintendent, because you're a man. I . . . I had a feeling of fear. It might have been that some sixth sense was telling me that this tragedy was going to occur. Mr. Forrester is a very old friend of mine. That's why I sent for him."

"But, my dear Miss Jefferson," Superintendent Redarrel exclaimed, "surely you didn't bring Mr. Forrester thousands of miles because you had this vague feeling—as you call it? There must have been something tangible."

"There was nothing tangible," she answered firmly. "When Mr. Forrester was with me in the sunken garden last night he asked me much the same question as you have done now, and I told him that I could not give a name to this fear of mine. Before another word was spoken between them, I said to him:

"I don't think you have told Miss Jefferson that she is not forced to answer your questions."

He glared at me, and for an instant I thought he was going to make some angry retort; but apparently he thought better of it.

"I was under the impression that Miss Jefferson understood that," he said moodily. "I didn't," she said, "but I do now. I want to help you as much as I can. Superintendent, so I don't suppose I shall make use of what I have just heard."

He grunted something. It was evident to me that I had tickled him severely, and I was not displeased about it. I fully recognised that it was his business to get the truth out of us, but I did not altogether like his methods of doing so, even though it may have been justified in the circumstances.

"Was your reason for asking Mr. Forrester to come from Egypt connected in any way with the presence of Mr. Bowden in the house?" he asked.

"Perhaps it was," she said. "Indirectly. I didn't like Mr. Bowden . . . he was

not a popular man . . . and I dare say his influence had its effect on me."

"But this is all very vague, Miss Jefferson," he said.

"I have already told you that it is," she answered.

He went on to ask her a number of questions regarding her movements up to the time she went to bed.

I had begun to wonder why he had kept me in the room, when suddenly he said to her:

"Did you tell Mr. Forrester you were afraid of Bowden?"

"Yes," she said.

"So you were afraid of him?" he said quickly. "You didn't tell me exactly that before, Miss Jefferson. Did you know that Mr. Forrester quarrelled with Bowden last night?"

Her eyes leapt up to my face . . . fearfully, questioningly.

"No," she said in a tremulous voice. "Mr. Forrester didn't tell me that."

"But you told him something in that sunken garden which made him pick a quarrel with Bowden." He stabbed his thick finger at her. "What was that, Miss Jefferson? Mr. Forrester is a sensible man, and sensible men don't—in the twentieth century, at any rate—pick quarrels with other men over what may be a woman's absurd delusion . . ."

"I didn't pick a quarrel with him," I burst out. "And it was nothing to do with what Miss Jefferson told me in the garden . . ."

"Don't speak, if you please!" he rapped out at me. "Come, Miss Jefferson, I want the truth. Were you afraid of Bowden because he was blackmailing you, or someone you loved . . . your father, or your brother, or Mr. Greig?"

"I keep telling you," she cried. "There was nothing tangible. It was all very silly . . . this fear. Vague, instinctive."

THEN why didn't you enlist the aid of one of the men in the house . . . the one you're going to marry?" he demanded. "It's a long journey from Egypt to England, Miss Jefferson; I find it difficult to believe that you brought Mr. Forrester so far when you had a father and a brother and Mr. Greig to call upon . . . the men you should have called upon to help you."

"Whether you believe it or not," she said, "it's the truth."

He stared at her silently for a little while, and when he spoke again the question he put showed that he had set out on some new line of reasoning, but at the time I could not think what it was.

"I want to ask you about a somewhat delicate matter, Miss Jefferson," he said in a more gentle tone. "When are you going to marry Mr. Greig?"

I saw her start, and the expression which came on to her face combined relief with a certain amount of curiosity.

"I don't know," she answered, and glanced at me as she spoke. "The engagement has not yet been announced."

"But the event might have taken place within the next few weeks if this tragedy had not intervened?"

"It might," she agreed. "But it wouldn't have been likely."

"Surely Mr. Greig was anxious to have the wedding during this leave of his?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "But has this got anything to do with the matter?"



"Anything may have a bearing on it," he said.

He straightened out the cable on the table, and read it over to himself. I fancied I knew then what was in his mind. He was trying to discover if Helen had sent that message to me because she loved me better than she loved Greig. In that case the words: "I am afraid" would apply to her wedding.

"Out there in the hall, Miss Jefferson," said he, "you told me that you were not at the bottom of the carriage-drive at four o'clock this morning. You reiterate that?"

"Yes," she said firmly. "Of course I do."

"You do?" he murmured.

Without taking his eyes away from her, he put his hand out and pressed an electric-bell button. The door opened immediately, and Constable Farmer entered.

"Give them to me, Farmer," the Superintendent ordered.

The constable handed him a small brown paper parcel, and went out of the room.

Redarrel leant back in his chair with a sigh.

"Here is something which needs explaining, Miss Jefferson," he remarked.

His thick fingers pulled the sheet of brown paper aside, and disclosed a pair of blue satin bedroom slippers, stained and sodden with mud.

Helen raised herself, with a little sobbing cry, and sprang to her feet, her hands pressed against her breast.

"These were found in your room about half an hour ago," the Superintendent told her. "I should like to know how they got in this condition."

I FELT Helen brace herself. She had not met my eyes since my arm had been about her. Now she moved from me, and faced him. For a second they stared at one another. I fancied that each was measuring the other's strength.

"I should like to hear your explanation, Miss Jefferson," he added, and raised the slippers until they were on a line with her eyes.

"I don't think I will give you one," Helen said, steadily.

"Suppose we hazard a guess at it," he said, very quietly. "I think you went there to meet somebody."

"I would rather not tell you anything about it now," she answered.

To my surprise he merely shrugged his shoulders with apparent carelessness, and laid the slippers down on the table.

"Sit down, Miss Jefferson, please," he said. "I'm sure you'll be more comfortable."

She did as he bade her, and he, too, returned to his chair. I realised that he was banking on the psychological factor of the high and low chair.

"I have already told Mr. Forrester what I am about to tell you," he said. "You have the right to refuse to answer my questions, but I warn you—officially—that every means will be used to make you answer them later. You must realise that I have to put a very significant construction upon your silence regarding the matter I have just raised."

The room seemed to be charged with electricity; one could almost feel the air shake. I stood rigid near his chair.

"I admit," she said, in a low tone, "that I was at the end of the carriage-drive early this morning."

"And what else do you admit?" he asked. "For what reason were you out at that hour?"

"I can't tell you that," she said. "But I swear I had an innocent reason—that my

doing what I did caused no harm to Mr. Bowden." Her voice rose a little, but she continued to speak steadily. "You must believe that, Mr. Superintendent; perhaps later on I shall be at liberty to tell you everything."

Abruptly he started along a new line of questioning.

"You and Miss Selma Fairburn went up to your bedrooms together?"

"Yes," she agreed.

"Did Miss Fairburn go direct to her room?"

"So far as I know."

"Her room is next to yours. Did you hear her at any time of the night leave it and pass along the corridor?"

"I heard something," Helen admitted.

"Footsteps—Miss Fairburn's footsteps?"

"I don't know whose they were."

"They were those of a man?"

"I can't be sure. I was almost asleep."

"So you had no thought of going down the carriage-drive until after you went to bed?" he fired at her. "Something took place between the time you left the drawing-room and four o'clock in the morning, and it was something which made you leave the house."

"Don't—don't!" she moaned, putting her hands in front of her as though to ward him off. "I've told you I won't speak about it."

"I can tell you what it was that made you take that course—since you won't tell me," he said.

"You feared that he was going to kill Bowden that night, because Bowden was going away in the morning. You dared not go to him and plead with him, because you were afraid to show that you could imagine such a thing of him. You heard him creep across the landing, and go into a room."

"Stop—stop!" she cried.

He sprang to his feet and stood over her—a towering figure, menacing, terrifying. She shrank into a chair. I seized his arm, but he flung me roughly aside.

"You got out of bed, and listened at Bowden's door," he went on. "You saw a light through the keyhole. That was unnatural, you thought—you who had observed earlier in the evening something which told you that a tragedy was likely to occur. You left the house in order to try to see through Bowden's window. You went down the carriage-drive, where the ground rose, and stood there looking across the lawn towards the house. That was when I saw you, as I was making my rounds!"

"I admit nothing!" she said, with sudden desperate defiance. "I don't believe you have the right to trick me as you have been doing. I shall see to it that your superiors are informed of it."

HE smiled a little.

"I advise you to do nothing silly, Miss Jefferson. During our interview I have not strayed outside the limits of the law. Perhaps you don't understand that at the present time I am the master of this house."

She got up and half-turned in the direction of the door.

"Is there anything else you wish to ask me?"

"I'm still waiting for answers to some of the questions I have already put to you."

"I am afraid you must wait," she said coldly. "I have told you that I cannot answer them now."

"You are being unwise, Miss Jefferson," he remarked.

She shook her head and took a step to-

wards the door. I made to follow her. "Just a moment," he said.

We paused and hesitated. Once more he pressed the electric-bell, and once more the constable entered almost before the echoes of it had died away.

"Ask Mr. Martin Greig if he'll be good enough to step in here," said Redarrel.

Constable Farmer departed on his mission. I met the Superintendent's eyes, and there was a significant, searching expression in them.

"I should like each of you to give me your words of honor not to speak about what has occurred in this room until after six o'clock this evening," he said.

"You have mine," I answered. "And mine," said Helen. Martin Greig entered the room.

"Thank you," the Superintendent said to us. "You may go now."

We passed through the door together, and as we did so I saw Helen send to Martin Greig a glance which I could not translate. Then the door closed behind us, and the constable took his place in front of it.

"I think I'll go to my room," Helen said. She started away from me, but I hurried after her.

"But first, Helen. . . ."

"Afterwards—afterwards," she whispered. "Oh, leave me to myself now!"

With that she fled from me, down the empty hall, and in a few seconds had vanished up the stairs.

I surmised that everybody was in the drawing-room—I could hear the tinkling of cups—and so I went in there.

## CHAPTER 11

SHORTLY before dinner Jefferson told me, in the library, that Redarrel and the constable had found time after the questioning to make a fairly thorough search of the house.

"But there's not a sign of the weapon," he said.

"I suppose they've tapped the panelling?" I asked.

"Yes. Do you remember that the panelled ceiling of Bowden's room is decorated with carved foliage?"

"I didn't notice it particularly in his," said I. "But I suppose it's much the same as that in my room."

Jefferson nodded. "The Superintendent seemed to think at one time that the knife had been flung up there, where it would have been hidden in the shadow cast by the relief-carving, and was removed later by whoever threw it. But I imagine that he's off that idea now. He examined every inch of the ceiling this evening, and apparently didn't find anything to suggest that his theory was correct."

"There'll be a gang of people here to-morrow," I remarked. "Pressmen amongst them. The police will be digging up the grounds next."

He nodded again. We were alone in the library, and more than once I glanced at the alcove where I had hidden whilst Selma and Martin talked. I wondered if Sir Ambrose had told the Superintendent about that.

"The ban of silence which Redarrel put upon us has automatically dissolved by this time," Jefferson said. "Do you mind telling me what happened when Helen was with him? Why did he have you there as well?"

Curiously, the question came to me unexpectedly, and I did not quite know what to tell him.

"I fancy that he kept me there with Helen in expectation of my revealing something



or other in order to clear her, if she were to give any unsatisfactory replies," I said. "And did she do that?" he asked, quietly. "He pressed her about that incident of the carriage-drive," I said. "She admitted it." He did not show any sign of how this affected him. He kept the same quiet tone of voice.

"What did she say about it? Be straight with me, Forrester. You must realise what this means."

"I know," I interrupted. "I dare say I am just as frightened for her."

I did not finish the sentence, for I met his eyes and saw a new, surprised expression dawn in them.

"Forrester!" he said, staring at me strangely. "But I thought all that was past—all between Helen and you."

"What do you mean?" I asked, quickly.

"You must have misunderstood me. I think . . ."

Play straight—play straight! It rang in my head, as though someone close to me had whispered it in my ear. Martin Greig was my friend, and so was Helen—my friend. Albert I had heard what passed between Martin and Selma. I had no right to take for granted that the road to Helen's heart was clear for me. Martin had shown no response to Selma's advances. There was no proof that he did not still love Helen, and she him.

"I almost thought for a moment," said Jefferson, "that . . ."

I cut him short.

"She refused to tell the Superintendent anything," I said. "But he tricked her into one or two admissions—as he tricked me."

I gave him an account of what had taken place, and while I talked he lost his show of calmness and walked about restlessly, his hands clasped behind his back, and his upper teeth gnawing at his lower lip. I wondered if he already knew the facts of my story first-hand, and showed agitation only because the Superintendent had discovered so much.

Someone had gone to Martin Greig's room on the night of Bowden's death. So much Helen had told me, and so much the Superintendent had uncovered while I was in his presence. Helen had said it was Orme. Perhaps it was, I thought—and his father as well.

"I should like you to keep quiet about this," Jefferson said. "It won't do any good to tell the others. I must have a talk with Helen."

"You needn't be afraid of me," I answered. "You may take it that all my efforts will be bent on clearing her."

**A**N appalling, sickening thought occurred to me. It is odd how such things come to one, without one's having made any conscious attempt to seek them out of the fastnesses of one's brain. I caught my breath with a low sound, and Jefferson demanded quickly to know what was the matter.

"Nothing—nothing," I said. "Be frank with me, Forrester. For God's sake don't keep anything concealed," he appealed.

"I just thought that perhaps by now Superintendent Redarrel has formed another theory to explain Helen's presence outside the house," said I, slowly. "He may be wondering if she went there—to hide something."

Dead silence came down upon us, like a heavy and black and muffling thing. Amid it my heart-beats sounded in my ears like hammer-blows.

"You mean," Jefferson whispered, "the knife?"

I nodded.

"My God—my God!" he said.

He clenched his fists and raised them to his forehead, turned away, and for a long moment stood terribly still and quiet.

"I don't believe it myself!" I cried. "Don't think that, Jefferson."

"I'm not thinking it," he whispered. "But it seems to be so horribly possible."

"But it can't be!" I exclaimed. "Nothing will ever make me believe that Helen . . ."

"I'll go up to her now," he interrupted, turning towards me, and with an obvious effort straightening his bowed shoulders. "I shall make her tell me the secret of this business. I must know it. At the inquest to-morrow—anything might happen."

He did not move for another second. His heavy-featured, handsome face was very lined and grey, and it seemed to have become thinner in the course of that long, terrible day. I had never known him look so old as he looked then.

He sighed, and walked in the direction of the door; but just before he passed through it he stopped and glanced back.

"I've been wondering why you and Helen ever broke things off, Forrester," he said.

He went away then, leaving me to munch about the library and ponder what he had said, building empty dreams around it, until it was time to dress for dinner.

There were only men at the table, for both the women kept to their rooms that night. There was very little talk. Even Bannister appeared to feel the chill, awesome atmosphere which had come upon the house.

**T**HE party dispersed quickly, and I followed Jefferson into the hall, and touched his arm as he reached the foot of the stairs.

"Did you see her?" I asked.

He shook his head. "She has locked herself in her room, and refuses to see anyone. I'll try again later."

He abandoned his intention of going up the stairs, and led the way into the drawing-room. Martin was there, sitting in an armchair puffing at a pipe. As was inevitable, Muhamed stood behind him.

Martin got up when we entered.

"Don't let us disturb you," Jefferson protested. "Forrester and I didn't come in here for any particular reason."

"No, no," said Martin. "I'm going to bed. I feel worn out after to-day." I found him looking at me, and there was a signal in his eyes. "Are you going up, Forrester? It's early, I know, but it's the wisest thing to do."

"I think you're right," I answered. "Do you mind, Jefferson? Martin's idea strikes me as a good one."

"No, I don't mind," Jefferson said. "I'll stop here for a bit."

I knew at once what Martin wanted to ask me. I went up the stairs, with him following after, and neither of us spoke a word until we were in my room with the door closed. Then he said:—

"I want you to tell me what Redarrel had to say to Helen."

"I guessed that," I answered. "He had a great deal to say, but I'm afraid I can't tell you what it was because Jefferson has asked me not to do so."

"He didn't particularise me, did he?"

"Of course not. He asked me to keep quiet about it—that's all. You'd better go to him, if you want to know. I've told him everything."

He nodded, and half-turned towards the door. I gripped his arm and stopped him. "Look here, Martin," I said. "Are you playing straight with Helen?"

He swore, and tried to throw me off.

"What the devil's the meaning of that?" he demanded.

"Have you forgotten what I overheard between you and Selma?" I asked. "You're taking a strange line with me, Martin—after that."

I made him meet my eyes, and his wavered.

"You don't understand," he said. "I can't tell you now. I . . ."

"You've got to tell me," I interrupted. "There's something about this business of you and Selma that isn't all above board."

He jerked free of my hand.

"Are you Helen's keeper?" he asked, roughly; and for a long time he stared at me. I thought he was reading my soul. "You were engaged to her once," he added.

"Yes," I said. "That was in Cairo, Martin. She didn't want me when you came along. The best man won. You ask me if I'm her keeper. I'm not; you should be that. But I shall always feel for her in a different way from other women, and I won't let any man play fast and loose with her—not even you."

He continued to stare at me.

"You needn't worry about her," he said.

He went quickly to the door, opened it and passed out, closing it behind him.

**I** LEFT my room and went down the stairs. The morning sunlight was coming through the stained-glass windows of the silent hall, and as I descended I saw a shadow cast upon the floor. It was an odd, grotesque shadow, and it made me start back, with a cry.

In an instant it disappeared soundlessly from my sight.

I ran down the remainder of the steps, until I came into full view of the hall. The door of the smoking-room opened as I did so, and Constable Farmer came out, looking tired and bedraggled. I did not heed him, however, for all my attention was concentrated on Muhamed, who was stealing along the side of the wall, with his hands pressing his red fez down on his head.

"Muhamed!" I called.

He hesitated, stopped and looked back.

"Yes, effendi?" he asked, in his silken tone.

"Come here," I ordered.

As he came forward I went up to him and took hold of his shoulder.

"Take off your fez, Muhamed," I ordered.

"You had it off just now."

He put his hands out in front of him in the gesture of salaman.

"Effendi," he said, "it is my religion not to . . ."

"Don't talk bosh!" I retorted, angrily.

"I know as much about your religion as you. Do as I tell you."

He obeyed, sheepishly, and stood before me with his head bare and his dark eyes glowering into mine.

"What's all this about, sir?" Constable Farmer asked, a little suspiciously.

"You'll see in a moment," I said.

I took Muhamed's arm, and made him walk with me until he was in the position to cast the shadow which I had seen from the stairs. The experiment left no doubt in my mind that he was the man who had slunk across the lawn when Helen and I were returning to the house from the sunken garden.

"Well, Muhamed," I said sternly, "what have you got to say?"

I knew that he understood the significance of the experiment. There had been enough talk in his presence about the shadow.

"I do not understand you," he answered.



I turned to the constable.  
"This is the man whose shadow Miss Jefferson and I saw moving across the lawn last night," I said.  
"It is not the truth," Mohamed put in, before the constable could reply. "You have been mistaken, effendi. You will remember that when you and the lady Helen came in I was on the stairs."

"There are probably a dozen different ways of getting into the house," I retorted.  
"I'll take charge of this, sir," Constable Farmer said, lurching in between the Egyptian and me. "Now, Mohamed, how do you explain this business?"

"I have said all I have to say," Mohamed answered, sulkily.

"Well, perhaps you had better keep quiet about it just now—for your own good," the constable remarked. "But I warn you not to leave the house. You must be within call when the Superintendent arrives."  
"If that is your wish, effendi," Mohamed murmured.

He saluted again, and in a moment disappeared through the door which led to the kitchen.

I swung round to the constable.  
"But I've told you that he's the man we saw—the man who cut the telephone-wire, that let!" I exclaimed. "Why don't you arrest him on suspicion?"

He regarded me in his stolid manner.  
"I have only your word against his, sir," he answered. "And there isn't evidence yet to arrest anybody or anything. But don't you worry. The Superintendent will investigate your statement thoroughly."

He walked back to the smoking-room to brush his hair. I thought, for the untidy state of it endangered his official dignity.

I went into the drawing-room, and sat there until Orme came down. He had little to say to me. Indeed, when he saw that the room was occupied he was on the point of leaving it immediately; but I managed to make him stop.

WE stood in front of the window, and I said a banal word or two in admiration of the garden, which could be seen through the glass, clothed in all the glory of spring.

"Why don't you talk about the murder—or keep quiet?" he said irritably. "It makes it a damn sight worse when you avoid it like this. I know well enough that you're not giving a thought to the garden."

"All right," I answered. "Have you anything to say about it?"

"What are you insinuating?" he cried.  
"Nothing," I said. "I just asked a question."

"God—my nerves have all gone to shreds!" he muttered. "Everything sets me jumping."

"I've been talking to Martin about Selma and Helen," I said.

"Have—have you?" he answered, and stared out of the window.

"You're Helen's brother," I went on. "And you're a friend of Martin—as I am. Do you think that he's playing fair with her? It seems to me that there's something between Selma and him that Helen ought to know. You're aware of it, Orme. I talked to you like this two nights ago. Since then a lot's happened. You told me that it would ruin your life if the truth came to light. Well, it's bound to come to light now—and have you thought anything about what effect it may have on Helen's life?"

"Helen's all right," he said, moodily. "Martin won't let her down."

"He'd better not," said I, grimly. "Why don't you make a clean breast of it to me, Orme?"

"Because it's nothing to do with you. If the truth's going to be dragged out of me, I'll wait until it is."

HE left me, and I stood gazing after him, reflecting on what Helen had told me about having heard him go to Martin's room on the night that Bowden was killed.

We had breakfast at half-past eight that morning, and, as with dinner on the previous night, only men were at the table. Bannister did all the talking that was done amongst us, we others merely answering him shortly and doing our best to shut him up. He appeared to be in a particularly cheerful mood, and he succeeded in making each of us more or less furious with him. In the circumstances, his attempts at wit did not go down at all well.

After breakfast I told Jefferson about Mohamed. He heard me through, gravely in silence.

"I haven't mentioned it to Greig," I said. "Perhaps you'd better," he answered. "He's very fond of Mohamed."

We were interrupted by the arrival of Superintendent Redarrel, and the doctor who had made the examination of Bowden the previous day.

The Superintendent greeted us curtly, and led the police-doctor up the stairs. We heard him open Bowden's door, and in a few minutes he came down again alone.

He was immediately accented by Constable Farmer, who took him into the smoking-room and remained with him for some time. During this period I sought out Martin, finding him in a small conservatory which led out of the morning-room, and told him about Mohamed.

"You're certain?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes," I said. "Helen will be able to support me. She saw the shadow as well." I paused. "I thought until this morning that it was you, Martin."

"I know you did," he answered.

I held out my hand. "I'm sorry," I said.

"But I had reason to think it."

He laughed shortly, looked at me and hesitated, then took the grip.

"One has reason to think a good many things in this house," he remarked.

He accompanied me into the hall, and I was in time to meet Constable Farmer coming in search of me.

"The Superintendent would like to see you in the smoking-room, sir," he said.

For half an hour I sat in the flimsy low chair, and told Redarrel all I knew about the shadow and Mohamed. He wrote my statement down carefully, and at the end read it to me.

"Is that right," he asked. "Yes," I said.

"Then would you mind signing it?"

He slid the pencil and notebook across the table, and I put my signature at the bottom of the page. It gave me a chill sort of feeling. I could not help wondering if I were signing Mohamed's death-warrant.

Presently Constable Farmer came out of the smoking-room with Mohamed, and asked Martin to go in.

While Martin was absent, the Egyptian and the constable stood in the corner of the hall.

"He wanted me to tell him what I knew about Mohamed," Martin vouchsafed, when he returned.

Bannister joined the group.

"Good-morning, Sir Ambrose," he said.

"Did you have a long talk with Redarrel last night?"

"Yes, quite a long one," the scientist answered, smoothly. "He was at my place for upwards of an hour."

"Talking about—excitations?" Bannister queried.

"About a great number of matters relative to Bowden's death," Sir Ambrose answered.

Constable Farmer came out of the smoking-room once again—where now Mohamed had returned—and I heard him ask the butler for a candle and a saucer.

"What do you want that for, Farmer?" Bannister called. "To take Mohamed's finger-prints, sir," the constable answered.

None of us was surprised when Redarrel announced that he had put Mohamed under arrest.

"He is charged with wilfully damaging Government property," the Superintendent said. "That is, the telephone-wire."

Constable Farmer took him away in Jefferson's car.

#### CHAPTER 12

IN the afternoon of the inquest Helen presided at tea in the drawing-room, and she joined us again at dinner. She had wonderful control of herself, and she took part in the little conversation there was in quite a natural manner.

I went in search of her when I left the dining-room after coffee that night, but could not find her for a long time. I had come to the conclusion that she must have gone up to bed, when some instinct led my feet to the morning-room, where I saw her standing by the french windows which led into the conservatory.

"I'm glad you're alone," I said, going up to her. "I want to talk to you, Helen."

She moved away with a little gasp. I remember that she was dressed in a dark evening-gown, and that her white face and throat rising out of it, looked like marble.

"Don't ask me about it, Davy," she whispered. "I can't tell you or anyone."

"You will have to before long," I said.

"You can't defy the police for ever."

She stood very still, with her hands clasped by her chin.

"They cannot make me speak," she said.

"But they can find out what it is you're hiding, who it is you're shielding."

"I shall never tell them, and I don't think they will be able to discover it unless I do."

She had been standing with her back to me. Now she turned and took my hand, looking at me through the cool darkness. She swayed a little, and her head touched my shoulder.

"Davy . . . Davy . . ."

Some sort of madness swept over me, as a tropical storm bursts over a fruitful sea. The little voice which had so long cried "Play straight!" in my heart cried unheard. I did not think of Martin Greig; I did not think of anything but that I had the woman I loved clasped in my arms.

I crushed her to me, and brought my lips down to her face. I pressed kisses on her cheeks and on her hair and her closed eyes. She made some slight sound . . . whether of fear or not I never knew . . . but did not try to struggle free.

"Helen," I breathed. "You're mine . . . mine! My dear, I'll protect you from all this. I know you've done nothing to be ashamed of, and if you had I wouldn't care . . ."

Her eyes opened and stared at me. Her lips parted and moved in speech, but I



heard no sound. Her small hand came up to my shoulder and pushed me back. A chill feeling ran through me. The madness passed, leaving me appalled, horrified at what I had said and done.

"Davy," she said, in a very low tone and very calmly, "what do you mean?" I drew away from her, and let her slim, uncovered arms slip through my hands until I caught and held her finger-tips. My heart was pounding in my throat—sledge-hammer blows, they seemed—that almost choked me.

"What do I mean?" I muttered. I paused and turned my eyes down to the tessellated pavement at our feet. I knew that she was staring at me, but I dared not look up.

The fingers of her right hand had slid into my palm. She came closer.

"Does it mean that you were wrong in Cairo?" she whispered. "That night in the garden? Do you remember?"

"I shall never forget it," I said. I looked at her then, and saw wonder in her eyes, a little fear, a little hope—something that made me put out my arms to her again and lay my hands on her shoulders.

"Were you wrong, too?" I asked softly. She turned her head away abruptly, sobbed, and raised a crushed handkerchief to her mouth and pressed it there.

"It's too late, Davy," she said. Her naked shoulders were tremulous under my hands.

"Too late?" I whispered. "I . . . I'm going to marry Martin. You know that."

"Yes, I know that," I answered. It was on my lips to tell her all I knew about Martin and Selma, but somehow I could not do so; and a second later I was glad of it, for what she said destroyed all hope I had.

"I hadn't any idea that you still felt like this, Davy. It . . . it has come as a shock. I thought we had reached another understanding. The past will always be a sweet memory to me, but . . . but . . ."

I braced myself. "I must apologise, Helen," I said, as steadily as I could. "I have been a . . . little mad, I think. I just remembered the old days. But it's all past . . . of course."

I stopped, and laughed sheepishly. God alone knew why I laughed. She looked at me intently through the darkness.

"I am going to marry Martin," she said again, quietly. "We had our chance . . . you and I . . . but it didn't seem that we were meant to . . . to . . ."

She came to a stop. "You won't think well of me because of this," I said after a moment.

"No, no, Davy, I shall always think of you as a dear, dear friend."

Once again I felt a great urge to tell her about Martin and Selma, and once again I realised that I had no proof that Martin was not playing a straight game. Selma was an adventuress, and few men can look back on their youth and find that women did not enter into it. The thought suddenly came to me that perhaps Selma was blackmailing him. Sometimes wild oats make a bitter harvest.

"We must forget that this has happened," I said. After a long time she murmured: "Yes, we must forget it, Davy."

**S**ELMA and Martin and Bannister were in the drawing-room when we arrived there, and Martin's eyes seemed to search Helen's face and mine as we

entered. I fancied that I read jealousy in his expression. He would not be jealous, if he did not love her, I mused.

"Come to join the merry throng?" Bannister asked. "I don't think anyone has said a word for the past half-hour."

"How interesting!" Sir Ambrose murmured with mild sarcasm.

We could hear the constable moving about in the hall. The sound of his steady footsteps seemed very grim. It made one think of the relentless power of the Law. Perhaps one of us seated there was the prey it sought!

"You haven't given us your opinion about the arrest of Muhamed, Martin," I said. "Do you think he's guilty?"

"Guilty of cutting the telephone-wire?" Martin asked.

"Don't hedge the issue, Greig," Bannister said. "I thought we'd decided to be honest with one another. You know what Forrester meant."

An angry flush came into Martin's white cheeks.

"Muhamed has been my servant . . . my friend, almost . . . for years. One doesn't like to think of a friend as a murderer."

Bannister laughed harshly.

"We're all friends here—more or less. One of us who was in this house two nights ago killed Bowden. Everybody knows that, and we're all looking at each other and wondering which one it was."

"You're very brutal about it, Bannister," Sir Ambrose remarked.

"No, I'm not," Bannister retorted. "I'm just more honest than the rest of you . . . that's all . . . But we're off the point. I want Martin to tell us what motive Muhamed might have for killing Bowden."

**I** DON'T know of any," Martin answered. "I've been thinking of that . . . against my will, almost, for I can't believe he's guilty."

"Well, perhaps I can help you," said Bannister. "I can see a motive in his devotion to you."

"Can you, Bannister?" Martin said in a queer tone. "How do you make that out?" The flush had left his face, but his eyes seemed very bright.

Bannister shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and took a cigarette out of his case. "I suppose you hated Bowden as much as the rest of us did?" he asked.

Martin did not move; but Orme got up silently from his chair, and I saw Jefferson, who sat beside him, lay a detaining hand on his son's arm.

"Do you admit that you hated him yourself, Bannister?" Martin asked.

"Of course I do," said Bannister.

"And I suppose you told that to the Superintendent?" Orme burst out. "I'd like to know if you gave him the details about the man you murdered in India."

"Orme!" Jefferson said, warningly. "Don't stop the boy, Jefferson," Bannister protested. "I don't mind his questions, because I've got straight answers to them. I did tell the Superintendent about that incident."

He lit his cigarette, blew the match out, and threw it into the grate. He held the silver case towards us, but none took advantage of his offer.

"Come, Greig," he said, "admit that I've found you out. You hated Bowden—and so did you, Jefferson, and Orme and Forrester. I don't know about you, Sir Ambrose. I suppose you weren't acquainted with him long enough to hate him. But even the shortest acquaintanceship with a

man of Bowden's calibre puts the murder-germ into one's heart."

"I don't think this conversation is in the best of taste, Bannister," Sir Ambrose remarked.

"I agree," Bannister retorted. "Honestly, out of fashion in this house."

"We'll change the subject if you don't mind, Bannister," Jefferson put in, sternly.

**W**HAT? Bannister asked, shooting his finger out at him. "Because you're afraid to admit that you feared and hated Bowden?"

"No, I'm not afraid to admit that," Jefferson answered. "I detested Bowden."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Bannister. "I've always liked you—I've thought you to be a good, straight chap, but most people are dishonest now and then. The fact that you've had the courage to admit the truth has put you up in my estimation."

"Thank you," said Jefferson, icily.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind satisfying my curiosity," Bannister went on immediately. "If you detested Bowden, why do you have him in your house-party?"

Jefferson bit his lower lip. Bannister had stung him into making the first admission, but it was evident that he now regretted his weakness. He had let himself in for more than he had bargained for.

Orme came to his father's aid. "Look out, Bannister," he exclaimed. "This is going too far. You're not the Superintendent. You're a guest here, and father's your host."

Bannister stood up and flicked his cigarette-ash into the grate.

"I seem to be making myself unpopular," he remarked. "That's what always happens to the man who tries to be honest."

"The best thing to do is to end the conversation," said Sir Ambrose. "However much we may admit to each other, none of us is likely to confess that he was the man who killed Bowden—if, indeed, it was one of us who did it. Therefore, I don't see what good purpose this cross-examination will serve. To hate a man and to kill him are very different things."

"But they often go together," said Bannister, and he scuntered out of the room.

Later that night, after Sir Ambrose had left, I buttonholed the doctor in the hall and told him what I had decided to do.

"I've come to the conclusion that it's my duty to tell the Superintendent that I saw you trying to get that letter out of Bowden's room," I said.

He studied me, his dark eyes aflame, and then looked down at the smouldering cigarette which he held between his fingers. The sound of Orme's and Martin's footsteps going up the stairs was all that broke the silence which followed my announcement. Jefferson was in the library.

"What makes you think I was trying to get the letter?" Bannister asked, at last.

"I saw the hole in it," I said. "The prick made by the needle you had tied to the end of your walking stick. But there's no necessity to go into that. I'm telling you what I'm going to do, in order that you may have the opportunity to explain the matter to the Superintendent yourself."

"Thanks," he answered, dryly. "You seem to forget that I am also in a position to tell tales out of school."

"Not now," said I, meeting his eyes steadily. "I had the good sense to confess to Redarrel about my quarrel with Bowden."

He was surprised at this, and a little taken aback, I thought.

"Righto," he said. "I'm much obliged for



He strolled along the hall to the stairs and went up them, apparently on his way to bed.

After a moment I followed him, but on the landing altered my mind about turning in just then, and went down again. I made my way to the library, where I found Jefferson pacing the floor and smoking.

"Have all the others gone up?" he asked. "Yes," I said, as I closed the door behind me. "I came to hear if you had been able to get anything out of Helen."

He twisted his cigar into the corner of his mouth.

"She told me a little. But I don't feel at liberty just now to let you know what it is, Forrester."

There was a short silence. He took another turn along the floor.

"Can you tell me this?" I asked. "Does her explanation involve her in any way?" "No—no!" he said, savagely. "Of course it doesn't."

"Then it involves someone else," I said. "Someone you love." I was thinking of Orme.

"I have told you, Forrester," he answered firmly. "I am not at liberty to tell you any more."

He flung the stub of his cigar into the grate, and began to mix himself a whisky and soda.

"Have a night-cap?" he asked.

I ACCEPTED, and he handed me the drink he had prepared for himself. I had the idea he was going to tell me something, that he was fretting to make some confession, but hesitated to do so.

He laid his glass down presently, and stared at me. "Forrester," he said. "Do you think I killed Bowden?"

"I'm not sure whether you did or not," I answered.

He nodded, without any emotion. He did not appear to be angered or horrified by what I had said.

"I expect everybody in the house feels that way about everybody else," he remarked. "And most of them know that I had a stronger motive than the rest for doing the killing."

"Does the Superintendent know that?" I asked.

"I haven't told him," he said, "and unless one of the others has, I expect he is utterly ignorant of my past. I have been thinking over the matter this evening. This part of the country is outside the jurisdiction of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, and I don't think the local police stand the slightest chance of clearing up the mystery; but Sir James Saddler, the Chief of the C.I.D., is an old friend of mine. He's been holiday-making in Cannes, but he's returning to the Rock House—that big place at the foot of the Downs—to-morrow, and I'm going to ring him up and try to get him over here."

"You'd be doing us all a service if you managed it," I said.

"All except the guilty person," he answered, grimly.

He gave himself another two fingers of whisky, and splashed the soda into the glass.

"We're old friends, Forrester. I feel that I can talk to you and be understood. God!—I want to talk to somebody about it."

He looked beyond me, at the sombre-colored curtains which draped the windows. "I blame myself bitterly for all this. I haven't played the straight game. I've carved out the way of my life with illegitimate weapons, and now the . . . slipped in

my hands and cut me—and others besides myself."

He spoke in a low, even tone, but there was a savage undercurrent in it—a note of terrible bitterness and self-castigation.

"I have done things in my life that now I'm ashamed of," he said. "I have shown myself to the unobservant world as a monument of integrity and honor, the while I have been a treacherous thief. I have dug a fortune out of the mire, and hoped to keep my hands clean. But I've learnt too late that one can't touch filth without being defiled, and without defiling those who are of one—one's children and those one loves."

"Bowden knew all this?" I asked. "I had suspected it for a long time."

"Yes, Bowden, who was once my paid servant, could have ruined me. . . . I'll tell you the truth, Forrester, as I shall tell it to Sir James Saddler. I'm sick of lies and intrigue. I've played with them all my life, but now I'm through. Bowden came here to blackmail me. I don't know why he brought Selma. He threatened to expose the truth about me unless I paid him. I gave him three thousand pounds a fortnight ago. The day before you arrived he asked for more. I dared not order him out of my home, I dared not defy him. I had to think of Helen and Orme. All I have done has been for them."

He bit off the end of another cigar, and lighted it carefully. I saw that the match shook slightly in his fingers.

"Why did you come here, Forrester? Don't misunderstand me. Under any other circumstances I should have been delighted to have you—I am now, if you can comprehend that. But I've wondered why you didn't write to me about your being back in England. If Helen hadn't met you by chance that day in town . . . He came to a stop, and regarded me. "Was that a chance meeting, or was it arranged?"

"It was neither," I said. "You may as well know the truth now. Helen called to me, asking me to come home. She said she was afraid. The cablegram is now in the possession of Superintendent Redarrel."

"So she was afraid?" he murmured.

"It must have been some sixth sense warning her of what was going to happen," I said. "Women get strange feelings sometimes. Her fear wasn't founded on anything tangible."

"No—no," he said, vaguely. "I understand."

I felt that I had done the best thing in telling him the truth about my presence in the house. When Helen had asked me to keep the matter secret, circumstances were different. He sighed, and straightened his shoulders and put his hand out to me.

"I think I'll turn in," he said. "There's another day to be faced to-morrow." He laughed harshly and suddenly. "I've just had a grim thought," he added. "Here are you and I gripping hands like blood-brothers, and at the back of each of our minds is the unspoken question: 'Did you kill Bowden?'"

#### CHAPTER 15

I SHALL never forget my first meeting with Sir James Saddler. I had expected a man so utterly different, that his appearance rather staggered me.

He came on the afternoon train—the same train as that on which I had arrived at Norman's Court—and Jefferson's car brought him from the station. Our host greeted him in the hall, and most of the others of the house, curious to see him, were near at hand. I was coming down

the stairs, attracted by the sound of the car-wheels on the gravel.

The Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard was a very small man, with a face like a bird's, and large eyes, which looked inquiringly upon the world through horn-rimmed spectacles. He had a nervous habit of running his finger and thumb along the lapel of his coat, and he did this as he walked up the hall beside Jefferson. He was dressed in a frock coat and waistcoat and striped trousers, and he carried a silk hat in his hand.

Redarrel, who stood close to me, saluted him, and Sir James extended his hand.

"I'm glad to see you again, Superintendent," he said. "I shall always remember your excellent work on the Dighton pearls case. As you know, I'm a friend of Mr. Jefferson, and I've come here in the hope that I shall be of some little help to him—and to you."

He laid a little stress on the last three words, and the judicious flattery had its effect on the Superintendent. He became immediately pleased and proud to have Sir James Saddler take interest in the case, and no doubt deluded himself into the belief that the Chief of the C.I.D. looked on him as a valuable colleague.

WHILE they talked together Jefferson pressed the bell, and I heard him tell the butler to bring the absentees into the hall. This apparently followed a request made by Sir James Saddler.

It was not long before the other members of the household had put in an appearance, and Sir James looked at us all with his wide eyes.

"I want to introduce you to Sir James Saddler, who has come to help us in this terrible affair," Jefferson said.

He led Sir James up to me, who was the nearest to him, and the Chief of the C.I.D. gripped my hand.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Forrester," he said. "I fancy I saw you once in India—long ago. I rarely forget a face."

"You know India?" I asked.

He smiled. He had a kindly, sympathetic mouth.

"It is the country of my birth," he said. "I have visited it once or twice since. It was on one of those visits that I saw you. You're an engineer, aren't you?"

In a moment he passed on from me to the others, saying a few words to each.

He greeted Sir Ambrose Rowland warmly, and spent several minutes talking with Orme. I saw him bow deeply over the hands of Selma and Helen, and the latter, whom he knew slightly, occupied his attention for some time.

When he had made the round, we all went into the drawing-room, and Helen acted as hostess at tea. Sir James talked a great deal about Cannes, and told us of the bad patch of luck he had struck at Monte Carlo.

One would have thought, to listen to him, that he had no conception that a murder had taken place in the house, and that possibly one of the people with whom he was conversing had driven a knife into a man's heart.

"If you'll pardon the remark, Sir James," Bannister said, towards the end of tea, "your reputation and your personal appearance don't seem to coincide in the slightest degree. When I was told that the most celebrated detective of the age was coming down I expected to meet someone built on the plan of our lusty friend the Superintendent."

Sir James Saddler smiled at him, and



his eyes, behind the round lenses of his spectacles, twinkled with amusement.

"Did you?" he said. "I'm sorry I disappointed you. But it's just as well that we don't carry our histories and reputations in our faces. For instance I could imagine many awkward moments for you if everyone were able to recognise from your appearance that you had killed a man in India."

A thrill went through the room as the quiet voice ceased speaking. Bannister almost leapt out of his chair. I had never seen him lose his nerve before.

"You caught me unawares that time," he said, recovering himself with an effort and laughing uncertainly. "You've not taken long to acquaint yourself with the Superintendent's knowledge of us."

"On the contrary, my dear doctor," Sir James answered, still with the amused smile on his lips, "I assure you that Superintendent Redarrel has not told me anything but the bare particulars of the case." He turned his head slightly, and glanced at the rest of us. "However," he added, "I have interested myself in the Bowden case ever since I first heard about it, and I can say, with utmost truth, that I have rather more than a nodding acquaintance with the life-histories of everybody in this room."

This announcement left us a little awed and apprehensive. The most circumspect individual has as a rule one or more incidents in his past which he would prefer hidden and forgotten. It is little short of appalling to discover that there is a man who knows a great deal about one's secret and intimate life. One anxiously wonders how much he knows.

"It seems easy to probe the secrets of another man's affairs when you know how," Bannister said, with a return of his bravado.

"Yes—when you know how," Sir James agreed. "I have a man at the Yard—a very promising fellow—who has made it his boast that he can produce the important facts of the life of any person in Britain inside a week. He often fulfils my commissions in a day or two."

"Well, why don't you arrest me?" Bannister asked, leaning carelessly back in his chair.

"Because you don't interest me, Doctor Bannister," Sir James answered. "I fancy, from what I know of your nature, that the knowledge of that fact may have a certain punitive effect on you."

**H**E left Bannister to think this over, and turned immediately to Helen, who, with the rest of us, had acted the part of silent listener while he and the doctor talked.

"Will you excuse me, Miss Jefferson?" he asked. "There are one or two little things I want to do before it is dark."

We all rose, and Jefferson said: "Of course you'll stay to dinner, Sir James?"

"I came prepared to stop the night at Norman's Court, Jefferson," Sir James answered. "I hope you can put me up."

"Why, certainly," Jefferson exclaimed. "I didn't hope you'd be able to stop."

I fancied that at the commencement of tea Sir James had not definitely decided to sleep that night at Norman's Court.

He made an inspection of Bowden's room in the fading daylight, and had a long talk with the Superintendent in the smoking-room. After that Jefferson was closeted

with him for a time, and then Sir James sent for me.

I took my place in the low chair, and he slid his cigarette-case across the table.

"May I ask, Mr. Forrester, what was your reason for desiring the death of Hugh Bowden?"

"It was a somewhat startling question to have put to one so abruptly, but I told him the truth."

"It was because of Miss Helen Jefferson," I said, boldly. "I'm very fond of her, and I knew that Bowden had the power to wreck her life by smashing her father."

He nodded, understandingly.

"A very convincing motive," he said. "Do you remember anything about that discussion on murder which took place at the dinner-table on the night that Hugh Bowden was last seen alive?"

"Yes," I said. "I think I can recall a good deal of it."

"Who started it?" he asked.

"Doctor Bannister," I answered. "He mentioned some unwritten law case of a few weeks ago."

"Ah! And who brought the conversation to an end?"

"I had to give some thought to this."

"I believe it was Jefferson," I said, at last. "Bannister's account of his experience in India made us all rather uncomfortable, and as far as I can remember Jefferson cut him short."

Sir James raised his delicate hand, and caressed his smooth, clean-shaven face.

**H**IS hair, like strands of silk, and the light of the reading-lamp made it glisten.

"I believe the conversation was interrupted by the sound of a thud in the room above," he remarked. "You all stopped talking and listened. But you did not think at the time that anything serious had occurred, and you went on with the conversation."

"Yes," I agreed. "That's right."

He laughed softly, with a trifle grimly—though it was difficult to imagine anything very grim in connection with him.

"Fate plays her pieces with a pretty humor, Mr. Forrester. How odd that on that night of all nights—that night on which someone schemed to kill, and carried out the scheme successfully—such a subject should have held the dinner-party so enthralled that none of the innocent members of it stopped to give heed to the sound which was the knell of death for Hugh Bowden. How odd that one of you should immediately re-start the conversation, little knowing that the angel of death was hovering over the house!"

"Yes, I have considered that more than once since its occurrence," I answered. "It has seemed terrible to me that we should all have been so heated and excited while that was going on upstairs. I remember that Sir Ambrose burst out with something or other—some statement which the thud had interrupted—and in a few moments we had forgotten what we had heard. However, Jefferson, who had been uneasy about the conversation, put us on to another tack very shortly afterwards."

Sir James nodded, and toyed with his watch-chain.

"Thank you, Mr. Forrester," he said, with rather surprising abruptness. "I just wanted to get acquainted with you. I think you have told the Superintendent all you know about the matter."

Martin Greig took my place in the smok-

ing-room, and I walked up and down the hall for a little while, thinking over my brief interview with Sir James Suddler. I could not get rid of my impression that he had gleaned some information from me, though, when I came to analyse what had been said, I could not discover that I had told him anything important.

When Martin left the smoking-room Sir Ambrose went in, and after lingering for a few minutes in the drawing-room, where most of the others were gathered talking, I betook myself upstairs to prepare for dinner.

I spent so much time ruminating and thinking, that the gong sounded long before I was ready, and everybody was seated when I went down.

I made my apologies to Helen and Jefferson, and took my place next to Selma. Sir James sat opposite me, in the chair in which Bowden had occupied on the night he took his last meal on earth.

Unexpectedly he raised his eyes to my face.

"You are remembering the last occasion on which you saw this chair filled, Mr. Forrester?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I was."

"What a change has come upon this house since then!" he exclaimed. "But still, dinner is not the time for talk of tragedy."

Jefferson laughed grimly. "Tragedy is no respecter of persons or occasions, Sir James."

"Well, for once let's try to forget it," Sir James said. "Perhaps I can help. I'll tell a story; one on an old theme, but one which is always interesting. It is about a man and a woman, who met and loved for a little while. It was in the Gardens of Shallmar they met, and there they walked hand in hand o' nights, and kissed, and talked of love to each other. Heart against heart, and lips swore lovers' oaths of fidelity."

He paused, smiling, and his mild eyes glanced up and down the table, looking at each of us in turn, as though he were trying to discover if we were interested.

I tried to recall where, and in what circumstances, I had heard recent mention of the Gardens of Shallmar.

"Go on, Sir James," said Bannister. "The outline is intriguing—to me, anyhow. I know Shallmar."

**S**IR JAMES laughed, as though he were enjoying himself.

"I have given you a shadowy picture of two people in my tale," he said. "Now I must introduce a third. You will observe, I hope, that I, who have never been trained in the profession, have yet acquired one of the subtle tricks of the novelist. I show you my interesting characters first—love and passion in moonlit gardens are always interesting to everybody, whatever may be said—and then I introduce my minor, but none the less necessary, character through the back door, as it were."

"He is a younger man than the other. I forgot to mention, by the way, that they are both officers in the Indian Army. I'll station them at Lahore—near to the Gardens of Shallmar, where my little tale of love shall be unfolded. The woman is young, beautiful; she is rendered doubly attractive to my back-door character by the fact that she has a reputation. I will call her—let me see..."

Again he paused, and again looked at us, as though he were remembering our



names in order to find one for the character in his story.

"Sibyl is a pretty name," he went on, "but it doesn't quite fit the woman I have in mind. It is not strong enough. But it is some name beginning with an S. I'm sure of that. . . . Never mind. I'll call her Sibyl, that I may tell you that she, whose only wealth was her beauty and her wit, set out to fascinate the foolish young man—my back-door character, to whom I will give the name Oliver—because he was the son of a rich father who did not stint him in the matter of means."

Everybody had stopped eating. I had the vague impression that somewhere hidden in the ostensibly fanciful narrative which he was telling us was something of great moment, of dramatic, tragical import to our lives.

Selma and Martin sat like statues of carved stone. Orme showed a strained and startled expression.

"You make your heroine an interesting person," said Jefferson, with a laugh. "One of the beautiful and wicked variety that we all like to read about."

"No, no," Sir James answered. "You mustn't get a wrong impression of Sibyl. She isn't so wicked as you think. You must wait for me to finish the story before you sum up her character finally."

Oliver became entangled with her—as was inevitable—and he went to his friend and brother-officer (him whom I showed you at the commencement walking in moonlight and passion with Sibyl in the Indian gardens of romance) and asked for help and advice. This brother-officer, whom I shall call Mark, had for long played the part of Oliver's keeper, inasmuch as he usually extricated that foolish boy from the many scrapes into which he so frequently got himself.

"But on this occasion, when Mark set out to save his friend from his folly, he reckoned without himself—without his own heart. He fell in love with Sibyl."

"She fell in love with him—madly, passionately. Mark was the only man who had ever stirred her heart, the only man who ever made her see the folly and disgrace of the life she led, the pitiful uselessness of it."

"Mark was infatuated for a time, and she convinced him that she had not trapped or victimised Oliver in any way. Mark was a hard-headed man of the world, and the depth of his feeling for her can be gauged by the fact that he allowed himself to be blinded by the woman. Though he heard tales about her, though her name was lightly mentioned in the Army messes, he refused to believe the truth."

"SHE played a double game. I have not yet made up my mind whether I blame her or pity her for this. She needed money. She could not go to Mark for it. Her soul revolted against that, and she knew only too well that if she made any such request to him the curtain would be ripped from in front of his eyes, and he would see her as she really was—and abandon her, allow her to sink back into the mazes of iniquity, despair, folly, intrigue from which she had hoped his love would extricate her."

"She went to Oliver for money—that was the only way she had. She hoodwinked him as well, but that was not so difficult a task as the one she had accomplished when she blinded Mark. By some means she made Oliver believe that she truly loved him. Oliver, knowing in his heart of hearts that this was not true, yet feeling himself, against his will, fascinated by

her, concealed from Mark, his friend, the fact that he still associated with her."

"Mark, on the other hand, imagined that Oliver had forgotten his foolish infatuation, and he did not allow the boy to know that he had himself—so he thought—taken his friend's place with Sibyl."

"Thus she played her game with the one and the other, a desperate game, one in which her heart and soul—her life—were what she staked."

"Oliver gave her money, jewellery, all that she asked. But he demanded a price. She had to pay. Mark asked for no such payment."

The butler entered with the coffee, and his coming broke a spell.

Selma made to rise from her chair, though Helen had given no sign of intention to do the same.

"Won't you wait to hear the end of my little story, Miss Fairburn?" Sir James asked. "There is not much more to tell now."

She nodded dumbly.

"Let's have our coffee here with the others, Selma," said Helen. "I'm curious to hear the rest of Sir James' narrative."

The butler handed us our cups.

"May we smoke?" Henry Jefferson asked of Helen and Selma.

They gave their permission, and we produced our cigarette-cases.

The butler went out of the room.

"Mark, by this time," Sir James said, as he stirred his coffee reflectively, "had deluded himself into the belief that everything he had heard about Sibyl's reputation was untrue. In that part of the world it is terribly easy for a beautiful young woman, who lives unchaperoned or in any way unconventionally, to have mud thrown at her. He made himself certain that Sibyl was one of these."

He leant across the table and fixed his eyes on Selma. The soft tones of his voice had a drugging quality in them; he seemed to be putting us all into a sort of hypnotic state, in which was dread, a fearful expectancy.

"Sibyl discovered that she was to become a mother," he said. "The father of the child which was to be born of her was one of those two men in her life. She knew which one it was. She was desperate, despairing. She spent a whole night after that discovery walking up and down her room—weeping in her agony of mind and soul, calling on her God for aid, crying out fiercely against herself, against the environment which had made her become what she was."

Selma stood up—alently. Very tall and straight and dark she stood, her hands raised and clenched against her breast, her lips tightly closed, her eyes closed, too.

"She went to Mark," Sir James continued. "She told him the story of her folly and her sins, she bared her soul to him. Think of that scene between those two—think of her wild despair, her mad passion and love. She who had been denied true love all her life had found it—only to have it taken away from her."

"Selma!" Helen whispered.

"Let me go on!" Sir James thundered, rising from his chair. "Mark—the father of her child."

With a hoarse, choking ejaculation, Orme sprang to his feet.

"No!" he cried. "God forgive me! It was not Martin. I was the man responsible!"

#### CHAPTER 14

HIS high-pitched cry wailed into silence.

"Orme!" Jefferson breathed, at last.

"Selma—Martin!" Helen sobbed.

There came a moan from Selma, then the quick rustle of her silken petticoats, as her knees gave way beneath her and she sank, swooning, to the floor.

My brain was working turgidly in those seconds, and it was too late when I put my arm out to save her. Martin Greig ran to her, and went down on his knees at her side.

We stood stricken and dumb and motionless. Orme, pallid, nerveless, leant on the chair, his head bent down as though the weight of it were too much for him to support.

Of a sudden voices burst into the silence—thin-toned, staccato voices, oddly changed from those I knew—questioning, exclaiming, uttering half-sentences, saying a hundred things I never heard.

People moved. A strange and terrible desire to do something overcame us; to do anything; to walk a pace and feel our limbs free; anything rather than remain still in our places.

In the midst of that chaos of emotion one alone was seemingly unaffected. Sir James Saddler remained by his chair, very still and calm and quiet, and looked on, with his large eyes cold and unperturbed.

I recovered some of my scattered wits, and bent over Selma—lying almost at my feet—beside whom Martin knelt.

He did not say anything, and I did not.

He was holding her hand tightly and staring into her white face. Together we lifted her, carried her past the table—knowing that all eyes were upon us, yet not turning our heads—and laid her on the sofa which was set across the corner of the room.

"Good God!" Jefferson exclaimed. "What is all this?"

I TURNED from the sofa, and found Helen staring across the room at me, her finger-tips resting on the edge of the table in front of her, and her face drawn and white.

"Thanks," Martin said to me, so calmly that I was startled. "Will you do what you can, Forrester? I think she'll recover in a few seconds."

He moved away from me, paused for a moment, staring at the others, who had grown silent again, and walked slowly up to them.

Helen sighed—a deep, pitiful sound—and stirred her feet.

"We must look after Selma," she murmured, in a dead tone. "Doctor Bannister."

I don't think Bannister heard her, for he didn't move.

"It's kind of you to think of her in that way—now," Martin answered her. "She is worthy of your sympathy—she is worthy of the sympathy of everybody. Even you recognised that, Sir James."

Selma moved her hand weakly, and her eyelids flickered. I leant closer to her, and put a cushion underneath her head. I had my back to the room, but I heard Helen's footsteps coming towards me.

Sir James broke his long silence.

"She is worthy of a good man's protection," he said, "of a good man's love."

After a second, Martin said:

"It would have been more delicate, Sir James, if you had left that little story of yours for another occasion. It was not the kindest thing to do."

"I had a purpose for what I did," Sir James answered. "Truth which has for long been concealed is always painful when at last it is brought to light. There could have been no peace for you, Mr. Greig, no



happiness, if you had continued to live your life."

"I don't yet understand," Henry Jefferson said, in a strained voice. "Orme—Martin—what is it all about? I'm bewildered. Are you the two characters in Sir James's story? . . . Orme, what was that you said about being the father of some child? . . . Good God!" he cried. "It isn't Miss Fairburn's child?"

Helen's hand brushed against mine. She did not look at me, nor say a word. She took my place beside Selma, and I straightened my back, and watched her hold a glass of water to the other woman's lips.

We three seemed to be in a different world from the rest—plucked suddenly out of storm and cast upon some quiet island around which the storm still raged in fury.

"Sir James has told you, thinly disguised as fiction, the truth about a phase of the lives of Selma and Orme and myself," Martin said.

I turned and saw him standing at the end of the table, in front of the others grouped beyond him—straightly and stiffly, as a soldier before martial judges.

"He has told the truth about us," he said. "He has bared for your inspection and interest the secret which the three of us have tried to keep concealed—at least, Orme and I have tried to do so. But Sir James did not finish the story. I shall do so now.

"**W**HEN Selma came to me that night, and told me that she was to be the mother of another man's child—Orme's child—all my fond delusions regarding her were ripped from my blinded eyes. She told me the hard, terrible facts about herself, and I saw her as I thought she was. I must have gone mad for a time—mad!" His voice rose. "I think I struck her. I do not know. It is not that I have forgotten. I never knew the details of what occurred that night. A red mist seems to cover my memory of it—a red mist with figures leaping in and out of it. I was insane, I tell you. I drove her away; and then I went out, and walked and walked."

"He stopped, panting, and took a grip of the table edge with his right hand.

"Martin!" Orme breathed into the silence. "What is the good of secrecy now?" Martin fired at him. "The truth has got to be told, and I'm telling it!"

"Let him go on," Helen said, in a terribly calm tone.

She walked firmly past me, and took a place by her father's side. Jefferson put his arm protectively about her shoulders, and drew her close to his broad chest.

In that instant I heard a slight sound behind me, and knew that it must be made by Selma, but for some reason I could not turn my head.

"I tried to put Selma out of my life," Martin went on, in a voice which had grown colder again. "I got from Orme the story of his interview with her. I called myself a fool. She came to me again, and tried to win me back. I laughed in her face.

"As soon as I could I got Orme and myself transferred to Egypt. There I met Helen, and thought that in her I had found my mate. She was enraged to marry David Forrester. God—I have made a wreck of other lives than mine! I won her from him. And in a year Selma came to Cairo, making herself before long Helen's closest friend. I could not avoid her society. She told me about her child—a son—born to her in Delhi, and put into the care of an institution. I did not . . ."

Selma rose, like a wall, from the sofa,

and went forward—listlessly, wearily, yet with a tragic and pathetic pride which seemed to command sympathy and respect.

"Martin will hesitate to tell you the true facts about me," she said, pausing by his side. "I must do that. You men will think it terrible, shameful, for a woman to speak like this before you; but I feel no shame of myself now. I just want you all to know, for most of you are connected with my life through this—we are all entangled with one another, and with Bowden's death . . ."

"No, no, Selma!" Martin exclaimed, taking her arm. "I've begun, let me finish."

She shook her head, but the fingers of her hand closed on the fingers of his and held them to her.

"I determined to do anything to win him for myself," she whispered, with closed eyes. "He was mine, I said. When I heard about Helen and him I think my heart almost broke. I then did a thing which I think has no excuse. In India Martin's association with me had been well known; but I had kept the secret about my child hidden from everybody but Orme and him.

That Orme was frequently seen with me caused little comment, for every young woman who came to Lahore he made a friend—sooner or later. I realised, therefore, that Martin had no proof that he was not the father of my child. Only Orme could disprove it, and if he did, taking the responsibility upon himself, it would ruin him with the woman he loved."

"The truth's out now!" Orme cried, hysterically. "I'm done! Whistle will never look at me again . . ."

**J**EFFERSON gripped Orme's shoulder with his free hand.

"There was no official engagement between Martin and Helen," Selma continued, as though the interruption had not occurred. "I went to him and said that I would tell Helen that he was the father of my son if he did not break with her and marry me . . ."

Helen gave a little cry, and Bannister, whom I had not noticed for some time, made some muttered exclamation.

"You must hate me, Helen," Selma said, "and I deserve your hatred. But you must not think ill of Martin. He would not allow Orme to take the blame for what had occurred in Lahore, but neither would he give you up. He defied me, and I could not bring myself to put my threat into action. You must understand, Helen, and you gentlemen here, that I, the adventuress, the despised of women, loved Martin Greig . . ."

"Selma!" Helen cried, with anger in her tone. "Stop—for your own sake, for all of our sakes. This—is awful. You mustn't go on—now . . ."

"There is not much more to tell," Selma said. "You had better hear it all. The rest of it is about Hugh Bowden and Doctor Bannister."

Bannister folded his hands behind his back, braced his shoulders a little, as though he were preparing for an effort of some kind, and stared calmly and directly at her.

"Doctor Bannister knows the truth about me," Selma said. "I met him for the first time years ago in India. He asked me to marry him, but I did not want to do so, and I do not want to do so now."

She spoke as though she were unconscious of Bannister's presence. "He has pestered me with his attentions, and ever since he learnt in some way about my son and Martin and Orme he has threatened me with exposure. He made a friend of Orme on purpose to keep within my circle—knowing that where

Orme was Martin was, and where Martin was I would be near.

"Bowden came into my life when I returned to India from Egypt," she continued. "He employed me to help him in his profession—that of a spy, one might call it. He was a man who would work and intrigue for any person or cause, so long as it showed a profit for himself. He was a contemptible cad. I hated him."

She stopped, and into her face, which had been almost expressionless, there came a harsh, hard look. In a moment she went on again:

"He, too, learned about my past. I don't know how. There were few things he did not know, I have discovered. He told me of his intention to come to England . . ."

"You know why he did that, Sir James?"

Henry Jefferson interrupted.

Sir James Saddler nodded, but made no comment.

"I came here with him," Selma said. "He was the master here. As Mr. Jefferson has made his confession to Sir James there is no reason for me to tell about that. But when Bowden entered Norman's Court he found there was a great deal more that he could do besides blackmailing the master of the house. He told me that he was demanding money from Orme and Martin—threatening to tell the truth about them, and me unless they paid him."

For the first time during the telling of her story she sobbed.

"I loved Martin Greig," she whispered. "I loved him, and I knew in my heart that I would rather give him up than have his life ruined because of me."

Of a sudden she swung round, and stared at me.

"You found me outside Bowden's room on the night that he was killed," she said. "I have since denied to you that I was there; but I admit the truth of it now. I was there, and I went there with the desire and determination to kill him! But I didn't do it . . . you must believe that." Her voice rose to a scream. "I hadn't the courage. I could not . . . I could not . . ."

She staggered, and fell back into Helen's arms. Jefferson sprang forward and helped to support her weight.

"She has fainted again," he said.

#### CHAPTER 15

**I** HAVE only a hazy recollection of what happened to everybody after that. Henry Jefferson and Martin Greig carried Selma up to her room, and her maid was sent for to attend to her. The others seemed to vanish without my noticing it.

Sir James Saddler and I stood alone in the dining-room.

He stared across the table into my face.

"A very painful scene, Mr. Forrester," he said. "But such things are necessary. I have learnt a great deal to-night—so have all in this house—and I think that the fact of the truth being disclosed will do more good than it has done harm; though the harm cannot be denied."

"It's terrible," I cried. "My God—think of them! Of Martin and Orme, and Helen—everybody's in it, somehow."

Sir Ambrose Rowland came into the room at that moment. He had left it with the rest, and I did not know where he had been.

"She is recovering," he told us. "Helen is with her now . . . Poor girl . . . poor girl."

I found that Sir James was watching him in a curious way.

"You are a friend of the family, I believe. Sir Ambrose," he said. "I am glad to re-



new my acquaintanceship with you, but I'm sorry it has been under such painful circumstances."

"Let us hope that your presence here will bring this terrible business to an end," Sir Ambrose answered. "If it goes on much longer I should not like to answer for the sanity of some of us."

"Perhaps the murderer of Bowden will be induced by what has occurred to make his conscience clear of the crime," Sir James remarked.

Sir Ambrose shook his head.

"I'm afraid that hope will not be realised—if it is a hope. Whoever killed Bowden did it so cleverly, and with such preparation beforehand, that he is not likely to lose his head now."

"You say 'he'?" Sir James queried. "Then you have made up your mind that the person we want is a man?"

Sir Ambrose shrugged his shoulders. "How can one make up one's mind to anything in connection with the case?" he asked.

"It baffles one at every point. It is impossible for a person to enter a room that has been locked and doubly-bolted on the inside, kill a man, and leave the room as he found it."

"I am surprised to hear you say that," Sir James remarked. "I would have thought that a scientist of your standing had learned enough during these last few years to be convinced that there is very little that is impossible in this world."

"Can you tell me how the murderer performed his crime?" Sir Ambrose asked. "I must confess that it is beyond me. I have thought about it continuously and have been reluctantly forced to admit myself beaten."

"I hardly credit that," the other said. "From what I know of you, Sir Ambrose, I am certain that you would never admit defeat on such a thing."

"But you haven't answered my question," the scientist protested. "I asked if you had solved the mystery." He smiled. "You see, I have heard of your reputation, as well as you of mine. I am ready to believe that, though you have been in this house only a short time, you have already decided who committed the murder and how it was done."

"Who knows?" Sir James asked softly. "Perhaps I have."

#### CHAPTER 16

THE days sped swiftly by to that which was marked out for us by the adjourned hearing of the inquest on Bowden's body.

During the period which intervened nothing of any great moment occurred, and we in Norman's Court gradually became used to living in the shadow of tragedy and mystery, and heeded it less than we had done at first.

Muhammed returned to his place among us, and he spent most of the day of his return closeted with Sir James Saddler in the smoking-room. After that Martin had a long talk with him, the details of which I did not hear, and though the Egyptian automatically took up the duties he had fulfilled before his arrest, I was very sure that his master never again showed him the trust and confidence which he had done hitherto.

It was curious, but until the inquest was over I had but one opportunity to be alone with Helen. On that occasion she said, when I had asked her one of the many questions which filled me:—

"Not now, Davy—oh, not now, please. My brain is all—queer. I can't think straight

about things. I'll take days before I can. Let things go on as they were for a bit...."

"But, Helen," I exclaimed. "That's hardly fair to me."

She placed her hand on mine, and smiled faintly.

We were in the drawing-room on an afternoon when this took place, and the rays of the setting sun made her hair like iridescent gold.

"I wouldn't be unfair to you, Davy, for the world," she said. "I can tell you now that—that I am glad it happened. At least, I am in a way."

She would say no more about it, and as I gazed at her I suddenly recalled something which gave me a tingling sensation of dread.

"Sir James has asked you for the truth about the carriage-drive incident?" I queried. She started.

"Yes," she answered, and lowered her eyes.

"Why don't you tell what it is, Helen?" I asked. "You've nothing to be ashamed of. You've said that, and even if you hadn't I'd have known it."

"Later, Davy, perhaps," she whispered. "When the inquest is over. It may not be necessary then."

"We're going to leave this personal matter until afterwards, Forrester," said Martin to me, "until the mystery of Bowden's death is solved, or it is decided to leave it a mystery. It is Jefferson's wish that we say no more about it now—try to forget for the time that it happened. I know what's at the back of his mind. He's thinking that one of the people concerned may prove to be Bowden's murderer."

IT was an odd state of affairs; but Jefferson's wish was carried out to the letter—because, I suppose, it was the path of least resistance, and we all felt inclined to go that way.

Sir James Saddler pattered about the house—pattered in the right word—looking at things, taking a lot to each of us, and making himself very agreeable. Yet, although he never appeared to be doing anything important, he gave the impression that he was, in his quiet, unobtrusive way, piecing together slender threads to make a noose for the person who killed Bowden.

He spent a great deal of his time with Sir Ambrose Rowland, and I recall reflecting one day that out of the maelstrom of drama and tragedy would probably emerge a friendship between these two men, destined to be close and lifelong. Sir James rarely had any of us in the smoking-room, but he had a habit of firing questions at us unexpectedly, and in that way he gleaned a great deal of information—though it seemed to me that most of it was irrelevant.

The most striking point about him was his apparent good-fellowship with everybody. It was impossible to tell, from the manner in which he treated us, whether he suspected any particular one.

I remember an afternoon when we were having tea in the drawing-room. Sir James had risen from his seat and gone to the fireplace, with his tea-cup in his hand. He stood there, smiling at us with his mild eyes.

"Doctor Bannister," he said, "do you mind relieving my curiosity to the extent of telling me why you were so anxious to retrieve from Bowden's room the letter which Miss Fairburn thrust under the door?"

We had become so used to Sir James' sudden and unexpected questions that this one had upon us a lesser effect than might have been anticipated. We seemed to have

lived for years in the atmosphere of dread and mystery which surrounded us; we had grown hardened to it, and callous. Familiarity had bred contempt. I remember how carefully Bannister laid his cup down in the saucer, and with what deliberation he looked up into Sir James' face.

"You're curious about that point, Sir James?" he asked.

Sir James nodded, watching him closely. "I've been very curious about it for a long time, Doctor Bannister."

Bannister produced his cigarette-case, and glanced at Helen and Selma for permission to smoke.

"I enjoy pitting my wits against you," he said to Sir James. "It's a most exhilarating sport, I think, and I don't want to spoil the game by giving in now. I challenge you to find out for yourself."

SIR JAMES laughed. From the way in which he behaved one might have thought that he was enjoying some little joke with Bannister. One found it difficult to believe that he was serious. "Very well," he answered. "I accept the challenge. And I'm going to hazard a guess now. You saw Miss Fairburn very shortly after Mr. Forrester discovered that letter lying on the floor inside Bowden's door. Am I right so far?"

It was Selma who replied to him.

"Yes," she said, quietly. "You're quite right."

Sir James bowed slightly in acknowledgment, and stirred his tea.

Bannister, gnawed at his moustache, and, without turning his head, regarded her in the most odd and sinister manner I have ever seen.

"Don't be a spoil-sport, Selma," he said, with his twisted smile. "The battle of wits will be a very poor affair if you give all the salient points to Sir James."

"I fancy, Doctor Bannister," Sir James said, with a sudden show of grimness, "that you're under the impression that this is not a very serious matter. Let me disillusion you at once. I have deceived you a little, I'm afraid. I know the truth about the incident of that letter, and I challenge you to deny it."

He shot his white forefinger out at Doctor Bannister. A silence followed, and Bannister rose slowly to his feet.

"Go ahead," he said.

"Miss Fairburn has been wise enough not to deny that she put that letter under Bowden's door," Sir James said. "When you saw her after the discovery of Bowden's death she was distraught and hysterical. She told you that she was the author of the letter—perhaps she asked you to get it for her. If that theory is correct, I feel safe in stating that you did not know the contents of the letter. You hoped that they would be incriminating, so that you might have a stronger hold over her."

Bannister plucked his cigarette from his mouth, and flung it into the grate. His fists clenched convulsively, and his heavy brows contracted over his dark eyes.

Most of us got to our feet. Sir Ambrose, evidently anticipating that Bannister was about to make a personal assault upon Sir James, moved up behind the doctor.

"I'm not used to being spoken to in this fashion, Sir James," Bannister said, furiously. "You may be a big man at Scotland Yard, but I am not without influence and authority myself. These peculiar methods of yours are no doubt clever, but I should like to be sure that it's within your rights to use them."

"I shouldn't worry about that, if I were you," was Sir James' quiet-voiced reply. "Peculiar cases need peculiar methods."



A sudden fire glowed in his eyes, and when he spoke again his voice was charged with a deeper note.

"I feel myself justified in putting you in the pillory, Doctor Bannister," he said. "It is a means to an end I have in view. There are in this room two good women, and a good woman is more than rubies. It is of one of them I speak—Miss Selma Fairburn, a woman of courage and worth, one of noble aspirations and ideals; young, beautiful, charming. . . ."

Bannister mumbled an oath, and Sir Ambrose warningly laid his hand on the doctor's sleeve. But Bannister shook him off roughly. I remember an impression I had of a half-circle of pale faces, all tense and staring—watching. Selma stood by the settee, very rigidly, with Helen beside her.

"She has never had a chance," Sir James went on. "Her life has been cast in difficult places, and such men as you, Doctor Bannister, have seen to it that she did not escape. It is only right that all this should be said now—after what was said the other night. Fate, or Chance—or whatever it is that twists our destinies about—has allotted to me the task of uncovering the truth."

He turned from Bannister, and looked at the rest of us. Bannister stood quietly now. Selma did not say a word.

"Bowden and Bannister have been like wolves on her trail," Sir James said. "Each of them was privy to the secret of her past, and each made use of his knowledge for his own ends. She was courageous enough to defy Bannister. . . ."

"The Doctor suddenly stepped up to Jefferson."

"With your permission, Jefferson," he said, "I'll terminate my visit to Norman's Court now, and take lodgings somewhere in the village for whatever period it may be necessary for me to remain here. You understand why, of course."

"I am sorry, Doctor Bannister," said Sir James. "I must forbid that. Neither you nor anyone else in the house—with the exception of Sir Ambrose Rowland, who is differently situated—is allowed to go outside the confines of the grounds."

"WELL—I'm going," Bannister fired at him. "I've had enough." Sir James smiled with faint sarcasm.

"I expect everyone has, but that doesn't alter things. You will be stopped and brought back if you make any attempt to leave."

Orme, who, I suppose, felt responsible for Bannister, as it was at his instigation that Jefferson had invited the doctor to join the house-party—took Bannister's arm and urged him towards the door.

"Come away, Bannister," he said. "Don't be an idiot. Until the case is finished the police are in charge of this household."

Apparently Bannister comprehended the sense of this. He shook off Orme's hand, and stalked out of the room.

There was a long silence after he was gone. We waited awkwardly for someone to speak, or for something to happen.

Martin left his place by the window suddenly, went over to Selma and bowed to her with all his old grace and ease, offering his arm.

"I'm sure we'll be excused," he said, smiling into her face. "Won't you let me take you round the garden? It's such a glorious sunset that it would be criminal to ignore it."

The incident had seemingly come to an end—for the time, anyhow. Bannister did not show up again that day, and none of the others talked about the affair in my

presence. But I fancy that Sir James and Jefferson discussed it to some length.

I recall that it was on that night that Sir James went to Sir Ambrose's place after dinner, in order to verify from a book in the scientist's library a point on which they had been arguing. They two seemed to be able completely to put from their minds all thought of the tragedy. I dearly wished that I were able to do the same!

Sir Ambrose's warm feeling for Helen was unobtrusively manifest during those difficult days. He had few opportunities to be with her, but once or twice I was aware of little things—little words or gestures, which would appear of no import were they described—which told me how dear she was to him, and he to her.

ON the following morning at eleven the adjourned inquest was held in the dining-room of Norman's Court. On this occasion it was a much longer and more comprehensive proceeding than before, and each of us in turn took our places on the square of floor which did service as witness-box, and, on oath, gave our evidence.

I can look back on that scene and recall its very detail. I can see again the two rows of chairs with the twelve jurymen—farm-hands mostly, and small tradesmen from the village—seated upon them; the Coroner at the table, which had been taken to the side of the room, papers spread out in front of him, and a little pile of books close to his right hand; constables everywhere, and solicitors and pressmen. Superintendent Redarrel and Sir James Sadder stood together by the window, talking with the police-surgeon who had examined Bowden. The witnesses occupied chairs set at right-angles to those on which the jury were seated.

Before the Coroner opened the proceedings Superintendent Redarrel said to him: "Muhammed Ali, the Egyptian servant of Mr. Greig, is at present before the Magistrates. But I have asked that he shall be remanded again on bail and brought here as soon as possible, in order that he may give evidence relative to this case."

The Coroner nodded, and Superintendent Redarrel took his place in the "box." He gave a brief, clipped account of his activities and discoveries during the week, but I noticed that he omitted to mention one or two important points.

Jefferson followed him, and told in a clear voice all that he knew concerning the death of Bowden. He confined himself to the night and the morning of the crime, and did not reveal anything that the rest of us did not already know.

The Coroner asked him one or two questions—only to elucidate points on which he was not quite clear—and then he stood down.

Meanwhile, the Superintendent and Sir James had been talking together quietly, and when Jefferson returned to his place among us Redarrel went to the Coroner and whispered something. The Coroner nodded, and spoke to his clerk.

"Doctor Cranley!" the clerk called. "The police-surgeon stepped into the square representing the witness-box, and took the oath."

"You examined the body of Hugh Bowden?" the Coroner said to him.

"Yes," the doctor answered.

"And you have since held a post-mortem examination. Please state the result of it."

One could feel the wave of excitement that swept over the room as the doctor

addled with his notes, and adjusted his eyeglasses.

"As a result of the post-mortem examination," the doctor said, "I wish to amend the statement I made to Superintendent Redarrel regarding the time of Hugh Bowden's death. The superintendent has just read that statement out to you. I am now of the opinion that Hugh Bowden was killed within an hour of the discovery of his body."

A murmur rose—the excited whispering of many voices—but it quickly died down again.

"Please go on," the Coroner said.

"I found the body healthy in every way," the doctor said, and bubbled over some gruesome details about the weight of the heart and other organs. "Death was caused by a blow with a sharp, thin-bladed instrument."

"What sort of instrument?" the Coroner interrupted.

"A knife, I should say," the doctor answered.

"Can you name the type of knife?"

"I can give you my opinion," said the doctor. "The evidence seems to point to its having been an Oriental dagger of some description, a little curved in the blade. The blow was struck with great force."

"In your opinion," the Coroner asked, "could the blow have been delivered by a woman?"

The doctor hesitated, and pulled reflectively at the cord of his eye-glasses.

"It would be possible, if the woman were athletic and strong."

Helen was athletic and strong, I thought.

"Go on," said the Coroner.

"I found the dead man's heart in a state which suggested that he had been drugged," the doctor continued, "and an analysis of the contents of the stomach revealed that he had taken—or had had administered to him—a large dose of sulphonal."

I HAD never dreamt of this. All my theories about the case were smashed by that one statement.

"What is sulphonal?" the Coroner asked quietly. "What are its properties as a drug?"

"It is a hypnotic and sedative," the doctor answered. "It was at one time employed largely for various nervous disorders, but it has now gone out of fashion to a great extent. It can be administered in what would seem to be large doses for a drug, and cause no permanent harm."

"Is it your opinion that Hugh Bowden would have recovered from the effects of the drug?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "He was alive at the time he was stabbed, though, as sulphonal causes profound collapse and unconsciousness, with signs of paralysis, it might seem to a layman that he was already dead."

The Coroner looked down at the table-top and made some notes. There was dead silence in the room.

"Did you find that the dead man was in the habit of taking drugs of any sort?" the Coroner asked after a moment.

"No," the doctor answered. "The post-mortem did not reveal anything to suggest that."

"I suppose it was impossible for you to tell if the half-ounce of sulphonal was self-administered, or if it was administered by another person?"

"No, I could not tell you that."

"At what time would you say that the drug was administered?"

The doctor pursed his lips and considered



the point. He was staring at his notes, and seemed to be drawing something absently with his pencil.

"I cannot give you an exact time," he said at last. "It was probably at some period of the afternoon."

"Are you taking into consideration the fact stated in the evidence of the previous witness, Mr. Jefferson?" the Coroner asked. "I mean that regarding the sound of something falling which was heard by the people at dinner in this room between nine and half-past."

"Yes," said the doctor. "Sulphonal might cause a sudden collapse, preceded by drowsiness which would be hardly noticed by the subject."

"So you have formed the conclusion that the sound which was heard was made by Hugh Bowden falling to the floor as he was suddenly overcome by the drug which was administered to him at some time in the afternoon?"

"Yes," answered the doctor. "That is my opinion."

The Coroner put one or two technical questions concerning sulphonal, and then inquired if Superintendent Redarrel wished to ask anything of the witness.

The Superintendent came forward.

"Is sulphonal easily soluble?" he asked.

The doctor answered in the affirmative.

"Has it an unpleasant taste?"

"No, it is practically tasteless."

"It could therefore be administered in a cup of coffee or a glass of wine without the knowledge of the subject?"

"Yes. It could be administered in almost any food or drink without detection."

There was a momentary pause. The Superintendent was asking his questions from notes in his book.

"I presume that the fact that the dead man was dragged before he was killed," said Redarrel, "explains why he was discovered to be lying on his back?"

"Yes. The point puzzled me at first, but I am now perfectly satisfied that he fell in that position, and was lying like that when he was killed."

This ended the cross-examination of the police-surgeon, and he moved away to the other side of the room.

As he did so there was a slight commotion at the door, and Constable Farmer entered with Muhammed.

"David Forrester!"

So I was to be next! I stood up—a little thrilled, a little apprehensive, and moved to the place where Doctor Cranley had been standing.

I took the oath, and the Coroner asked me to recount all I knew concerning the death of Hugh Bowden. I did so, keeping nothing back—even revealing my knowledge of Bannister and Selma. Furthermore, I confessed to my own concealments, and said how I had felt bound by honor and friendship not to disclose certain things, but later had made a clean breast of everything to the Superintendent. I rather expected to be interrupted and questioned by the Coroner, but he did not do so and heard me through to the end in silence.

"You have given your evidence very frankly and well, Mr. Forrester," he said when I had finished. "As Miss Jefferson sent for you, and as you had this vague, instinctive impression of impending tragedy or disaster, why was it that you did not give more attention to that sound which has now been proved to have been caused by Hugh Bowden's falling?"

"I don't know," I said. "We were all so engrossed in the conversation on murder."

"A very grim fact," the Coroner commented.

He asked Superintendent Redarrel if he wished to question me, but the Superintendent answered in the negative. I think it was then I realised that the local man was working under the direction of Sir James Saddler.

Martin Greig took my place, and Orme followed him, but they did little more than corroborate the evidence which had already been given. Neither of them said a word regarding Selma, and when asked about their association with Bowden each replied that he was acquainted with him in Cairo.

It was impossible for the Coroner to know anything of the deep and tragic drama which had been played around the lives of those two and Selma unless he had been informed of it by the police; but apparently this had not occurred, for he did not question them upon it. Superintendent Redarrel did not supplement the Coroner's cross-examination.

Selma was called when Orme was dismissed, and another thrill could be felt stirring the people in the improvised court as she took the oath and began to speak. She, too, gave only corroboration of previous evidence, but when she had finished the Coroner questioned her.

"Another witness, Mr. Forrester, has stated that he found you at three o'clock on the morning of the discovery of the murder outside the door of the room occupied by Hugh Bowden. What were you doing there?"

Selma had kept her head lowered while the question was put to her, but now she raised it, and met the Coroner's searching gaze, with calm, courageous eyes.

"I WENT there to kill him," she said. "I am speaking the truth. That was my intention, but I swear before God I did not carry it out!"

A buzz of excited whispering filled the room, and even the Coroner looked surprised. The jurymen, many of whom knew Selma by sight, went across the chairs and spoke to one another.

"This is a very strange and serious statement," the Coroner said. "What reason had you for wishing to kill Hugh Bowden?"

Selma hesitated. I saw she was staring at Martin Greig.

"May I write that down?" she asked. "I would rather not state it in the open court."

I looked at the Coroner, to see what answer he would give to this request, and found him engaged upon reading a note. Instinct made me shift my attention immediately to Sir James Saddler, and I saw him replacing a pencil into the loop of his pocket-book.

"Yes, you may write that down," the Coroner said.

Selma was given a sheet of paper and a pencil, and for some moments she was engaged in writing—bending over the corner of the table on which she laid the paper. I remember the dark, graceful silhouette her body cut against the light of the windows behind her.

In silence the Coroner read what she had written, and then had the sheet of paper passed to the jurymen, with the request that they should keep secret the matter it contained.

When this was done, the Coroner asked her:

"What did you mean when you said to Mr. Forrester on that occasion: 'You love Helen, and you're a friend of Martin and Orme. . . . Oh, but you may not have the strength or the courage?'"

"I was hysterical," she said, "I could not

kill Bowden myself—I knew that. I—I said that to him in the hope that perhaps he would do what I could not. . . . I suppose that was inciting to murder."

"It would come under that heading," the Coroner said, gravely. "Please explain what you meant by stating that Mr. Forrester loved Helen and was a friend of Martin and Orme? You referred to Miss Jefferson and Mr. Greig and Mr. Jefferson, junior?"

"Yes," she said. "Those were the people I meant. I knew that Bowden could do great harm to my—my friends—Helen and Martin and Orme. . . ."

"In what way could he harm them?" the Coroner demanded. Selma hesitated, and for fully half a minute did not speak, but stood with her head lowered and her hands clasped in front of her.

"May I also write that down?" she asked, at last. "It will do great harm to—a number of persons if it is disclosed."

The Coroner creased his brows and glanced across the room at Sir James Saddler. It was very plain to me that the little man with the bird-like face was the power in the court.

"Yes," the Coroner agreed, "you may write that down."

SHE did so, and the same procedure as before took place again. The Coroner consulted his notes, while the jurymen perused what she had written, and when the slip of paper was handed back to him he looked at Superintendent Redarrel and asked if he desired to question the witness. The Superintendent left Sir James' side, and said to Selma:

"You have told the Coroner that when you left the room during dinner on the night on which Bowden was last seen alive you did so in order to fetch a handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"You went up the stairs shortly after Bowden did. Did you see him?"

"No," she answered. "His door was closed."

"You have previously stated to me that you did not hear anything of that thud. Do you wish to amend that statement in any way?"

"No."

"Did you make any attempt to open Bowden's door?" was the next question.

"Yes!" she answered. "It was then that I wrote the note which was found, and pushed it under his door."

"Are you sure you did not enter the room?"

"No," she said. "I did not enter the room."

"The envelope and the sheet of paper which it contained are both of thick linen texture," the Inspector said. "They are here—an exhibit."

A constable who stood close to the Coroner's table lifted the exhibit from it and handed it to the Superintendent, who held it up between his finger and thumb.

"Let the jury examine it," the Coroner said, "and read it. I have already done so."

"I can only repeat," said Selma, wearily. "I did not enter the room. I swear that."

The Superintendent waited until each member of the jury had examined the envelope and read the letter. Then he said to the witness:

"Muhammed, Mr. Greig's servant, left the dining-room at the same time as yourself. You have not told us anything of him."

"I don't know what became of him," she answered. "I know that he followed me out of the room, but the hall was dimly lit, and he moves so silently. I didn't take



much notice of him, and I didn't see him again until I came down."

The Superintendent stepped to the dining-table and spoke in a low tone to the Coroner. As a result of this, Seima was dismissed, and at this point the foreman of the jury stood up, and asked if the jury might be allowed to make a further examination of Bowden's door. The request was granted, and the twelve good men and true filed out of the room, with the Superintendent leading them.

Immediately there was a stirring and muttering amongst the people gathered about me. It was as though a spell of tenseness had been broken, and everybody took a long breath.

I looked at Helen, and she smiled at me faintly. I smiled back at her, and then Sir Ambrose Rowland, who was seated next to me, whispered:

"This new revelation gives one food for furious thought."

"You mean about the drug?" I said.

"Yes," he answered. "It supports a theory that I have held for some time. Has it occurred to you that perhaps two people determined to kill Bowden on that night? One by poison—one by the knife? The fact that so large a dose of sulphonal was given proves to me that the person who administered it knew little about its properties, and thought that half-an-ounce would be fatal."

"No," I whispered back. "I hadn't thought of that."

"I fancy that Sir James also holds that theory," Sir Ambrose said.

WHEN the jury returned, Bannister was called. I perceived at once that he was in a savagely defiant mood, and while he gave his evidence he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the Coroner, as though challenging him to dispute what he was saying. But he told nothing that had not been told before, and he was careful not to mention that he had boasted to us of having killed a man. Nor did he say anything about my having seen him make an attempt to recover Seima's letter from Bowden's room.

As soon as Bannister had finished speaking, the Coroner leant his arms on the table in front of him, and said:

"A previous witness, Mr. Forrester, has stated that he saw you groping with a stick through the broken panel of the door of Hugh Bowden's room shortly after the crime was discovered. Tell the Court why you did that?"

"I expect the Court knows," Bannister said, with a short laugh. "My object was to recover the letter which Miss Fairburn had thrust under the door on the previous night."

"Be careful, Mr. Bannister," the Coroner said, sternly. "What was the motive behind that action of yours?"

"Miss Fairburn told me that she had written that letter to Bowden," Bannister answered. "I thought she was a silly woman, and I realised that it might cast suspicion upon her if it were opened and read. I tried to save her from that."

"It has been stated by Mr. Forrester that he did not inform the Superintendent in charge of this case about this fact because you threatened to disclose that you had knowledge of a quarrel which took place between Mr. Forrester and the dead man. Do you admit that?"

"Yes," said Bannister. "I admit that, and I did it from the same motive."

"Also," the Coroner added, quietly, "I understand that at a dinner-party in this room on the night on which Hugh Bowden

was last seen alive you told the guests that you had killed a man in India. Do you reiterate that statement?"

"Yes," said Bannister. "I don't wish to withdraw anything."

"I must say that I felt a certain admiration for his courage. I am sure that most men in his situation would have taken the opportunity to make an attempt to clear themselves. But he was a curious, bitter, unhappy creature, with a lot of latent good in him and a lot that was bad and cynical. I never understood him, and I don't think that anybody else ever did."

"I feel it my duty to inform the proper authorities of this," the Coroner said.

Bannister made no comment, and in a moment or two he gave place to Helen. I am certain that everybody in the room watched her intently as she walked steadily from her chair to the little square of floor, and listened to her low voice with a sympathy that was not felt for any of the others. . . . But then—I was a man in love!

"You say that you had no tangible reason for calling Mr. Forrester from Egypt?" the Coroner asked her, gently.

"No," she answered. "I don't suppose men will understand." The Coroner smiled. "Most of us here know something of the fair sex."

She was questioned regarding the incident of the carriage-drive, and a thrill went through me when she said she would give no explanation of it.

"I warn you to reflect before you definitely refuse," the Coroner said, gravely.

"I—I am sorry," she whispered. "But I cannot tell you that. I swear that it did not in any way affect Hugh Bowden's death."

Again the vast power of Sir James Sadder was made manifest to me. A constable passed a note to the Coroner, who read it rapidly, and then ordered Helen to return to her place.

This incident caused a thrill of excitement to go over the room, and it was intensified when Muhamed, who was the next witness to be called, refused to say a word regarding the cutting of the telephone wire.

The Coroner showed a flash of anger, and as no sign came from Sir James he wrote out an order committing Muhamed to gaol. This awed and chilled us a little, and we all watched the Egyptian as he returned to his seat, with a constable beside him.

SIR AMBROSE ROWLAND was the last witness, and as was obvious from the start he had very little to tell. He was the only one amongst us who was not well acquainted with Bowden, and beyond corroborating the evidence which had been given regarding the events which took place on the evening before the discovery of the crime, and at the time of the discovery, he told nothing.

"I feel compelled to congratulate you," the Coroner said, "on the prompt and sensible measures you took in order to preserve whatever clues there might have been until the arrival of the police."

Sir Ambrose bowed and smiled. "I am very interested in criminology," he remarked.

After this Helen and I were recalled, and questioned regarding our statement that Muhamed was the owner of the shadow we had seen on the lawn; and that was the end of the proceedings.

Superintendent Redarrei asked for another adjournment for a week, which was

granted, and the Coroner and his attendants left the house.

Out of all the evidence which had been given had come but one salient fact. Hugh Bowden had been drugged with sulphonal before he was killed.

But though that was a new clue, it did not help me in any way to solve the mystery of Norman's Court. . . .

#### CHAPTER 17

I DID not feel like taking lunch that day, and after the departure of the Coroner and his train of satellites I went into the garden, where I spent some time walking up and down a shaded sunken path and thinking.

I must have been there almost an hour before anyone came to disturb me, and then it was the butler. I saw him on the other side of the lawn making evident search for somebody, and, though I resented his presence, I took pity on him and came out of my shadowed retreat, where his short-sighted gaze could not penetrate.

"Were you looking for me?" I asked, going up to him.

"Why, yes, sir," he answered, "Sir James Sadder would like to see you in the drawing-room."

"The drawing-room?" I echoed, as I walked with the butler towards the house. "Does that mean he has abandoned the smoking-room as an office?"

"No, sir. He asked me to bring everybody to the drawing-room. I fancy, sir, that he has an announcement to make."

I quickened my step when I heard this, and I felt my heart begin to beat a little more rapidly than it usually did.

"You are the last, sir," the butler told me. "Everybody else is in the drawing-room."

Even Muhamed was there, I found, when I entered, and I wondered at this; but I dismissed the matter, assuming that Sir James had, for some reason of his own, used his authority to have the Egyptian reprieved.

Sir James had taken up his customary position in front of the fire, with his hands folded behind him, and at his side Superintendent Redarrei stood. They made a strange contrast—the one abnormally tall and brawny, the other so small and so delicately formed. They stood in a patch of sunlight, I remember, and the rest of the room was in shadow.

Everybody else was seated. Helen and Seima and Sir Ambrose Rowland occupied the settee directly in front of Sir James and the Superintendent. Henry Jefferson and Orme had chairs in front of one of the windows, and close to the other window Martin Greig sat alone. Bannister had placed himself behind the settee, and Muhamed, still and unobtrusive, was in a corner of the room.

"We have been waiting for you, Mr. Forrester," Sir James remarked, with his quiet smile. "Will you be good enough to take a seat somewhere?" To the butler he said: "Please ask Constable Farmer to come to me."

I found myself a chair near Martin's. The room was silent until the constable appeared.

"Please stand outside this door, Farmer," Sir James said. "Allow no one to enter or to leave without permission from me."

Constable Farmer saluted and withdrew.

Sir James turned from watching the door closing, and allowed his large, dark eyes to rest on each of us in turn—soft, kindly eyes.

"As I expect all of you have guessed by



now," he said, in his gentle voice, "I have gathered you here because I have something important to say to you. It is something which affects everybody present in this room. I am ready to disclose the name of the person who killed Hugh Bowden, and the method by which the crime was committed."

**T**HERE was an appalling silence. No one moved or spoke. I felt as though I were frozen into my chair.

"First let us take the motives which each of you had for wishing Hugh Bowden to be dead, Mr. Forrester." He looked at me. "Had you stained your hands with Bowden's blood, it would have been because you knew that did he live it would bring ruin and dishonor to the house of Jefferson, and consequently misery to Miss Helen."

"Yes," I admitted. "That is correct."

"Jefferson—my old friend," Sir James started at his host. "Your unhappy motive is well known to us. In your past you have done things which were not honest, and in the doing of them you built a snare for yourself in which Hugh Bowden trapped you. He was blackmailing you. He threatened you and those you love. There was a strong reason for you to desire his death."

Henry Jefferson clasped his hands on his knees, and bowed his head.

"I cannot deny it," he whispered. "I have no wish to do so."

"You have paid dearly for your errors in the past," Sir James said. "I think that your punishment has been enough."

There passed some moments in which no one spoke. I saw Helen's lip trembling, and there came a sob from her. Sir Ambrose Rowland laid his hand tenderly on hers and tried to comfort her.

Who did it? Which of us there had murdered her hands? Would Sir James never tell us that?

"Miss Fairburn," he said, "and Martin Greig and Orme—much the same motive would have inspired each of you to commit the crime. It is not necessary for me to repeat the painful story which was told the other night, but I must point out that Orme had a dual motive. He might have killed Bowden, or aided in the killing of him, for the same reason as that which would have actuated his father. Besides that, there was the fear that Bowden might expose the truth about his episode with Miss Fairburn, and thereby ruin him with the woman he is engaged to marry. Am I right, Orme?"

"Yes, of course you are!" Orme whispered. "It was awful. I could have thrown all the blame on to Martin, and saved myself. I knew that he wouldn't give me away, whatever the cost to him—because he was my friend. I—I was a cad for a time. Bowden threatened us, blackmailed us. I knew that I wouldn't have the courage to confess when the time came for me to do so. There seemed to be the only one way out."

"But you found that courage," Sir James said. "The other night I tried a little artifice to test you. I suggested that Martin was responsible for what occurred in India. And you showed us the stuff you're made of, Orme; you confessed to your fault, and cleared your friend of blame. I think that the friendship of you two is a splendid thing. It stands out of this sordid tragedy like something white in darkness."

"Miss Fairburn," he added, "I have destroyed that silly letter you wrote to Bowden and pushed under his door, when you

went up to his room during dinner on the night he was killed. It was a letter," he said, glancing at the rest of us, "which threatened Bowden with death if he disclosed what he knew. But he never opened it. You are innocent, Miss Fairburn."

He turned his head and looked at Helen. My hands clutched tightly the sides of my chair.

"If you had a motive," he said, gently, "it was one born of love for your father."

"Yes," The answer was in so low a tone that I could scarcely hear it.

"But you could not have stooped to such a crime for any cause," Sir James added, "though you did something which cast suspicion upon you. I refer, of course, to the incident of the carriage drive. Won't you tell me now why you went there at that time?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I'll tell you now. I had that feeling—that awful feeling—that something terrible was going to happen that night. I seemed to know that Bowden would be killed, and when I heard—as I did—Orme going to Martin's room, my heart seemed to freeze."

"I went there," said Orme, "to talk about Bowden. Martin and I were together most of the night, planning and discussing, trying to find a way out, something that we could do to circumvent him when he returned."

"I got out of bed," said Helen. "I went on to the landing and listened. I looked through the keyhole of Bowden's door and saw that his light was on. Then I listened at your door, Martin—only for an instant, and you could not have been talking then, for I did not hear anything. I thought

Oh, it was a terrible thought—that perhaps you both were in Bowden's room, killing him. Yet I was afraid to let either of you know that I could think such a thing of you without just cause. I—

I must have been hysterical with fear. Somehow I remembered that one could see into the upper front rooms from the end of the carriage drive, because the ground is higher there. I left the house by the side door, and as soon as I got to the front I saw that Bowden's blind was not drawn. Then I went down to the end of the carriage-drive, but I couldn't see anything of Bowden, and his bed was out of sight. I did not know that the Superintendent saw me, and I dared not give my reason for what I did in case it should implicate Orme or Martin."

Sir James nodded.

"I understand," he said. "You were in a very difficult position, Miss Jefferson. There is now Doctor Bannister. You might have killed Bowden, Doctor, in order to get Miss Fairburn entirely in your power, so that you could force her to marry you."

"I admit nothing," Bannister answered shortly.

Sir James said no more to him, and turned to face Mohamed.

**I** HAVE made inquiries about you, Mohamed, and, as I expected, I have found that you are not what you seem to be. During the reign of the late Khedive you were a man of moment in Egypt. Owing to the political machinations of Bowden, you were forced from the position you held, compelled to change your name and hide yourself. Is that not true?"

Mohamed stood up quietly.

"You have penetrated my secret, effendi," he answered in his curious voice. "I became the servant of the effendi Greig. I

served him faithfully, and he treated me well. I learned to love him."

"And all the time you were awaiting the opportunity to wreak your vengeance on Hugh Bowden," said Sir James.

Mohamed did not answer, and Sir James went on: "You knew of the hold which Bowden had upon your master, and this supplied you with a second motive for desiring Bowden's death. Mr. Greig has been as loyal to you as you have been to him. I had difficulty in making him admit that you had urged him to allow you to kill Bowden, or to aid in the killing of him. Mr. Greig was horrified, and forbade you to do anything of the sort. Naturally when the crime was committed he thought that you were responsible, but you swore to him that you were not, and he believed you. He did not disclose what had taken place between you because, no doubt, he feared that you might expose his secret if he did so, and also because he realised that what he could tell might convict you, even if you were innocent."

"I did not kill him," Mohamed said, after a moment. "But I will tell the truth. I determined to do so on that night, because he was going away on the next morning and I might not have had another chance. I cut the telephone-wire in order that the police should not come to the house quickly. When he left the dining-room to go up to bed I saw my chance. I followed him; but I had to hide myself in the hall until the lady Selma Fairburn had gone. I dared not let myself be seen. But when I went to Bowden's door, the door was locked and I could not get in."

**I** KNOW that is the truth," Sir James answered. "And when you returned to the house after cutting the telephone-wire you re-entered it by way of the conservatory and the morning-room."

"Yes," said Mohamed. "That is right." A sort of hypnotic numbness came upon me, as, little by little, phases of the mystery of Bowden's death and those things pertaining to it were made clear. I think the others in the room were affected in the same way.

"And now," Sir James said, "we have Sir Ambrose Rowland."

There was a long pause while he looked at him. With a sudden cold thrill, a hideous expectancy, a dawning horrible realisation of the truth, I saw that Superintendent Redarrel had moved unobtrusively from the hearth and taken a place close to the scientist.

Sir Ambrose Rowland rose to his feet, letting Helen's hand slip from his.

"I admit it, Sir James," he said quietly. "It was I who killed Hugh Bowden!"

There came upon that room the most awful silence that I have ever known. It was as though the whole place went cold, and shuddered. Even the warm sunlight was like a painted flame.

Then we all rose up . . . tensely, rigidly from our seats.

Helen gave a low, long-drawn-out, piteous cry.

"You—you! Oh, it couldn't have been you!"

Selma, who kept her wits better than any of us, took Helen in her arms and led her to the other side of the room.

"Sir Ambrose!" Jefferson whispered.

Sir Ambrose stood, calm and quiet, in front of Sir James. Superintendent Redarrel had now definitely taken his place by the scientist's side.

"I thought you would admit it," Sir James said.

"If you would be so good," Sir Ambrose



answered, with perfect composure, "I should like you to tell me how you discovered that I was the person responsible."

"Certainly," Sir James said. "Won't you sit down again?"

Sir Ambrose obeyed, but we others remained standing. Selma and Helen clung together tightly, and I had never seen such an expression on Helen's face as she showed then. She made no sound. She seemed to be numb and dumb.

"I would like you to postpone for a few minutes the duty you must perform," Sir James said to the Superintendent.

Superintendent Redarrel nodded. "Very well, Sir James."

"I cannot say how long ago it was that you first conceived this crime," Sir James said to Sir Ambrose. "but it must have been at some time in the last two months—since Bowden came to Norman's Court. Your motive for killing him rested in your deep regard for Miss Helen Jefferson."

"Not entirely," Sir Ambrose answered, with a slight smile.

"I think you will admit that Bowden was a man who deserved to die. I hold the theory that such men should be killed, and I put my theory into practice."

**S**IR JAMES nodded. The very calmness with which this scene was conducted seemed to make it the more terrible.

"It was obvious to me from the start," Sir James said, "that Bowden must have been drugged before he was killed. That was the only explanation which would coincide with the two facts—the sound of his falling and the time of his death. When the police surgeon told me the drug was sulphonal, and explained its properties to me, I immediately realised that it must have been administered to Bowden at some period of the afternoon. That would account for its taking effect at the time it did, and also for his complaining of drowsiness so early in the evening and retiring to bed."

"I chose sulphonal after long and exhaustive study," Sir Ambrose said. "Of course, I administered it when we had tea on the lawn that afternoon."

"Yes, I was certain of that. The butler told me of the position of the various people at the two tables. You, Miss Fairburn, Doctor Bannister and Bowden sat together."

Sir James raised his eyes from Sir Ambrose's face, and contemplated the rest of us.

"You will recall," he said, "that I have from time to time asked you about that discussion of murder that took place at the dinner table on the night Bowden was last seen alive. Little by little I learnt what each of you said and two facts stood out which made me concentrate all my attention on Sir Ambrose."

"What were those facts?" Sir Ambrose asked. He was leaning back, with his hands folded in front of him. Save that his face had grown a trifle pale, there was nothing to show his emotions.

"In one sentence you justified the deed you were about to commit," Sir James answered. "You said: 'To kill in self-defence, or in the defence of others near and dear to one, is merely slaying.' It was Orme who unwittingly gave me this piece of information."

"Yes, that was my justification," Sir Ambrose said. "I stated it deliberately. Everything that I did was deliberate."

"The second clue was given to me by Mr. Forrester," Sir James went on. "He told

me that it was you who spoke immediately after the thud was heard on the ceiling. It was you who set the conversation going again, so that none should go up to see if anything had happened to Bowden."

"I made a miscalculation," Sir Ambrose told him. "I expected that the sulphonal would not take effect until after Bowden was in bed. It would have been easier and safer then."

Sir James nodded.

"It was by a process of eliminative reasoning that I arrived at how the actual crime was committed. It was obviously impossible for anyone to have entered the room, killed Bowden and left the bolts and fastenings untouched. That same night two people tried it—Muhammed and Miss Fairburn. They should thank their gods that they did not succeed."

"I do not regret what I did," Sir Ambrose said. "I knew that Hugh Bowden threatened the happiness of almost everybody in this house, and I felt myself inspired to become the avenger and saviour. By my action their happiness has been preserved."

"But at the cost of your own destruction," Sir James answered, gravely.

"Neither do I regret that," said Sir Ambrose. "I think that I did the right thing."

"Let me go on," Sir James said, in the silence which followed. "I decided that Bowden could not have been killed that night, after he had locked himself in his room. (That he did so was proof that he feared death from some of you—probably Mr. Forrester, because of their quarrel). As everybody concerned was outside the room when the door was broken in, it was plain that the murderer could not have remained inside all night, and joined the crowd which rushed in. Therefore I turned my attention to what seemed at first to be the impossible—that Bowden was stabbed after the room was entered in the morning."

**I** MADE an exclamation, and I heard Martin, close to me, suck in his breath, with a sharp, hissing sound.

"I considered this for a whole day," Sir James continued. "Could a man have stabbed Bowden—lying then unconscious on the floor—in front of eight people, and no one of them realise that he had done so? I decided at length that, in the circumstances which existed on that morning, it was possible. Again I thought of Doctor Bannister as the criminal, for he entered the room practically on your heels."

"It was a big risk," said Sir Ambrose, "but I had to take it. I was saved by the fact that the sunlight was streaming through the window on to the faces of all who followed me, temporarily blinding them."

"You darted forward," Sir James said, his voice rising a trifle above its common pitch. "You bent down by Bowden's side—ostensibly to feel his heart; but instead you stabbed him with the Moorish knife I saw on your writing-table when I visited you the other night. Is that not right?"

"Yes," Sir Ambrose said.

I fancied that his face had grown a little pale and his voice was not so steady. The strain of the ordeal was obviously telling on him.

"But—this is impossible!" Henry Jefferson cried, in a high-pitched, odd tone.

Sir Ambrose rose slowly and unsteadily to his feet. Superintendent Redarrel, evidently fearing that the scientist would collapse, put his hand on his arm.

"I congratulate you," Sir Ambrose whispered. "You have discovered everything."

"No," said Sir James. "Not everything."

There is one thing which still puzzles me, and that is to do with Doctor Bannister. He turned towards him. "I know that sulphonal gives the appearance of death to those who are under its influence; a form of temporary paralysis sets in and makes the limbs go rigid. But did your medical knowledge not tell you that Bowden had been killed very shortly before the discovery?"

"Yes," said Bannister. "I'll admit that—there's no point in concealing it any longer. I did notice it, and I thought that Selma had killed Bowden by some means early that morning. I did not know how, but she was in such a state on the previous night that she might have done such a thing. She came down late to breakfast. That's why I kept quiet about it, and when asked how long Bowden had been dead, gave the vague answer I did."

I let out a cry, and started forward. Sir Ambrose had suddenly collapsed in the Superintendent's arms. There was a great stirring in the room, the sound of voices shouting, whispering.

Helen tore herself free of Selma, and went to Sir Ambrose's side. Sobbing, she knelt by him.

"You are too late, Sir James," Sir Ambrose whispered, opening his eyes and looking up. "Ten minutes ago I realised that you had found out the truth. While I had my arms folded I was pressing into my veins the contents of this hyperdermic syringe, which I have carried with me for some days in anticipation of this. I—I have only a few seconds more, I think."

He opened his right hand, and a little, brightly shining hyperdermic syringe tumbled on to the carpet.

Superintendent Redarrel and Henry Jefferson lifted him and laid him on the settee. Helen—beside herself with grief—bent over him. Selma and the rest of us stood aside while the curtain was brought down on the last act of the drama—all save Bannister, who, showing yet another facet of his odd character, worked like a galley-slave to save Sir Ambrose's life.

But it was a hopeless task from the first. The last words Sir Ambrose ever spoke, and he spoke them in my hearing, were these:—

"I did it for your happiness, Helen. It was a great sin, and it is the law of God and man that he who takes another's life must himself be killed. . . . Will you kiss me, my dear? I have always wanted you to do that."

Only for a second did she hesitate—seeing him in that short space as a murderer. Then he became to her again just her old friend.

She brought her face down to his, and his soul left his body as their lips met.

Copies of two cablegrams received by Mr. and Mrs. David Forrester, when on the point of starting for their honeymoon:—

Cairo, Egypt.

Selma and I welcome you into the fold of matrimony, and wish you as much happiness as we have found ourselves. Sorry could not come for ceremony. Orme and I held here by military duties.

Martin.

Cairo, Egypt.

All the best to you and Helen. Sorry impossible to get back for the show. Winnie and I want you to stay with us when you come out here.

Orme.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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